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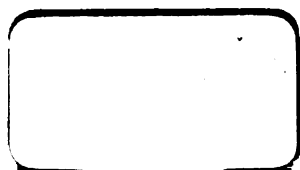
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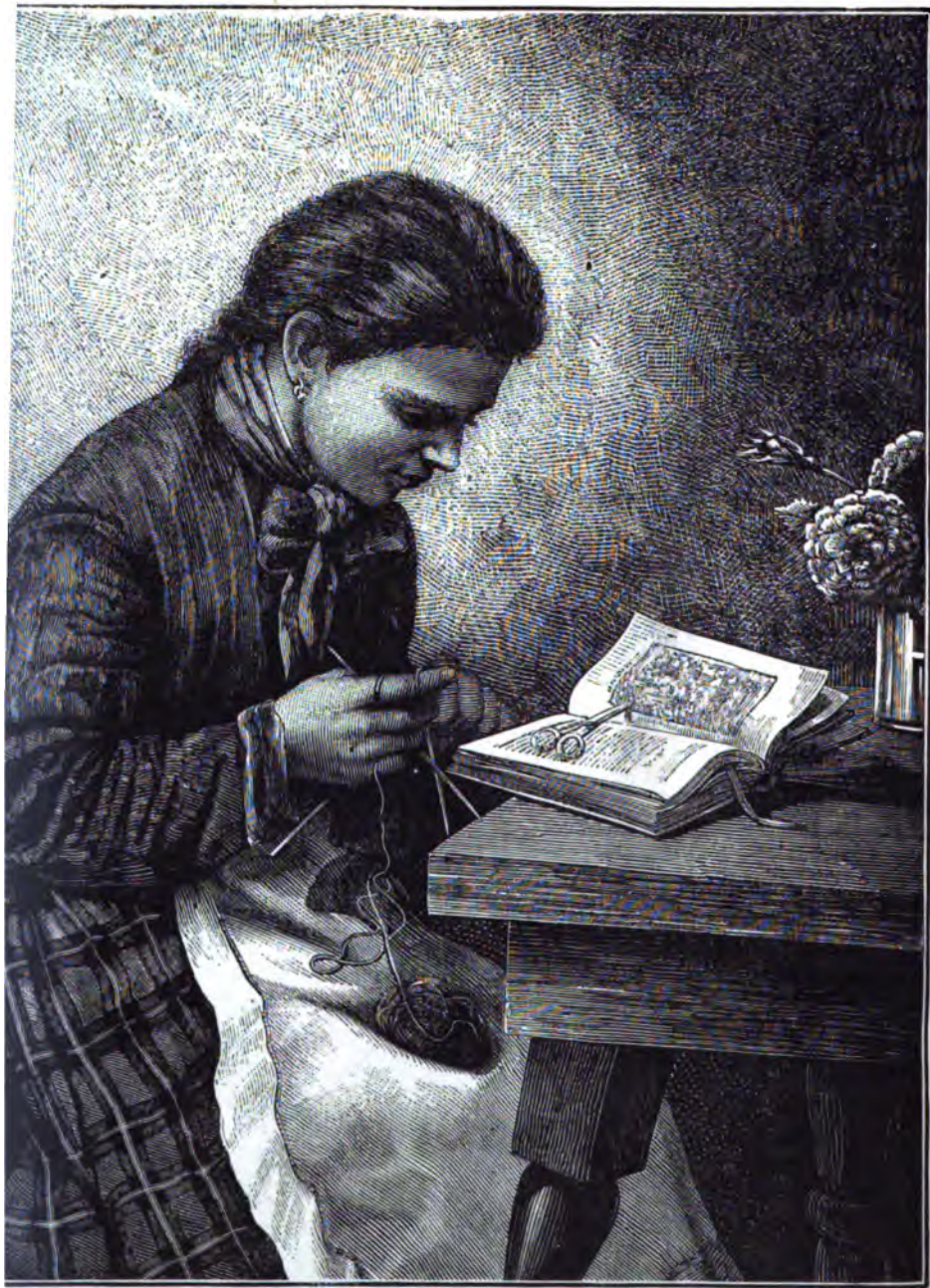












"MY NEW VOLUME OF 'HOME WORDS.'"

"Books we know  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;

Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness can grow."—Wordsworth.

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# HOME WORDS

FOR

## HEART AND HEARTH.

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;

EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," ETC.

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?  
Art thou a man, a patriot?—look around;  
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1883.



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# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

“I am Thine.”

(FOR THE NEW YEAR.)

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.



AM Thine: and Thou the Maker  
Of the earth, and sky, and sea;  
Thus in Thee I am partaker  
Of Incarnate Deity.

Let my life be hid in Thine,  
As the branch within the vine.

Thou art mine: and all Thy sorrow,  
From the manger to the cross,  
I for my redemption borrow,—  
Shame, and pain, and death, and loss.  
My salvation I repose  
On the merit of Thy woes.

I am Thine: may I be learning  
More to hunger for Thy love!  
Through the daily cross discerning  
How to live the life above.  
I can love Thee with my will:  
Adoration lingers still.

Thou art mine, with all the treasures  
Man can take, or God bestow!  
Of the river of Thy pleasures  
I may freely drink below;  
Tasting of the joy Divine,  
Sweeter far than corn or wine.

I am Thine, Thou King of glory!  
Brightness of the Father's face!  
Here I stammer at the story  
Of the riches of Thy grace:  
When Thy kingdom shall return,  
Then indeed my heart will burn.

Thou art mine: and who shall sever  
Sinner from the Saviour's side?  
Life, nor death, nor hell, shall ever  
Jesus from His people hide.  
Only make me cleave to Thee,  
Resting in Thy sympathy.

### Make Somebody Glad.



NE of good Bishop Burnet's parish-  
ioners being in great distress, and  
knowing his pastor's benevolent dis-  
position, applied to him for assist-  
ance. The Bishop requested to know what  
would serve him and reinstate him in his  
trade. The man named the sum, and Burnet  
told the servant to give it to him.

“Sir,” said the servant, “it is all that we  
have in the house.”

“Well,” replied the Bishop, “give it to this  
poor man; you do not know the pleasure  
there is in making a man glad.”

May the reader realize much of this plea-  
sure through the coming year!

THE EDITOR.

## Betsy of "Old Meadow."

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "OUR FOLKS," "WILL FOSTER OF THE FERRY," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.



### CHAPTER I.

#### THE WIDOWS OPINIONS.

HERE'S the crookedest crabbedest cantankerousest old fellow ever I came across, and that's all I have to say! And she's a little angel, if ever

there was one, and that's all I have to say too!"

It might have been all that Betsy Simmons had to say, but it certainly was not all that she did say. For, finding her hearer not indisposed to listen, she started off afresh. Betsy Simmons was fresh-complexioned, large in make, and verging on fifty. The other, a younger woman by many years, was gentle and refined in appearance, with a face and a manner some degrees superior to her poor style of dress.

"He comes in here of a morning, every day, punctual as the clock is on the stroke of nine. And he pokes into everything and fingers everything, afore he'll have his penn'orth or two penn'orth of this or that, till I'm driven nigh crazy. 'Tisn't much more than a penn'orth that he'll take, commonly. But there's often a deal more of fuss with customers about a penn'orth than about a pound's worth. Well, and I know one thing, and that is that if he's after starving anybody, it is Miss Meads and not Mr. Meads, and that you may be sure. He is an old skinflint, and all the world knows it. They do say," and Mrs. Simmons lowered her voice, "they do say as he broke his wife's heart; and I shouldn't wonder but he's going near to break his daughter's too. Not as she speaks a word of complaint—no, she isn't that sort, little angel as she is."

Mary Davis, the listener, seemed more moved than might have been expected under the circumstances. She lifted the corner of her faded shawl to wipe away a tear.

"And they do say—" pursued Mrs. Sim-

mons—but the advent of another customer caused her to break off. "I'll come back to you, Mrs. Davis," she said, with a nod. "Don't you hurry away." And Mary Davis waited patiently, making no protest.

A brown-skinned child, in tattered frock and curl-papers, stood gazing about her with curious eyes. "Please 'm," she said, "mother wants two penn'orth of tea, please."

Two pennies dropped on the counter from the little soiled hand. Mrs. Simmons proceeded to weigh the article, and to twist up the packet. "If I was you, Janey Humphrey, I wouldn't be seen out in that trim," she said reprovingly, while so occupied. "Curl-papers in broad daylight,—and face and hands as soap and water haven't come near to for twenty-four hours past. It isn't decent nor respectable, and you'd ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I've got to mind the baby," said Janey, in a manner of abashed self-excuse.

"That don't make no difference," said Mrs. Simmons decisively. "Nor it wouldn't if you had to mind a dozen babies. If there's time to eat there's time to wash, and I suppose you ain't too busy to eat. And if you haven't time to get your hair out of curl-papers, you'd best never put it in."

"Mother told me to, 'cause it's the school-feast, and she wanted me to look 'speckrable," said Janey.

"You'd look a deal more respectable with your hair brushed plain behind your ears. I can tell you the ladies will be none the better pleased with you for having a lot of frizzly corkscrews over your head—and you may tell your mother so, if you like. I declare I'd well-nigh forgotten it was the school-feast this afternoon. Well—get along with you, child—but mind you don't come here again looking like a guy."

Betsy Simmons was counted a privileged person, in the matter of advice-giving. The widow of a sailor, childless, and alone in the world, she had held this little shop during some fifteen years past, and was known in the

neighbourhood as no less kind-hearted than outspoken. She sold groceries, green-groceries and confectionaries, and she drove a brisk trade, being content with small gains.

It was a quaint little shop, standing in the middle of the chief street of a large village, called Lea. There were other shops in the same street, and near the upper end stood a Church, with an ivy-covered square tower, and a Rectory-house and schools adjoining.

Exactly opposite the shop was to be seen a very old and worn-out farm-house, surrounded by an untidy garden. No farm was attached to the house. The village stretched well around and beyond it.

For many years "Old Meadow"—so the house was named—had been inhabited by two maiden sisters, whose father had once owned and farmed some hundreds of acres in the neighbourhood. But he and his family had met with reverses, and gradually their possessions had dwindled down to just the ancient farm-house and its garden. When the last aged Miss Meads died, the house and garden went to a cousin, Isaac Meads by name; and it was now about a year since Isaac Meads had settled down there, with his daughter.

"Old Meadow" had not been too well kept in the latter days of old Miss Meads and her sister; but certainly its appearance had not improved since the coming of their cousin. The house was low and spreading, and was covered with masses of ivy, which hung low over the cracked and broken panes of the latticed windows, and served to hide dilapidations in the roof. Huge hollyhocks flourished within the garden-wall, and weeds grew in profusion. All this could be seen from the open door of Mrs. Simmons' shop.

Mary Davis was the wife of a working-man who had just come to the place in search of employment. There was a market-town, called Little Sutton, about two miles distant, where work was rather plentiful; and as rent was lower and food was cheaper in Lea than in Little Sutton, many working-men preferred to make their homes in the village, walking to and from the town every day.

Betsy Simmons dearly liked a little gossip with her customers, and she was particularly taken with the gentle face and quiet manner

of Mary Davis. Usually she was reserved in her remarks about her opposite neighbour, especially with strangers. It happened, however, that the old man, Isaac Meads, was in the shop when Mary Davis entered it; and after his departure Mrs. Simmons had naturally mentioned his name.

Thereupon Mary Davis had asked some questions about him, showing so marked an interest in the subject that Betsy Simmons had been drawn on to say more than was usual with her. She descanted on the odd ways of the old man, and on the sweetness of his young daughter, Daisy Meads, until the entrance of Janey Humphrey made a break. After Janey's departure, the thread of the talk seemed broken.

"That child, now!" Mrs. Simmons said,—not returning at once to the subject of the Meads family, as Mary Davis had hoped she might do,—*"she's a fair specimen, Mrs. Davis, of what you'll see here, and better than ordinary I may say. Her father's a well-meaning man, and he don't drink often, which isn't too common."* Mary Davis sighed quietly. *"And he brings home his wages pretty regular; and that isn't too common neither. And her mother's a well-meaning woman too—wants to do her best, I don't doubt. Yes, I'll say that of Janet Humphrey—she does want to do her best. But dear me, she's never straight. Go when you will, the place is all of a mess, and the children are dirty, and nothing is where it should be. Mrs. Humphrey's for ever cleaning up, and never clean. That's what I say. Always cleaning, and never clean! It's the way of the folks about here. She don't have a go at her work, and get it done, and make things tidy; but she potters about, and she washes a little, and scrubs a little, and cooks a little, and don't finish off anything out of hand. Works like a slave, of course,—folks of that sort mostly do,—and has nothing to show for it. I wonder she hasn't driven her husband to the bad long ago; for he never has a dinner fit to eat, nor a tidy corner to sit down in. And yet she isn't lazy, nor a gossip."*

"It's a pity," Mary Davis said absently. "But, Mrs. Simmons, there was something you began to say about Miss Meads over the way."

"To be sure,—yes. Well, as I was saying—What was it I was saying?"

"He'd broke his wife's heart, and was near breaking of his daughter's," said Mary Davis promptly.

"Just so," said Mrs. Simmons, with emphasis. "Not as she complains. O no, she isn't of the grumbling sort. She don't say a word: only goes about smiling, with that sweet face of hers, like a little angel. She's scarce more than a child to look upon, and yet she's got a sort of old way, and there's trouble in her face, beside the sweetness; trouble of a sort, as if she'd had no proper childhood. Well, but I was going to say about the old man, and I'm near forgetting; they do say he isn't near so poor as he makes believe to be. It's no business of yours nor mine, I dare say, but I *have* heard said as he's got a lot of money stowed away somewhere. He don't make no use of it, if he has. He's that shabby, he goes about scarce fit to be seen; and he's that particular, he'd sooner go without a meal, I do believe, than pay one penny more for it than he means to. Times and again I've let him have goods under the price, sooner than he should go off empty-handed. Not as I'd mind about him; but Miss Daisy's sweet face comes up, and I can't say a word. Yes, I call her 'Miss Daisy' most commonly. She don't mind, and it seems to suit her better than 'Miss Meads.'"

Mary Davis murmured something about the old man being fond of his daughter.

"Couldn't say as to that," responded Mrs. Simmons. "He's mighty fond of himself. Maybe he's fond of her too, after a sort,—but it's a queer sort. If you want to catch a sight of Miss Daisy, you'd best be at the school-feast this afternoon. Lots of folks go. It is in the big meadow round near Farmer Grismond's. She's sure to be there, for she has a class in the Sunday-school."

## CHAPTER II

### STRUCK!

THE "big meadow round near Farmer Grismond's" presented a gay scene that afternoon. Two long tables were early spread at its upper end, under the shade of some big elms; and four rows of bright-faced children went in ex-

tensively for tea and buns and cake. Some of the children's mothers had kept them on short commons since breakfast, in preparation for the school-feast: so no wonder the little things were hungry.

The clergyman, Mr. Roper, was present, and his wife, with several other ladies to help, was very busy, pouring out tea and handing plates of bread-and-butter. Mrs. Roper was a kind-hearted gentle little lady, always busy about something.

The big meadow belonged to Farmer Grismond, and the annual June school-feast had taken place in it for many a year past. He never refused leave,—not even when he had not succeeded in carrying his hay beforehand; but he rarely failed in this. The school children always hoped that they might find a few ridges or cocks remaining, in which to riot; and the ladies were never sorry of so easy a method of amusing the children. But Farmer Grismond naturally preferred to have it all safely stacked as soon as possible.

Although hay-making was just over in the "big meadow," it was going on still in the adjoining field. The sun shone brightly, but Farmer Grismond saw signs of a speedy change in the weather, and he could allow no delay. So, while the children ran races and scrambled for sugar-plums and played games in the next meadow, he was hard at work. The mown grass lay in long ridges, and women in print sun-bonnets stood among men in smock-frocks, all busily engaged with their pronged forks, tossing and turning. For this was a good many years ago, and Farmer Grismond liked old-fashioned ways; and hay-making machines had not yet found entrance upon his farm.

Mary Davis found her way to the big meadow in the course of the afternoon, as advised by Mrs. Simmons. Her husband was at work that day among Farmer Grismond's haymakers. He was a mason, and work was promised him in Little Sutton a week later; but in his young days he had been a country boy, and had practised hay-making. So, hearing that the Farmer wanted additional help, he had offered himself. Mary Davis was thankful for any employment for him, thankful for anything that should keep him for a few hours out of the

public-house. That was John Davis's weakness. He was an affectionate husband, and really a well-meaning man, in a general way; but he was weak as water, utterly without strength of principle or resolution; and he seldom came out of a public-house quite sober.

Mary Davis took a look at the haymakers first, and had a kind word from Farmer Grismond, a stout burly man, with a face as red as his own pocket-handkerchief, from the blaze of the sun. "Good day, Mrs. Davis,—I hope you are quite well," he said cheerily, having already seen her. "Your husband is doing capitally for an unpractised hand,—clever fellow, I should say. I wish I had a dozen more like him. But it's of no use. The rain is coming too quick."

"You don't think it will rain to-day, sir, do you?" asked Mary.

He pointed towards a low bank of dark clouds, which Mary had not noticed. "If it keeps off two hours I shall be surprised," he said.

Farmer Grismond was much too busy for chit-chat, so Mary made her way into the next field. She asked one or two people quietly "If they could tell her which was Miss Meads." But the answer in each case was:—"No, I don't see her just now; she's somewhere near." So Mary stood about, and waited patiently.

Farmer Grismond was in the right. Other people, less observant, did not take notice of the coming change, till suddenly a cloud rolled over the face of the sun; and then everybody looked up startled, and many said, "Dear me, is it going to rain?" Yet still the games and shouts and merry laughter went on. One or two remarked that the absence of sunshine was comfortable; it had been so very hot. There was no coolness yet, however, but only a close heavy heat, like that of an oven.

The greater number of the children had collected near the lower part of the field, in the vicinity of a large cow-house: and some were running in and out of the cow-house. Mrs. Roper kept guard over them there; and several of her friends about this time said good-bye to her, and went home, expecting rain. Mrs. Roper, however, did not like to cut the children's pleasure short, and she

hoped the threatening shower might keep off for an hour or two yet.

At the upper end of the field, quite far away from the rest, several children were having a merry game among the trees, and somebody said to Mary, "That's Daisy Meads' class, over yonder." So Mary immediately made her way all across the big meadow, and watched the game. She noticed at once a rather older girl with the little ones, slight and small in figure, and dressed in a plain stuff dress and brown bonnet. At first Mary took her for one of the older school-children, till she heard her called, "Teacher, Teacher!" and till she saw that the little pale face within the brown bonnet was scarcely that of a child. It was a sweet face, delicate and small, with a smile which came and went like sunshine, and there was something round the mouth which told of long endurance of trouble.

Mary Davis had found what she wanted. That was Daisy Meads; and she knew it.

She could not interrupt the game: so she waited still. Presently some of the children began to flag, and Daisy Meads herself seemed to have had enough. She stood, with her back against a tree, near Mary Davis, her hand pressed against her side.

"You're tired, Miss," Mary ventured to say; and Daisy, looking round, saw her for the first time.

"Yes, I can't run any more. It gives me a 'stitch,'" said Daisy. "Are you one of the mothers? I don't seem to know you—and yet—"

A puzzled expression came into her face, and she looked earnestly at Mary.

"I'm only just come to Lea, and I haven't got any children," said Mary. "My husband's John Davis, and he's haymaking in the next field."

"I thought I didn't exactly know you," said Daisy. "And yet—it is curious, but I seem to remember your face."

"I shouldn't wonder but you do, Miss Daisy, seeing I've had you in my arms many a time."

Daisy came nearer, looking earnestly still. "Then I do know you," she said. "I thought I did. And you are Nurse—my own dear Nursie."

Daisy did not hesitate a moment, but threw her arms round Mary Davis, and kissed her warmly. No spectators were near, except the little children; but she would probably have done the same in any case.

"Dear good kind Nursie, you can't think how often I have longed to see you. Why did you never write? But I don't wonder, after the way things happened. Only I always knew you loved me still. I did feel so lonely after you went,—and I do still," Daisy said sadly, speaking in a low quick manner. "Nursie, he is worse than ever. I can't do anything with him."

"Only God can, Miss Daisy."

Daisy's eyes were full of tears, but a smile broke over her face.

"Yes," she said, "God can, and that is my comfort. I am always praying for him. But he won't hear a word about religion, and he seems to care for nothing at all but just trying to save and lay by. And he is growing an old man now. It does seem so sad. But I try to do everything I can to please him, and perhaps some day things will be different. And you are married, Nursie. Your name used not to be Davis. Ought I to call you 'Mrs. Davis'? It does not sound natural."

"I shouldn't like to be anything but 'Nurse' to you, Miss Daisy," said Mary. "I've been married close upon four years."

"That was three years after you left us. Yes, I was only a little thing, nine years old then, but I remember all perfectly, and the comfort that you were to poor mother."

"And she died, Miss Daisy? But I don't need to ask. I knew she couldn't last long."

"Only a few weeks after you left us," said Daisy, her face growing sorrowful. "It was very hard to bear the loss of both together. And the time has seemed so long and slow since. I can't believe sometimes that I am only sixteen. I feel so old and tired."

"You are not well, Miss Daisy," said Mary anxiously.

"Yes, I think I am well, only old," said Daisy, lifting her sweet child-like face. "I seem to have lived such a very long time. But tell me about your husband, Nursie. Is he good and kind?"

"He's kind, Miss Daisy, commonly. If only it wasn't for the——"

Mary did not finish her sentence, but Daisy understood. How many a poor wife has to say the same! A good husband—a kind husband—an affectionate husband—a man who would be all these, *if only it wasn't for the drink!*

Daisy looked her sympathy, and would have expressed it in words, but a sudden interruption came. A flash of brilliant lightning shone in their faces, and a heavy crash of thunder followed.

A general rush of children might be seen in the distance, towards the cow-house, encouraged by Mrs. Roper; and the little ones of Daisy's class made a like rush to the shelter of the tall elm-trees, some of them screaming. But Daisy sprang after them.

"Stop, all of you," she cried. "You must not go under the trees. Children, do as you are told. Come to me."

Terrified as they were, they obeyed her, and a frightened cluster drew round the girl's figure. A second flash and crash came, and some of them wailed piteously.

"Now listen to me," said Daisy Meads steadily. "You mustn't, any of you, go near a single tree. It is very very dangerous to do so in a storm. If the lightning strikes anywhere it always strikes something tall. If a tree were struck, and you were standing at the bottom, you might be killed. There is another flash. But you need not mind the noise of the thunder, for thunder never hurts anybody."

The peal was so loud that Daisy had to pause. Mary Davis looked wonderingly at her, as she stood, pale and quiet, among the clinging children.

"Hadn't we better get them under shelter somewhere, Miss Daisy?" she asked. "There's a shed in the next field, where they are hay-making, quite away from trees, and much nearer than the cow-house."

"Then that will do," said Daisy decisively.

She pulled up one little crying girl from the ground, and Mary Davis carried the youngest. As they hurried through the nearest gate, rain pattered heavily around them, and the haymakers, leaving their now useless work, sped away in different directions for



shelter. One man, not far from the hut, lifted a pile of hay on his fork, held it erect over his head, and under this shelter proceeded deliberately towards a tree, smiling at his own cleverness. The children had by this time clustered into the hut, and Daisy stood panting in the doorway. She gave one look, and exclaimed: "Oh, how mad!"

Mary Davis glanced in the same direction, not understanding. "That's my husband, Miss Daisy," she said. "He seems bent on keeping himself dry. But I'd best go and tell him not to go near the trees, if it's dangerous." Mary had her doubts whether Daisy's idea were not a delusion, being ignorant, as many people are, about the nature of lightning.

"Your husband! But he mustn't do *that*," said Daisy breathlessly. She did not wait to explain, but darted straight out into the pouring rain, and reached the man. "Put

your fork down,—don't hold it up!" she cried. "Don't you know that's dangerous? There's iron on it."

John Davis stood still, and looked at Daisy in surprise. He did not know what she meant, and he was in no hurry to lower his new-fangled umbrella, of which, indeed, he felt rather proud. Daisy did not try the effect of argument. She put out her little hand impulsively to grasp the handle, intending to drag it from him. John swerved, loosening instinctively his own grasp, and her hand only fell upon his arm. Another instant, and the uplifted hayfork would have fallen.

But it was just too late. A zigzag stream of blue light leaped out from the black cloud overhead, accompanied by a harsh and rattling peal of thunder. Daisy Meads and John Davis lay senseless, side by side, upon the half-made hay.

(To be continued.)

## Wayside Chimes.

### I. "MEET FOR THE MASTER'S USE."

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SUNGLEAMS: RONDEAUX AND SONNETS," ETC.



MEET for the Master's use"—  
Be this my guiding star,  
Which, to things earthly sit-  
ting loose,  
I follow from afar.

I have a Master great,  
His right o'er me supreme,  
Who did in love my soul create,  
And with His blood redeem.

He has a use for me—  
A work beneath the sky,

To which, unworthy though I be,  
He calls me from on high.

Lord, at Thy pierced feet  
In humble prayer I bow;  
Oh, make me for Thy service meet,  
And deign to use me now.

Mine eyes are on Thine hands,  
To take each task from Thee,  
Till, having lived for Thy com-  
mands,  
I die Thy Face to see!

### "The Year of our Lord."

**A**FTER Jesus, we call each year "the year of our Lord." Let then its first day be to us Jesus' day. Let us begin the New Year in the Name of Jesus. Then if temptations and trials await us, He will let nothing separate us from His love; His strength will be "perfected in our weakness."

Or if the King of Terrors threaten us, He is our life, and death will be gain. "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?" His Name alone lights up time and eternity, and therefore in it we will be glad.—*F. Arndt.*

## Pictures Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

### I. CANADA.



**GEOGRAPHICAL Picture Gallery**, with a few passing notes, is all we can give in these pages. But a thirst for knowledge thus created may open many doors of interest and information to our readers.

Canada contains about 3,500,000 square miles. Its forests are remarkably fine; its coal-fields are widely spread; its fisheries are extensive; its rivers and lakes are among the largest in the world; and millions of acres of prairie lands await cultivation. The population is now 4,352,080, which includes probably about 800,000 natives of England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland.

The Governor-General (now the Marquis of Lorne) is appointed by the Queen, and the Government is conducted on the same principle as that of Great Britain; namely, the responsibility of the Ministers to Parliament.

The English Church is represented by no less than seventeen bishops and a large

number of clergymen; and there are good schools in each of the seven provinces into which the country is divided.

The climate is variable. Speaking generally, the summers are hotter than in England, and the winters colder; but the country is very productive, and the snow and ice really protect the cultivated acres.

There are nearly 7,000 miles of railway in the Dominion. Our first illustration represents a train "snowed-up," an occurrence not unknown even in England. Our second illustration gives the interior of an Emigrant's abode—shall we say at Christmastide? The inmates have evidently not been forgotten by the old folks at home; and if they could afford to send a cable telegram to dear old England, it could not well bear a more seasonable message than that which crossed the Atlantic from the mother-country on the 17th of August, 1858, when the first cable was successfully laid:—

"England and America are united by telegraph. 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will toward men.'"

## Home Lessons for 1883.

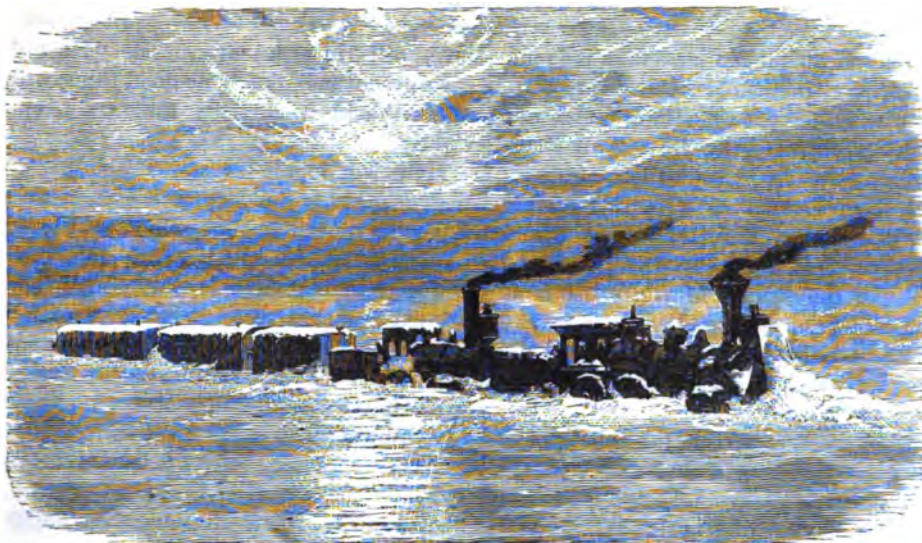
### A VOICE FROM THE ENGADINE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "BRIGHT AND FAIR,"  
"STRONG AND FREE."



**TRAVELLERS** flock in crowds to the beautiful vale of the Engadine in Switzerland during the autumn. In many cases the pure and bracing air, at an elevation of six thousand feet, seems to give a new lease of life. Its snowy heights, the glaciers reposing amongst its mountain tops, its four or five exquisite lakes, its picturesque streams and waterfalls, have all a great attraction for those who visit it. But to a Christian mind there is a darker side: there seems but little religious life. Though Protestant in name, there seem

but few who care for the means of grace, and these are but very scanty. In the native Churches there is never but a single service in the week, and, in most cases, those who attend are but a handful. Nevertheless, here and there there is a streak of light. In one spot a Sunday School has been started, where some twenty or thirty children are taught the Word of God. Then, too, through the liberality of an English gentleman, an evangelist is at work for several months in the year, teaching young and old, as far as opportunity is afforded him. And there is reason to think that in years gone by there



SNOWED UP!



NEWS FROM HOME.

has been more vital godliness than is found at present. On the old houses very striking inscriptions are sometimes found full of rich Scriptural truth. During my chaplaincy at Samaden, I copied two of these, which I discovered in a narrow street leading down to the river Inn. They suggest a few thoughts which may be helpful to the readers of *Home Words* at the beginning of another Year.

The inscriptions were in Latin, and the houses on which I found them had been built about a century ago.

One of them ran thus: "*Deus dedit: dabit porro.*" "God hath given: He will give henceforth."

What a message of gratitude, faith, and hope for this New Year!

Look back on the past. "*God hath given.*" What countless blessings has He bestowed day by day! What gifts of Providence, what merciful deliverances, what tokens of His bounty, have tracked our path! And though trials have been sharp, and sorrows multiplied, has not Love appointed them all? Have they not been sent as "blessings in disguise"? And does not the One great Gift outweigh all possible losses? "God hath given;" yea, He hath given His well-beloved Son; and in Him pardon and grace and life, and the Holy Spirit, and peace that passeth understanding.

And the past is the pledge of the future: "*He will give henceforth.*" He will give daily strength for daily need. He will scatter new proofs of His loving friendship along the yet untrodden path. He will provide food and raiment, friends for our desolate hours, grace for seasons of temptation, days of rest and comfort when He sees best. He will give continually in infinite wisdom and with unstinted bounty. All through our pilgrimage He will ever be giving; and when it is over, through eternity He will be giving still. New joys, new manifestations of His marvellous

love, will He grant evermore. "He will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Here is a double lesson. The first:—*If God delights to give, let us delight to ask.* Prayer is the channel by which God loves to dispense His bounteous gifts. Ask much and you shall receive much. With your eye fixed on the great Intercessor, trusting only in His all-prevailing Name, you cannot expect too much from the plenteous treasury of Divine Grace. "The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him."

Another lesson:—*Strive to be like God in this: delight to give.* Cherish a bountiful, liberal spirit. You will never be a happy Christian unless you make it a joy and pleasure to give. Give to the poor. Give to the suffering. Give for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Give copies of God's Word, and books that are full of its spirit. Give freely. Give gladly. Give cheerfully. Give continually. Never be tired of giving. Deny yourself that you may give more abundantly. May it be true in measure of you, as of the God of all grace: *He hath given: He will give henceforth.*

But I must add a few words about another inscription. It was on the house adjoining the one from which the first was taken.

*"Pax huic domus. In omnibus tuis operibus memento, Finis tui finis eterna. Non peccabis. Vivere mihi est Christus; mori lucrum."*

"Peace to this house. In all thy works remember,—Thine end is an end eternal. Thou shalt not sin. To me to live is Christ; to die gain."

I would say peace be to *thine* house! May all its members have peace with God through the Redeemer's blood! From the youngest to the oldest may they all have inward peace—peace in the assurance of a Father's love, and in sure dependence upon His faithful promises!

May no jarring note come in to disturb this peace! May there be no strife or bitterness, no rash or angry word, no hasty tempers or evil speakings! May gentleness and kindness, considerateness for others, readiness to help and oblige, forbearance and forgiveness, rule and reign, and make your home this coming year a little Garden of Eden.

But this life is not all. The fairest home has its shadows, and will one day be broken up. But there is a Home beyond. There is a world beyond the grave. *"In all thy works remember,—Thine end is an end eternal."*

Would that we all remembered this! Eternity, eternity, who can measure it? Who can count its days of bliss? Who can tell its depths of darkness for those who reject the great Salvation? And how quickly it is coming on to one and all of us! The clock never stands still. The stream of time never tarries for a moment. Our winter's work, our multiplied engagements, an anticipated visit, a summer holiday—we arrange and look forward to them; but how soon they come and go and are left behind, and another Christmas and New Year is at hand—another milestone on the road.

Thus life goes on—twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years fly by, and perhaps a few more, and then breaks upon the view the great, long eternity. Think of it, my friend, as a reality for you, and a reality very near at hand. Let neither days of gladness, nor hours of sorrow, business anxieties nor family cares, hide it from your view. Live for eternity! Work for eternity! Keep eternity ever before you. For yourself and for those you love, let it be your great aim to secure joy that shall never pass away.

Seek first God's kingdom and righteousness. Lay out time and money for this end. Use every gift and power that it may bear fruit in the Great Day.

And beware of the one great evil. *"Thou shalt not sin."* Here is almost the whole law in one sentence. Touch nothing that is polluting or unclean. Neither in thought or word or deed consent to anything contrary to God's Holy Law. Keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man. A grain of dust may almost blind the eye. A little stone in the horse's foot may make it stumble and fall. The prick of a rusty needle may spread disease and death through the whole body.

Thus the least sin is deadly. Therefore by God's grace keep far from it. Abstain from all shadow of evil. But if you have been tempted, do not despair. There is pardon for the guilty in Christ's blood. And He is our Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the Righteous.

We have one thought more. Life must not be merely negative. You must strive to avoid sin, but you must go beyond this. Still learn a lesson from the old inscription: *"TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST; TO DIE GAIN."* The devoted mother lives for her children, and the wife for her husband. The brave soldier is willing to live or die in his country's service. The Christian must live for Christ. Here is the one object he should ever set before him. How may I best glorify Christ? How may I honour Him in my daily walk? How can I spread abroad the savour of His Name? How can I please Him in all I do?

Through the coming Year aim at this. His Grace is all-sufficient. His Spirit is all-powerful to help. He will prompt the good desire. He will perfect that which He suggests. So all will be well. *"To die"* will be *"gain."* You will change your place but not your company. He who has been your Shepherd and Saviour on earth, will in the better land lead you to living fountains of waters.

## Our Church Portrait Gallery.



I. THE VEN. ARCHDEACON RICHARDSON, M.A.: II. THE REV. STENTON EARDLEY, B.A.:  
III. THE REV. THOMAS POWNALL BOULTBEE, LL.D.: IV. THE VEN. HENRY JOHN MARTIN, M.A.

THE Venerable Archdeacon Richardson, M.A., Vicar of Camden Church, Camberwell, is one of the best known clergymen south of the Thames. Camden Church has long enjoyed the ministration of an able succession of preachers; for Henry Melville, Daniel Moore, and James Fleming (the immediate predecessor of Archdeacon Richardson) have all had charge of this important parish.

Archdeacon Richardson took his B.A. degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1842, and his M.A. degree in 1854. His first curacy was at Haslingden in Lancashire. At the end of three years he was appointed incumbent of Musbury in the same county. After a stay there of scarcely two years, he was preferred to Milnsbridge in the Diocese of Ripon; and in 1847 he accepted the Vicarage of St. Barnabas, Manchester. For five years he worked with much zeal and self-denial in this populous parish, and great was the regret of his congregation when, in 1852, he accepted the Rectory of St. Ann's.

Five years later he removed to Bury St. Edmunds, where, as Vicar of St. Mary's, he exercised great influence as a leading worker in the Eastern Counties. The Sunday Schools, Bible Classes, and other parochial agencies attained very large proportions under his fostering care; and when he removed to Camberwell, after seventeen years' work in Suffolk, he brought with him many valuable tokens of the esteem and affection of his old congregation.

At Camberwell he soon secured the sympathies and co-operation of the people. His appointments, first to a Rural Deanery, then to an Hon. Canonry, and more recently to the Archdeaconry of Southwark, are fitting recognitions of his valuable services in the metropolis.

Archdeacon Richardson has published several works, amongst which may be  
1, *Emblems from and for the Factory*,

1848; *Gospel Unities*, 1860; *The Preaching of the Cross*, 1867; *From Easter to Whitsuntide*, 1874; and *Thoughts about Salvation*, 1877.

The Rev. Stenton Eardley, B.A., Vicar of Immanuel Church, Streatham, is widely known from his long connection with the Temperance movement. Many years ago, before Temperance work in the Church of England had assumed its present organized form, Mr. Eardley was an active worker. He is a vice-president of the National Temperance League, and some of his contributions to Temperance literature have had a very large circulation. In "Your Country's and Your Saviour's Call," a pamphlet of which about ten thousand copies have been issued, Mr. Eardley eloquently vindicates the temperance-worker's position. He gives this personal testimony: "I had no idea of the inexpressible blessing I was laying hold of when I gave up intoxicants for ever, simply for my brethren's sake."

In another publication entitled "Facts for Foresters" (of which Order he is a member), he conclusively shows that the abstaining members of his own lodge have far better health than the non-abstainers.

Mr. Eardley was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and has held his present charge for nearly thirty years. He is a warm friend of pure literature,—one of the first who localized *Home Words* twelve years ago,—and thousands of publications are put into circulation in his parish every year.

The Rev. Thomas Pownall Boulton, LL.D., Principal of St. John's Hall, Highbury, was educated at Uppingham School and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated Fifth Wrangler in 1841 and became a Fellow of his College. He took the M.A. degree in 1844, and was ordained by the Bishop of Ely. From 1849 until 1853 he had the advantage of being curate at Cheltenham under the venerated Dean Close, who was at that time rector





THE VEN. ARCHDEACON RICHARDSON, M.A.,  
VICAR OF CAMDEN CHURCH, CAMBERWELL.



THE REV. STENTON EARDLEY, B.A.,  
VICAR OF IMMANUEL CHURCH, STREATHAM, SURREY.



THE REV. T. P. BOULTBEE, LL.D.,  
PRINCIPAL OF ST. JOHN'S HALL, HIGHBURY PARK, LONDON.



THE VEN. ARCHDEACON MARTIN, M.A.,  
VICAR OF EGLINGHAM.

(Drawn from Photographs, by T. D. SCOTT: Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.)

## OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

In 1853 he was appointed Theological Tutor and Chaplain of Cheltenham College, and from that period to the present his life has been entirely devoted to the training of young men to serve in the ministry of the Church of England. His marked success at Cheltenham induced the trustees to confer upon him the important office of Principal of St. John's Hall in 1863. This college, then newly founded and endowed by the Rev. Alfred Peache and his sister, was opened in that year, and has greatly prospered under Dr. Boulton's wise and discriminating care. Few teachers have been more successful in winning esteem and affection, and to-day his "sons," as he delights to term them, are to be found in useful and responsible positions in all parts of the world.

Dr. Boulton has frequently taken part in Church Congresses and other representative gatherings. He is the author of several works which have attained a large circulation; among the best known may be named, *An Introduction to the Theology of the Church of England in an Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles*; *The Young Traveller to an Eternal Home*; and *Chronicles of Ancient Faith*.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. T. O. Turner & Co., of Barnsbury Park.

The Venerable Henry John Martin, M.A., Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, received his early education at King's College School. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1848, and graduated with distinction in 1852. He was ordained to the curacy of Sherburn, Oxfordshire. After two years he removed to Exeter, where he became curate of Holy Trinity and St. Thomas' in succession. He had taken a deep interest in the work of the Church Missionary Society, and accepted an

appointment as Association Secretary for the Cambridge district in 1862. This he held for four years, when, on the nomination of the late Bishop Baring, he became Vicar of West Hartlepool. For nearly ten years he laboured with much earnestness in the midst of a working-class population of 12,000 inhabitants, and as a result of his efforts a new district church—St. James'—was erected, at a cost of about £2,700.

In 1870 he was stricken by a severe attack of illness, caught in the discharge of his visitations among the poor, and for some time his recovery was doubtful. A year later he was transferred to the important vicarage of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. In 1872 he commenced the restoration of the magnificent parish church, a work which extended over five years; although by excellent arrangements the Sunday services were never suspended.

Mr. Martin's interest in the working classes was exhibited in a marked degree during the periodical "hard times" which have troubled the North; and to his large-hearted sympathy and influence may be traced many opportune helps and aids to the thrifty and deserving poor, who learned to love him as a true friend. In the summer months open-air sermons were frequently preached by him to large congregations after evening service in church had concluded, and there can be no doubt that this special evangelistic work was greatly blessed.

Mr. Martin was appointed Rural Dean of West Newcastle in 1873, and Hon. Canon of Durham in 1874. In September last he was promoted to the Vicarage of Eglington and Archdeaconry of Lindisfarne.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mendelssohn, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

### THE HOME LIBRARY; OR, "A PINT OF BEER DAILY."

Every Home should have its Library. A few shelves can easily be put up, and the cost of "a pint of beer daily" would fill them by the end of the year. To start such

Libraries, a Fund at our disposal enables us to offer this month 500 Ten Shilling "Book-Packets" for Five Shillings each. The packets contain:—

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Stephen Mainwaring's Wooing. By EMILY B. HOLT	3	6	"	1 3

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Post Orders for 5s. should be sent to Mr. CHARLES MURRAY, Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. Three or four packets can be forwarded under one cover when friends unite: but application should be immediate.



## Thomas Edward: THE SCOTCH NATURALIST.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

#### EARLY LIFE.



"RUTH" is said to be "stranger than fiction"; and certainly the story of the life of Thomas Edward shows that sometimes at least it is so.

Thomas Edward was born at Gosport on Christmas Day, 1840. His father was a private in the Fifeshire Militia, which was then stationed at Portsmouth. After the Battle of Waterloo, his parents returned to Scotland, and settled at Aberdeen, his father resuming his trade as a hand-loom linen weaver.

Thomas early displayed a remarkable love of animals. When he was scarcely able to walk he disappeared one night and was found sleeping with a ferocious sow, called Bess, and her pigs, in a sty, where he had spent some hours. As soon as he could ramble about, he began to collect tadpoles, beetles, frogs, sticklebacks, and small green crabs; and presently he brought home horse-leeches, newts, rats, hedgehogs, moles, and birds. The "venomous beasts," as the neighbours called them, got into their houses, and no end of complaints followed. His parents had no sympathy with their son's taste for natural history, and tried to scold and flog it out of him. Very strong measures were adopted, but "the ruling passion" was stronger; and when, to keep him at home, they once took his clothes away, he managed to slip out wrapped only in a bit of an old petticoat. He returned with such a chill that he caught a fever, and hung for some time between life and death.

While in this peril his parents seem to have been really kind to him, but when he recovered he took to his old ways. One of his principal feats consisted in bringing home a wasp's nest wrapped up in his shirt, which his parents could only render harmless to the rest of the family by plunging into boiling water.

All this happened when Thomas was not five years old. Between four and five he was sent to school, principally that he might be kept out of harm's way; but he took his "beasts"—horse-leeches, centipedes, and jackdaws—with him to school, and at last the master sent him home as an "irreclaimable, only fit to go on board a man-of-war."

He was at this time scarcely six years old, but his parents got him work with a tradesman at fourteen pence a week. After two years he took a place at a factory, at Grandholm, on the river Don, about two miles from Aberdeen, where the wages commenced at three shillings a week. The hours were from six in the morning till eight in the evening; and a walk of two miles to and from the mill made the day a long one indeed. But the walk was the chief attraction, for as he walked he studied nature—"natural objects, insects, wild flowers, plants, and birds"; and he says, "It was a happy time for me there."

But this was not to last. After two years his parents took him away, and at the age of eleven apprenticed him to one Begg, a drinking, fighting shoemaker, and he learnt the shoemaking trade. Shoemakers are usually very fond of pets, and especially of birds, but Begg was an exception to this rule. He had no love for the works of nature, and detested those who had. With this tyrant, Thomas was bound to serve six years. No wonder, when Begg searched his apprentice's pockets for "beasts," and slew ruthlessly his pet moles and sparrows, that in three years Thomas had had enough of shoemaking, wished to go to sea, and at last ran away from his indentures.

At this time it was that he set off on a wonderful journey of a hundred miles, with only sevenpence, to visit his uncle at Kettle, in Fifeshire, a feat which he accomplished, returning after a week with sixpence in his pocket, which he had saved out of eighteenpence given him by the uncle, who manifested no desire to assist him further. After this flight he returned to his trade and worked with another master on an arrangement to

which he received some scanty pay, still pursuing his favourite pursuits in his leisure hours, which were few and far between.

His love of knowledge seemed to grow stronger and stronger. He was constantly making a tour among the booksellers of the town. He found that there was more to be gained from a visit to the book and picture shops than from a visit to the public house. In 1832 he bought the first number of the *Penny Magazine*, and, as far as he was able, purchased several books.

The shoemaking trade became at this time very flat, and he thought of emigrating or going to sea. He had no money, and by the connivance of a sailor planned to hide in the hold of a ship till out of sight of land, and then work his way. The ship did not sail until five days after the advertised time, and Edward remained amongst the coils of ropes, etc., feeding on some biscuits and water he had deposited there. On the last day, just when hope of escape was strongest, he was discovered, and, to his great grief, sent ashore.

In 1831 the Aberdeenshire Militia were called out, and Edward enlisted in that regiment. He was then eighteen, and as the corps was only embodied for four weeks, it might have been thought that his favourite pursuit could not have brought him into trouble in that short space of time. On one sunny day, however, while he was at drill, a large brown butterfly flitted past. He had never seen the like of that butterfly before, and as quick as thought he was after it, ever on the eve of catching it, till he was caught himself by a stern grip on the neck. Looking round, he saw the corporal of his company and four militiamen ready to drag him off to the guardhouse and to the lock-up for insubordination, a crime to which the regiment was so much addicted that it was necessary to make examples. In vain he pleaded his love of butterflies to the corporal. He was

just about to be dragged off when an officer with a party of ladies came up. When the officer heard that he ran out of the ranks after a butterfly, he thought that Edward must have been mad or drunk, or at least a very bad character; but as the ladies laughed, the officer at last saw the matter in a ludicrous light, and having ascertained that Edward was in other respects well conducted, dismissed him, with a caution that to chase a butterfly on drill was a grave military offence, but as it was his first fault he should be forgiven.

At the age of twenty the family removed to Banff. Here he worked at poor wages, the hours being from six in the morning till nine at night. He thought of emigrating: but soon after he fell in love with a Huntly lass, and at twenty he married her and brought her home to Banff.


It was an early marriage, but it was a wise one. It settled his plans for life. He no longer thought of emigration. His wife was bright and cheerful, and was always ready to welcome him from his wanderings. They were poor, it is true: his earnings did not yet amount to more than 9s. 6d. a week: but mutual affection makes up for much. He had a house of his own, and was free to fill it with his "beasts," no man forbidding him. His wife had the good sense never to interfere with his pursuits and they were very happy.

One great grief, however, he had, and that was his want of education. He could just read; he had learnt this at the school before he was six years old; but he could not write, and as for arithmetic, it was a thing quite unknown to him.

In his new home he had opportunities of self-teaching; and although his shoemaking hours were so long, he managed after the day was over not only to gain book knowledge, but to make night excursions in search of specimens.

(To be continued.)

#### "HOW FAR YET? OR, NEARING HOME!" (See Illustration, Page 19.)

"NE fall the less!" said a patient, loving, suffering pilgrim, as she raised herself after a severe accident.

"Two more stiles," said a martyr, as he walked across the fields to the place of exe-

cution, "and I shall be at home at my Father's house."

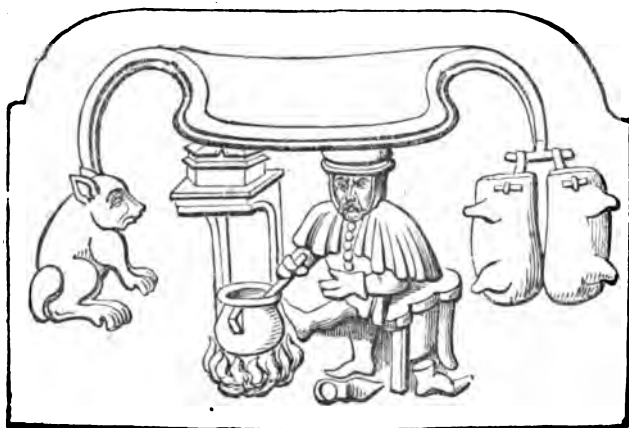
Happy the Christian who, in the eventide of life, resting by the wayside wearily, and asking, "How far yet?" is able to rejoice in the sweet assurance—"I am nearing Home!"—C. B.



FROM "THE MAGAZINE OF ART."

HOW FAR YET? OR, NEARING HOME.

[From the Painting by ARTZ.]



INDICATIONS OF COLD WEATHER.

## How They Lived in the Olden Times.

BY THE EDITOR.



### I. FIRES AND BEDS.

IN former papers we have given a kind of panoramic history of persons and things as they were to be seen in England in the days of the Anglo-Saxons. We glanced also at the changes which were introduced by the arrival of the Normans.

Continuing our notes and illustrations, we now give a seasonable engraving—"Indica-

tions of cold weather." The scene is within a Norman house, or castle. The common mode of warming at this period was by the piled-up fire in the middle of the hall, but in the larger houses the Normans introduced the fire-place against the side wall. Our friend, drawn from an old illuminated manuscript, is seated at one of these fire-places; and it will be noted that, to secure the whole benefit of the fire, he has removed his shoes and stockings, and is bare-legged and bare-foot.

He is not a mere comfort-hunter, however.



A NORMAN BED.

He would seem to possess more than one valuable trait of character. Forethought and industry are evident in the provision he has made for the winter in the shape of two prime fitches of bacon hanging to the left of him, and the presence of his faithful dog on the other side enjoying the fire equally with his master seems to tell us that he is one of those merciful men who regard the life and comfort of the animal creation. In these particulars we shall do well to copy his example.

The fuel employed was, no doubt, wood; but one historian speaks of Coleshulle (in Flintshire): and as this signifies "the hill of coals," it would appear that coals were at least known.

Our second illustration gives a Norman bed. It was very like the Saxon bed; but the tester-bed, with roof at the head and hangings, was now introduced. A quilt of feathers, a cushion or pillow, sheets of linen, and a coverlet of cloth made of the hair of the badger, cat, beaver, or sable, formed the bed-furniture for those who had money to pay for them: but our forefathers generally had to fare hard and sleep hard also. Perhaps in these luxurious days some of us would do better if, rejecting the sluggard's feather-bed, we were content with such a mattress as the Iron Duke preferred, and acted on his practical motto:—"When a man turns in bed, it is high time for him to turn out."

## England's Church.

### I. OUR COMMON WORSHIP.

BY THE REV. C. WAREING BARDSLEY, M.A., VICAR OF ULVERSTON.



THE great charm of our Church of England service, to my mind, is that so much of it is undertaken by the worshippers.

There can be no doubt that it is an instinct of religious hearts to make an audible assent to the supplications raised in their behalf. At the prayer-meetings of Nonconformists, one and another, carried away by spiritual fervour, will sometimes break in with ejaculatory cries of "Hallelujah!" "Glory be to God!" "Praise the Lord!" Is not this but that yearning of the human heart which is recognised in our Liturgy, and denied in their extempore prayer? How exquisite those suffrages after the Creed! The minister says, "O Lord, show Thy mercy upon us." The people answer, "And grant us Thy salvation." The minister says, "O Lord, save the Queen." The people answer, "And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee." The minister says, "Endue Thy ministers with righteousness." The people answer, "And make Thy chosen people joyful." The minister says, "O Lord, save Thy people." The people answer, "And bless Thine inheritance." The minister says, "Give peace in our time, O Lord." The people

answer, "Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God." The minister says, "O God, make clean our hearts within us." The people answer, "And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us."

Try to picture the minister saying all that himself, and you simply listening. How much more stimulating this division of sweet labour! How it recalls all wandering thoughts! How it unites all suppliant hearts! How it breaks down all barriers of class! It is the onward rush of an advancing tide, wave impelling wave; and nought can hinder its course, and none can stay its career, till it reaches at last the evergreen strand of the mercy-seat of God!

Oh, what can I not say for our English Liturgy, and yet not exaggerate? *The ear* of the old man may fail, but he can follow the familiar words. *The eye* may grow dim with years, but memory can supply the void. And many a *half-palsied tongue* that finds it hard at home to stutter its bodily wants, can here utter forth with comparative ease those smooth-flowing, rhythmic sentences, that association has made so dear! Ah, for those whose powers are failing what a blessed shelter is our English Liturgy.



## Temperance Arrows.

BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS," ETC.

"O many a shaft, at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer little meant."—Scott.



**ANON FLEMING** says: "The Church of England should be in the forefront of the Temperance Reformation," and adds that: "If ever there was a cause that demands of every Christian man that he shall take his part in it, it is the cause which aims to banish drunkenness from our happy land, and to leave man free in his body, free in his intellect, and free in his soul, to serve the God who made him and to glorify the Saviour who redeemed him."

**SIR GARNET WOLSELEY** says:—"Once during my military career it fell to my lot to lead a Brigade through a desert country for a distance of over 600 miles. I fed the men as well as I could; but no one, officer or private, had anything stronger than tea to drink during the expedition. The men had peculiarly hard work to do, and they did it well and without a murmur. We seemed to have left crime and sickness behind us with the 'grog:' for the conduct of all was most exemplary, and no one was ever ill. I have always attributed much of our success upon that occasion to the fact, that no form of intoxicating liquor formed any portion of the daily ration."

"MIND your P's and Q's" is a saying which originated in the tavern practice of chalking or scoring debts by customers, the P's signifying Pints and the Q's Quarts.

**THE Archbishop of York** in a recent speech observed:—"Where, then, are we to look for the proper authority to decide whether there shall be public-houses or not? I give you the answer which is in accordance with all modern legislation and with the feelings of the people in every part of the empire, that 'the people want to control it themselves.'"

"ANY statesman who would reduce the amount of drink consumed by half, who would close public-houses till after breakfast, or, better still by dinner-time, would do more to sweeten and prolong life than has been achieved by legislation since the removal of the duty on corn. Meantime, let there be no mistake about the voice of medical practitioners or authorities on this matter. It is on the side of temperance—extreme temperance. Anything else is risky."—*The Lancet.*

Loss of money follows drinking,  
Loss of time brings bitter thinking;  
Loss of business follows these,  
Loss of strength and loss of ease;  
Loss of health, respect, and love,  
Loss of hope of heaven above!

**WHEN** Chief Baron Thompson was on circuit, at the Judges' dinner, there was a learned brother who did ample justice to all the good things on the table. The cloth having been removed; "I always think, my lord," said he, "that after a good dinner a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm." "Oh! no, sir; oh! no, by no means," replied the Chief Baron, smilingly; "it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief."

ACCORDING to the returns of the Inland Revenue Department, the people of Ireland spend on an average £18,878,108 a year upon intoxicating drinks, particularly Irish whisky; whilst, according to the reports of the Royal Commissioners, the rent of the entire country only yields £11,518,392, or £2,854,711 less than the annual expenditure on drink. Hence we see that if Ireland would cease whisky consumption, or even exercise a little moderation, she would be independent of outside help, and could afford to spurn national doles.

THERE is a district in Liverpool owned by Mr. John Roberts, M.P., containing a population of 85,000 inhabitants and no public-house.

A good motto for a tradesman:—  
"Early to bed and early to rise;  
Never get drunk—and advertise."

"A PIN a day is a groat a year." What is a pint a day? Three pounds sixteen shillings and a halfpenny! Yet how many there are who say, "Why, a pint a day—that's nothing!"

"THERE never did, and never will, exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"Do you want to know the man against whom you have the most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face."—*Archbishop Whately.*

**SIR JAMES BROOKE**, the enterprising colonizer of Borneo, speaks in his "Journal" of habitual abstinence from alcoholic liquors "as decidedly conducive to the maintenance of health, and of the power of sustained exertion in the equatorial regions in which he had established himself."

Loss of friends who once admired,  
Loss of mind by frenzy fired;  
Loss of usefulness, alas!  
Loss of life's goal for the glass!  
Loss of life and loss of soul,  
Crown his loss who loves the bowl!—*ANON.*

☞ "Home Words Temperance Arrows" may be had as Leaflets. Price 1s. per 100. The back of the leaflet can be utilised for the announcement of Parish Meetings, etc. (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)

## The Young Folks' Page.

## I. THE SAILOR'S BIBLE.



**A**FTER a heavy storm at sea, a sailor's chest, which had been swept from some wrecked vessel, was cast on shore. On opening it, a Bible was found, on the fly-leaf of which the following lines had been pasted. With the Bible was a photograph—evidently that of the sailor's mother. We would suggest that a Bible, with the lines copied on the fly-leaf by a mother's hand, and accompanied by a photograph, would be the best of New Year's Gifts to sons at a distance from home.—Editor of "Home Words."

Remember her who gave thee this,  
When other days shall come;  
When she who had thy earliest kiss  
Sleeps in her narrow home;  
Remember, 'twas a mother gave  
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,  
The holiest for her son;  
And from the gifts of God above,  
She chose a goodly one;  
She chose for her beloved boy  
The Book of Light and life and joy,

And bade him keep the gift; that when  
The parting hour should come,  
They might have hope to meet again  
In an eternal home.

She said his faith in that would be  
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride  
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,  
And bid him cast the pledge aside  
That he from youth had borne,  
She bade him pause and ask his breast,  
If he, or she, had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son  
Goes with this holy thing;  
The love that would retain the one  
Must to the other cling.

Remember, 'tis no common toy—  
A MOTHER'S GIFT! remember, boy.

## II. "WHEN YOU ARE OLDER."

**W**HEN I was a little girl I had a sovereign given to me. If it had been a shilling I might have put it in my own little purse, and spent it at once; but, being a sovereign, my dear father took care of it for me, and I expect I forgot all about it. But one day when I was quite grown up, he called me into his study and gave me the sovereign, reminding me how it had been given me when I was about as high as the back of a chair. And I was very glad to have it then, for I understood how much it was worth, and knew very well what to do with it. Now, when you come to some saying of the Lord Jesus, that you do not understand or see how to make any use of yourself, do not think it of no consequence whether you read it or not. When you are older you will find that it is just like my sovereign, coming back to you when you want it and are able to make use of it.—Frances Ridley Havergal.

## III. ANOTHER YEAR.

"A SMILE in kindly eyes I see,  
And kindly arms are pressed round me,  
And kindly voices now I hear,  
That wish me many a happy year.

But there is yet a kinder Eye  
That gazes on me from on high;  
The gracious Lord my prayer will hear,  
As I begin this bright New Year.

Almighty Friend! Thy grace bestow;  
Teach Thy weak child Thy will to know;  
And guide me in Thy faith and fear;  
Oh, make me wiser this New Year!

Take pride and folly from my heart;  
Bid sloth and selfishness depart;  
Let me be humble, meek, sincere;  
Oh, make me holier this New Year!

If more and more I prize Thy Word,  
If more and more I love my Lord:  
If more and more I feel Thee near,  
I shall be happier this New Year!"

A. L. O. M.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. **G**IVE two examples of a woman hiding two men.
2. What is God's number in the Bible? and the number of sin and its punishment? and the number of frequency? Two texts for each.
3. How many recorded cases are there of the Lord's giving sight to the blind?
4. A woman called "Noah," and a city called "Adam." Where do you find them?
5. Name an occasion when news of bereavement was brought hastily to a father; and another when a good man took pains to prepare the father for such news.
6. What verse in the Psalms is quoted to prove (1) the Divinity of Jesus? (2) His Ascension? (3) the sufficiency of His sacrifice?
7. Who was "the nail fastened in a sure place?" who

was removed? and who was the nail fastened in his place?

8. Two sayings of our Lord's in the Gospel according to Saint Luke seem at first sight to contradict one another. Which?

9. Two of the prophets whose writings we have were priests, one a prince, and one a herdman; give their names.

10. Did Korah die with Dathan and Abiram?

ANSWERS (See NOVEMBER No., p. 263).

- I. 1 Cor. xv. 10; Luke xviii. 11, 12. II. Ezra iii. 12, 13. III. Psa. xxxiii. 5; Isa. xi. 9. IV. Dan. iv. 1; 1 Pet. i. 2. V. Deut. xxiii. 5. VI. Rom. iii. 25, 26. VII. Deut. xxi. 6-9. VIII. Lev. viii. 23; xiv. 14. IX. 1 Tim. iv. 8, 9. X. Judg. xiii. 24, 25; Heb. xi. 32. XI. Matt. xi. 29; 1 Pet. iii. 5. XII. 1 Chron. xxviii. 19.

SUN.—1st day.  
Rises 8.8. Sets 3.59.

JANUARY.

MOON.—New, 9th, A. 5.59.  
Full, 23rd, M. 7.16.

LIGHT  
FAITH  
HOME  
GRACE  
IN  
LIFE

JOY  
PEACE  
HOPE  
RE  
LOVE

# CHANGES AND THE CHANGELESS ONE.



The Word . . . endureth for ever.  
1 Pet. i. 25.

All flesh is as Grass.  
1 Pet. i. 24.

1 M Circum. My times are in Thy Hand. Ps. xxxi. 15.  
2 Tu The fashion of this world passeth away. 1 Cor. vii.  
3 W But Thou remainest! Heb. i. 11. [31].  
4 Th Our days upon earth are a shadow. Job viii. 9.  
5 F The Lord shall be thine everlasting light. Isa. lx. 19.  
6 S Epiph. I have set Thee to be a Light of the Gentiles.  
7 S 1st S. aft. Epiph. Thy sun shall no more go down.  
8 M We all do fade as a leaf. Isa. lxiv. 6. [Isa. lx. 20.]

9 Tu His leaf also shall not wither. Ps. i. 3. [xxxiv. 29.  
10 W I will raise up for them a Plant of Renown. Ezk.  
11 Th Saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.  
12 F We are but of yesterday. Job viii. 9. [Isa. xlv. 17.  
13 S The Same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Heb. xiii. 8.  
14 S 2nd S. aft. Epiph. My Word shall not return unto  
Me void. Isa. lv. 1. [Ps. xxxi. 2.  
15 M Be Thou my strong Rock for an house of defence.

I AM  
THE LORD, I CHANGE

He ever liveth.  
Heb. vii. 25.

NOT.  
Mal. iii. 6.

Watch  
unto prayer.  
1 Pet. iv. 7.

16 Tu Thou art my Rock and my Fortress. Ps. xxi. 3.  
17 W Their rock is not as our Rock. Deut. xxxii. 31. [9.  
18 Th He hath commanded His Covenant for ever. Ps. cxi.  
19 F I will make an everlasting Covenant with you. Is. lv.  
20 S My Covenant will I not break. Ps. lxxxix. 34. [3.  
21 S Septuagesima S. I make all things new. Rev. xxi.  
22 M Here we have no continuing city. Heb. xiii. 14. [5.  
23 Tu We seek one to come. Heb. xiii. 14.

24 W Be still, and know that I am God. Ps. xvi. 10. [12.  
25 Th Conv. of St. Paul. I know Whom I have believed. 2 Tim. i.  
26 F Lord, make me to know mine end. Ps. xxxix. 4.  
27 S That I may know how frail I am. Ps. xxxix. 4.  
28 S Sexages. S. I wait, till my change come. Job xiv. 14.  
29 M Who shall change our vile body. Phil. iii. 21.  
30 Tu Fashioned like unto His glorious Body. Phil. iii. 21.  
31 W He is able to subdue all things unto Himself. Ph. iii.

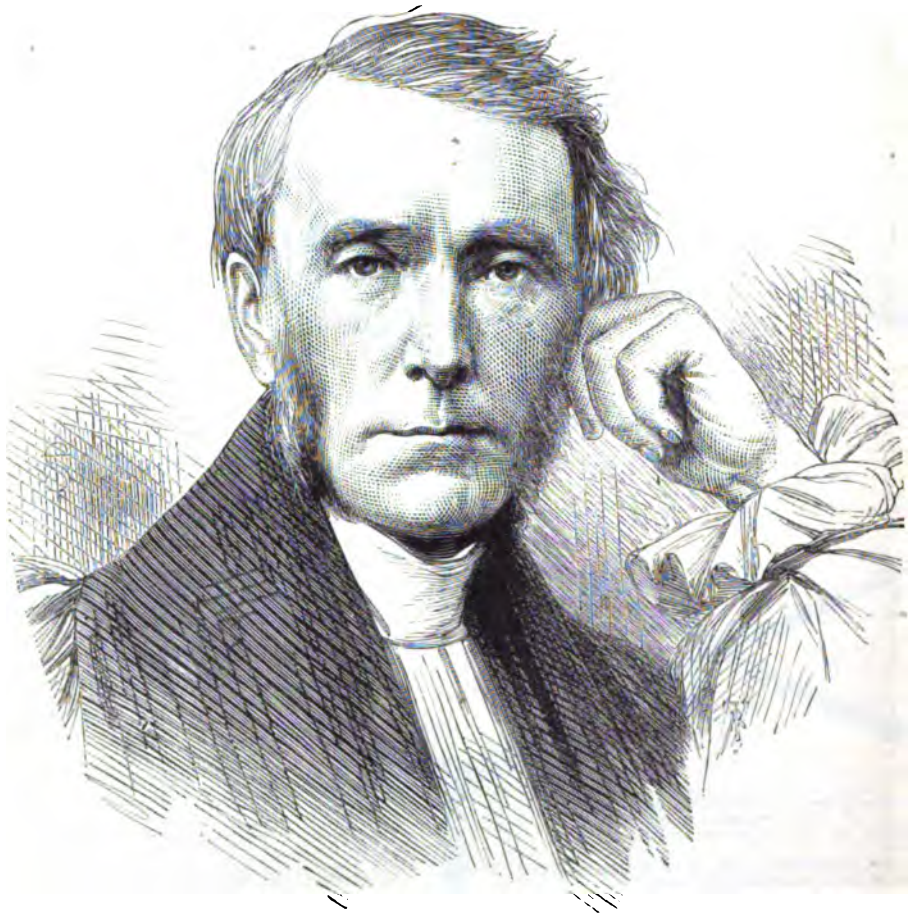
CHANGE is our portion here;  
Soon fades the summer sky,  
The landscape droops in autumn sear,  
And spring flowers bloom to die:  
But faithful is Jehovah's word,—  
"I will be with thee," saith the Lord.

Changeless, the way of peace;  
Changeless, Emmanuel's Name;  
Changeless, the covenant of grace—  
Eternally the same.  
"I change not," is a Father's word,  
"And I am with thee," saith the Lord.—Evans.

**Safe Keeping.** Every day pray yourself out of your own keeping into Christ's.  
**Our Little Ones.** Little ones are always learning, and we are always teaching.—Mrs. Pennefather.  
**No Prayer Lost.** No prayer is lost. Prayer is lasting and living. Every prayer is indented round th throne of God, and when God looks around He sees them.—The Rev. E. Bickersteth.  
**Life's Aim.** Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of those with whom you come in contact year by year.—Dr. Chalmers.







THE RIGHT REV. HENRY PHILPOTT, D.D.,  
LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

*John Kirby  
H Worcester*

*Drawn and Engraved  
from a Photograph.*



# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

Whispering Chimes.

II. MY GUARDIAN.

BY ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, A BRAHMIN LADY, AUTHOR OF "FROM INDIA'S CORAL STRAND."



LAY me down in peace  
Beneath Thy wing,  
And safely sleep.  
Thy watch can never cease:  
For Thou, O King,  
My soul wilt keep.

My sins are all forgiven:  
So now I see  
Thy Presence bright.  
A day's march nearer Heaven  
And nearer Thee,  
I am this night.

What if, before the morn,  
Thou bidd'st me rise  
And come to Thee?  
Then homeward swiftly borne,  
Beyond the skies,  
My soul shall be.

Or if it be Thy will  
That I should see  
Another day:  
Oh, let Thy Presence still  
Remain with me,  
And be my stay!



### The Right Reverend Henry Philpott, B.D.,

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

EVERED and beloved,  
the Bishop of Worcester,  
in the truest sense,  
is regarded as the father  
of his diocese. Un-  
remitting in personal  
energy, every parish has  
felt the influence of his labours: whilst his  
ready and practical sympathy with the  
overworked clergy in populous districts,  
and his kindly consideration for all, have  
won universal and grateful recognition.

The Bishop was born at Chichester,  
Nov. 17th, 1807. He was educated at the  
Cathedral Grammar School there, and at  
St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. He  
greatly distinguished himself as a scholar,  
being Senior Wrangler. He was elected  
Fellow of his College, and held the office  
of Tutor till his election to the Mastership  
of the College, in 1845. He held several  
other offices in the University, and gained  
a lasting place in the affections of many  
of the undergraduates by his friendly

counsel and thoughtful kindness. In 1837 the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield) appointed him preacher in Whitehall Chapel; and in 1844 he became examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Ely. He was Vice-Chancellor of the University in 1846, 1856, and 1857. At the end of his last year of that office, his portrait, painted by Sir J. W. Gordon, was presented to the University by the Senate, as a memorial of his services. He was appointed one of the Prince Consort's four chaplains, in 1847, and retained that office till his elevation to the see of Worcester, in 1865.

The Bishop has taken the deepest interest not only in the spiritual work of the diocese, but in every educational and philanthropic movement. With the Worcester Blind College his Lordship's name will be inseparably associated.

The Bishop's Charges have always been characterized by the earnest enforcement of what he has termed "the few and simple really fundamental and necessary principles of the Gospel." Two brief extracts may illustrate this, and can scarcely be read without profit.

#### THE SIMPLICITY OF TRUTH.

"As we make progress in our knowledge of Divine things, their simplicity becomes apparent to us. The laws by which the souls of living men are governed in the system of love and mercy which the Gospel has established, are plain and simple, and capable of being expressed in few words. Who that seeks for the knowledge of the truth of Divine things in the Word of God in Scripture can fail to be struck by the evidence of this simplicity, as he reads the short yet full and pregnant sentences in which the whole Gospel seems to be enunciated continually in many of the teaching of our Lord and apostles. Think of 'the word of which St. Paul preached: 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the

Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved' (Rom. x. 9); and again: 'I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures' (1 Cor. xv. 3, 4); and again, when he describes the practical life and conversation of Christians: 'I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me' (Gal. ii. 20). In the midst of the confusion of conflicting opinions upon questions of religion, and of doubts and difficulties which the busy minds of men are always stirring, how reassuring the thought that there is one thin thread, held out in mercy by our Heavenly Father's love, to guide the steps of all who take advantage of it to eternal life."

#### THE ARGUMENT OF A HOLY LIFE.

"If there is one thing more than another which shows the true character of real faith, it is the power of the Gospel practically upon the hearts and lives of those who submit themselves to it. No one of unprejudiced judgment can withstand the argument of a consistent holy life. We say without fear of contradiction that in proportion as the main simple doctrines of the Gospel are put in active use by the believer (apart from the accretions which have been allowed to grow up around them) the world of living men would present the picture of heaven upon earth: righteousness and peace and joy would flourish and make us happy. What would not love to Christ and love to men for Christ's sake enable those who are urged by these principles to do and suffer? Can it be, we say, that the teaching is erroneous which produces such results?"

## Daisy of "Old Meadow."

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW,"\* "OUR FOLKS,"

"TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," ETC.

## CHAPTER III.

## DAISY'S NEEDS.



ISAAC MEADS had not been to the school-feast. He did not trouble himself about such frivolities. What mattered buns and banners, and tea and games, to him? Or, in other words, what mattered the good and the happiness and the innocent enjoyment of two hundred children, for whom others were thinking and working? Isaac Meads had not learnt to care for others' joys.

It had been very much against the old man's will that Daisy had undertaken a class in the Sunday-school. She would never have undertaken it without his consent, and probably no one less gently and kindly persistent than Mrs. Roper would have won his consent. Once yielded, he did not withdraw it, but he objected still, in his sullen silent fashion. Isaac Meads was a very silent, and oftentimes a very sullen man. He did not fly into violent passions, like some people, but he sulked and grumbled, and spent a great part of his life in a most uncomfortable fog, so far as his own temper was concerned. The worst of such a fog is that it does not only affect oneself, but touches those about one. So poor Daisy knew a great deal already about that particular kind of foggy atmosphere in a house. It is a much worse kind than the yellowest and densest of London fogs.

Isaac had never taught in a Sunday-school himself, and therefore he did not see why Daisy should do so. There was a difference in the two cases: for if Isaac had been set down with a dozen children, and desired to give them a lesson out of the Bible, he would not have had the least idea what to say; whereas Daisy's mind was so full of thoughts that she never could get half she wanted into the time allowed. But Isaac reasoned out matters from his own notions, and not from

actual facts: so no wonder his conclusions were wrong. He looked upon Sunday-schools and churches, and upon religion altogether, as very tiresome and superfluous matters, and he took good care for his own part to have as little as possible to do with them.

There was one thing which Isaac Meads really loved, one thing which he really did count worth working for, and striving for, and living for. Not religion, not God, not the great future! Isaac could not for a moment say with David, "THOU, O God, art the thing that I long for;" and he was content to leave the question of his own home and happiness through the awful countless ages of a coming eternity just to chance. But there was one thing which Isaac Meads did love, did long for, did count worthy of his best attention; and that one thing was MONEY.

Whether he had much or little of it, nobody knew; but whether he loved what he had nobody could doubt. Whether such as he had was stored up in his house, or put away in a savings bank, the world around was ignorant, but whether his money possessions were deeply treasured in his own heart, all the world might see.

Isaac loved money. He did not merely like it, did not merely enjoy what it could bring him. He loved money for its own sake, with a real heart-devotion for the poor senseless gold which could give him no love in return. He loved money with that heart-love which a man can bestow upon one object only, everything and everybody else being secondary to it. There was a throne in Isaac Meads' heart, as there is a throne in the heart of every man, belonging by right to God Himself: and that throne, in the secret chamber of his being, was occupied by Money.

Mrs. Simmons had seemed doubtful whether he really cared for his daughter Daisy.

It was quite true, as she had said, that he cared for himself best. Love to self always goes with love for money.

\* "The Nameless Shadow," Miss Giberne's new volume, is just published, price 5s. ("Home Words" Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)

But he loved Daisy too, only it was with a lower and secondary sort of affection. He was proud of her, and he leant upon her in his dull home life. He never felt comfortable when she was away. He was a man with no friends, no occupation; with nothing to do except to take care of his money. He was past earning it now; so all the energies of his feeble old age were bent to the task of saving instead of getting. He grudged the spending of a single unnecessary penny.

It was money itself, not money's worth, which Isaac so loved. That terrible heart disease, "the root of all evil," as money-love is called in the Bible, takes different forms with different people; and in old Isaac Meads it was to be seen in its most grovelling form of all, the sheer love of base coin.

He sat dismally alone that sunny afternoon in the dingy front parlour of "Old Meadow." There were some books in a book-case at one end of the room, but Isaac Meads never dreamt of indulging in the unprofitable occupation of reading. Why should he? If he had read fifty books, he would not have gained a penny by so doing. He had only one mode of testing the worth of things or actions. Would they "bring in" so much? If not, they had no charm for him. Poor old Isaac!

Daisy had made the room very neat before she went. She did most of the house work herself, with only a girl to help. Isaac grumbled often at the expense of the girl, and in his heart he wished often to dismiss her altogether. While Daisy was a child some such help had been an absolute necessity, but now that she was sixteen and a child no longer, he did not see why Daisy should not do the whole herself. It was a large house, to be sure, but many rooms were shut up; and though Daisy had a strong love for keeping everything clean, like her mother before her, Isaac had not the least objection to any amount of dust.

He thought he would speak about this to Daisy, on her return from the school-feast, and would insist on a change. Then he wondered whether Daisy would perhaps get some tea and a bun, and so would not need anything more when she came back. If so, her presence at the feast was a saving to his pocket, and he was glad of it.

Isaac did not look a happy old man, sitting there all alone, buried in these thoughts, with his wrinkled forehead, and dull eyes, and dropping lower jaw. He was not at all an attractive or lovable old man. Daisy worked hard to keep his clothes tidy, but he persisted in wearing an old coat of tindery texture, which almost dropped into holes with its own weight. He had one other suit, very aged, yet tolerably respectable, but he would scarcely ever put it on, for he was terribly afraid of its wearing out and having to be replaced. He often told Daisy that she was doing her best to ruin him; and if she ventured to ask anything for herself, he sometimes positively cried like a little child. He did not see why Daisy's clothes, once bought, needed ever to wear out.

The room grew dark, as the old man sat musing, for clouds had crept over the sun, and a stormy blackness gathered round. Isaac hardly noticed the change, until he was aroused by a sudden and blinding flash, straight in his eyes, followed by a loud thunder-crash.

He pushed his chair back into the shade between the two windows, disliking the glare. If Daisy had been present he would have affected indifference: but being alone he did not disguise from himself a feeling of uneasiness, almost amounting to fear. The lightning blazed, and the thunder crashed again and again; and he pushed his chair yet farther into the shade. There had not been so heavy a storm for a long while in Lea. Isaac muttered once or twice, "Shouldn't wonder if something was struck, I shouldn't! Why don't Daisy make haste home?"

But Daisy was long in returning. The storm came nearer, and the flashes were in quick succession, and rain pattered heavily on the trees outside. Presently, however, the pauses between the lightning grew longer, and slowly the storm seemed to grumble and growl itself away into the distance.

Suddenly Isaac was roused from the half-sleepy state into which he had fallen, by a smart ringing and knocking at the front door. He sat still, wondering what it could all be about. Then the door was opened, and he heard a suppressed shriek from the girl, Bess, and a voice said, "Hush, hush,

you will frighten the old man. Where is he? Let me go to him first."

"He's in yonder," gasped Bess, in tones of blank dismay.

But Isaac rose and came out, in a tremor of fear. He thought the house must be on fire, and he wanted to go after a certain strong little iron box, locked up in another room. Mrs. Roper met him just at the parlour-door, and she began to say pityingly, "Stop a moment, Mr. Meads, stop,—such a sad thing has happened."

Isaac would not stop. He pushed past her into the passage. There he was brought to a standstill. For Daisy, carried by two men, lay, white and helpless and senseless, with shut eyes and no sign of life in her.

"Which is Daisy's room?" asked Mrs. Roper. "Upstairs, I suppose."

"No, it isn't," said the dismayed Bess. "There isn't no upstairs room used. Miss Daisy, she sleeps in here."

Daisy was carried in and laid upon her narrow bed. As they placed her, so she remained, one little hand dropping weakly over one side, and not a tinge of colour in the sweet still face. The closed lids had a stiffened look, and only a faint twitching now and then round the parted lips showed her to be alive.

Daisy had lain thus, ever since she and John Davis were struck down together. The cruel flash which had torn and shattered John's right arm, burning the hair from his head and the very eyebrows from his face, and melting the metal buttons of his shirt, yet strange to say not killing him, had not even scorched Daisy. Only, from the moment that she had dropped to the ground, she had not stirred, or spoken, or looked at anybody.

The two men, Jem Humphrey and Will Saunders, who had carried Daisy, stood waiting for further directions, and old Isaac gazed at Daisy with a fixed stare which might have meant grief, or bewilderment, or both.

Mrs. Roper, a slight and active little lady, with kind eyes, and a quick and gentle manner which could become very cordial at times, went close to Isaac and laid her hand on his arm, to draw his attention. He had only stared vacantly when she spoke, seeming not to understand.

"Listen to me," she said; "Daisy is very ill, Mr. Meads, and she may be ill many days. I had her carried into my house, and sent for Mr. Bennet at once. He cannot tell at present how long this state will last—it is impossible to know—but he will look in and see her again in an hour or two."

Isaac's dull eyes travelled slowly from Daisy's senseless form to Mrs. Roper's kind sad face,—she always looked sad when others were in trouble.

"Been—a' struck—with lightning," he muttered, as if the idea had just managed to find its way into his poor old mind, through a doorway which had long been well-nigh clogged up with gold-dust. "Been a' struck with lightning! And whose fault's that, I'd like to know?" Isaac glared round the room quite fiercely, as if he wanted very much to punish somebody for what had happened.

"It is nobody's fault," said Mrs. Roper. "It is nobody's fault, Mr. Meads. Daisy saw a man holding up a pitchfork, and, knowing the danger to him, she bravely rushed to stop him, and he and she were struck together. We hope she is not so much hurt as he is, but we cannot tell yet. It is a great trouble for you, Mr. Meads, but it comes from God's hand, and you have to be thankful that it is not worse. Daisy *might* have been killed on the spot. Now you must all three go out of the room, and leave me with Daisy. Bess and I have to put her to bed. Then I will come and speak to Mr. Meads about a nurse, and I shall want one of you men to go on an errand—so please do not both leave yet."

Isaac looked stupefied, but Will Saunders pulled him away. Humphreys had work to do elsewhere, which could not be longer delayed: so Saunders remained behind, doing his best to cheer the old man, and receiving small response for his pains. Isaac sat dolefully in silence, with staring eyes and dropping jaw, lost in a remembrance of Mrs. Roper's last words. When Mrs. Roper at length came into the room, Saunders thoughtfully retired into the passage, leaving the two alone together. He was the chief carpenter in Lea, young still, and a remarkably thoughtful and obliging man in his ways.

"Daisy is in bed," Mrs. Roper said, stand-

ing in front of old Isaac; and he stood up slowly, waiting to hear what she would say. "We have put her to bed, and I do not think she has been *quite* unconscious all the time, though she does not open her eyes yet. But I have come now to ask you about a nurse. I will watch by her till some one can come. That is all I can do, I fear, and she will need good nursing, poor child. You must hire somebody, Mr. Meads."

Isaac's face grew longer and longer. "Doctor and nurse!" he ejaculated. "And how ever in the world am I to pay for doctor and nurse, I'd like to know! It'll be ruin—stark ruin!"

"Come, come,—you and I know better, Mr. Meads," Mrs. Roper said significantly, for she happened to be more intimately acquainted with the condition of Isaac Meads' affairs than perhaps anybody else in Lea. "No danger of ruin at present. Of course you must have doctor and nurse, and of course you must pay for them too. Why, you would not wish Daisy to die for want of proper care, would you,—your own little Daisy! We sent off John Davis to the hospital, for there was nothing else to be done in his case; but everybody felt sure that you in your position wouldn't and couldn't want your dear little Daisy to go to the hospital—*couldn't* want it, Mr. Meads. All Lea would have cried shame upon the notion; and you would be shocked at it yourself as much as anybody,—would you not?"

Isaac certainly did look shocked, but whether at the idea of Little Sutton hospital for Daisy was another matter. "Nurse!—and doctor!—and medicine!" he murmured. "It'll be stark ruin. And all of 'em free in the hospital."

Mrs. Roper drew a step nearer.

"Don't talk about the hospital for Daisy," she said in a low voice. "If you do not wish to be despised by everybody in the place, don't let Saunders or any one hear a whisper of it. There are so many who love Daisy. And it is not a right thought. You know that the hospital is meant for those who are poor,—and, Mr. Meads, you *know* you are not poor."

Isaac quailed before the lady's bright keen gaze, and he shivered all over. "Who says

so?" he asked entreatingly. "I haven't got one penny to spare,—not one penny."

"You and I understand one another, Mr. Meads," said Mrs. Roper quietly. "It would not be honest to send Daisy to the hospital, even if you love her so little as to want to get rid of the poor child in such a way. You see what I mean,—it would not be *honest*. Now tell me, who will you have to nurse Daisy?"

"It's an awful expense," Isaac said mournfully, and tears actually ran down his furrowed cheeks.

"The expense need not be heavy," said Mrs. Roper. "There is a nice woman, Mary Davis, the wife of the man who has been struck. She has gone with him to the hospital,—poor fellow,—but she will have to leave him there. She told me that she would gladly nurse your Daisy, while he does not need her, receiving only food and lodging."

"And no pay?" asked Isaac eagerly.

"I think she ought to have payment, but she seems quite willing to do the work without. You *ought* to pay her, Mr. Meads,—still, that question I must leave with yourself. Shall I send a message to her through Saunders? She will be at the Rectory before long; and I will sit with Daisy until she comes to take my place. Daisy cannot be left alone, and Bess has no experience. Will you have Mrs. Davis? Very well,—then the matter is settled."

Mrs. Roper went to speak with Saunders: and Isaac sat alone once more, in silence which was only broken now and then by sighing mutters,—"*It'll be ruination,—sheer ruination!* Why couldn't she ha' been taken to the hospital?"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AN UNTIDY HOME.

Mrs. HUMPHREY's cottage was in its usual uncomfortable condition of "cleaning up." She had begun "putting straight" in the morning, and she had been at it ever since, off and on. Yet, though evening was come, things were not straight. It would have been a mystery to any orderly housewife, how she managed to be so busy, and to get so little done.



Some men's wives waste a great deal of time in perpetual gossiping with the neighbours, and then of course it is not surprising that their homes should be in a mess. But wasting time in that particular fashion was not one of Janet Humphrey's faults. She did not care for gossip, and she did not care for the neighbours. Indeed, it was rather a subject of complaint among the said neighbours that "Mrs. Humphrey was so unsociable, nobody could get to know her." She rather took a pride in holding aloof, and in not allowing her children to associate with the children around, more than could be helped.

Janey, the eldest of the party, the little nine-years-old maiden of the curl-papers, sat on a chair, in the pink cotton which she had worn at the school-feast, nursing the baby; and the baby, a plump infant of nine months, being hungry, was screaming lustily. Jackey and Sukey, aged eight and seven, were quarrelling in the window; and Willie and Tommy, aged five and three, were rolling about upon the floor, with rough heads and smeared faces, each having a piece of bread and butter. Janet herself, with a soiled cap and a heated anxious face, was hurrying to and fro distractedly. Some damp clothes hung round the fire, and cooking utensils were scattered uncomfortably here and there, while the china used at the midday meal lay still unwashed upon the wooden table.

"Father'll be in directly, and he'll be so vexed not to find things straight." This was Janet's usual observation every evening, as if it were quite an unusual event for him to find them so; whereas in reality it was a matter of daily occurrence. "O dear, dear, whatever am I to do? If I'd known it would have taken so long, I'd never have got those things washed out to-day. To-morrow would have done as well. Do stop that child's crying, Janey. It goes through my head. And those children,—if I wash them one minute, they're not fit to be seen the next." Janet's "minute" was a long one on this occasion, since she had not found time to wash them for several hours. She came forward, and pulled up Tommy with a jerk, whereupon he burst into a howl. "Have done, will you?" said Janet pettishly, giving him a little shake.

"Father'll be back directly, and he'll be angry. Where's the soap? O dear,—nobody knows what I have to go through. I don't think there ever was such a set of children. Stop crying this minute, Tommy, or you shan't have one single bit more of bread-and-butter."

Whereupon Tommy wailed the more, and a man's head appeared in the doorway.

"Not ready—as usual!" said Jem.

"No, and shan't be for another hour," said Janet sharply; for the general condition of things made her feel cross, though she was not naturally ill-tempered.

"Then I'm best out of the way," said Jem rather gruffly, and he disappeared.

"There! and he'll go to the public, and get into trouble, as sure as can be," exclaimed Janet despairingly. "Whatever did make me speak like that to him? Well, I must just get on, and make things straight. Stop crying, Tommy, do,—come now, be a good boy, and mother will give him a halfpenny."

The promised bribe took effect, and Tommy's howls lessened. Janet decided to defer the washing for fear of setting him off again. She slipped a halfpenny into one grimy little hand, and a piece of bread into the other, and placed him again on the floor. Then, having given her children an unwholesome lesson on the easiest mode of getting their own way, she turned round, flurried and annoyed, to find herself facing Mrs. Simmons.

"Good-evening," said Mrs. Simmons. "I came to bring a few apples for the young ones, Mrs. Humphrey; and I had to make bold to walk in, seeing I couldn't manage to get a hearing through the clamour."

Janet looked and felt ashamed. "I'm sure I'm very much obliged," she said. "It's a bad day with me—cleaning-up."

"Why, so was yesterday, wasn't it?" asked Mrs. Simmons, taking a seat, and regarding attentively Tommy's dingy and buttery cheeks.

"Well, yes,—but I didn't get done," said Janet uncomfortably. "I take a bit a day, you see, so as to get through things."

"You don't seem quite through 'em yet," said Betsy, surveying the scene. "I saw your husband going off just now, seemingly in a huff."

"He hadn't any reason. I'm sure it wasn't my fault," Janet said in a melancholy tone. "I've toiled hard enough and to spare. I'm pretty near ready to drop, this minute. Janey came back and told me what had happened, and it gave me such a turn, I haven't felt right since."

Betsy Simmons' rather grim look softened. "Ah,—poor little Miss Daisy," she said. "And poor Davis too, for the matter of that. Not a bit less one than the other, only the one seems to come nearer to us. Yes, it's an awful thing to have happened; and nobody can say yet if either of the two will get over it. The man suffers terribly, they say, and poor little Miss Daisy just lies still with shut eyes and don't know anybody. Well, well,—I don't doubt it's all for the best,—and *she's* ready for death, if ever anybody was. I wish I was as sure I was ready myself. But it's an awful thing to be struck down, all in a moment."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so. It turns me quite queer," said Janet.

"You do look as if a cup of tea would do you good," said Mrs. Simmons.

"I haven't had time to get one. There's no getting anything done, with a pack of children about."

"You should train your children to be a help and not a hindrance," said Mrs. Simmons, rising, with a business-like air. "That's what I would do. Why, dear me, there isn't one but might take his share of work, unless it's the baby. Even Tommy isn't too small to pick up scraps, and clear away crumbs. Now you sit still a few minutes, Mrs. Humphrey, and get a bit of quiet, and I'll do for you. I couldn't take a cup of tea, for my part, or anything else, in such a mess as this. You sit still, and just see!"

Janet looked astonished, but obeyed. Mrs. Simmons divested herself of shawl and bonnet, folding the former, and laying the latter neatly upon it. She never flung off what she wore, or tossed articles of clothing anywhere, as some people are apt to do when in a hurry.

Then she proceeded to "tidy" the room. Janet had been "tidying" all day, quite in vain; for the simple reason that as fast as she made one part tidy she made another

part untidy. Betsy Simmons, on the contrary, advanced steadily, step by step, placing everything in order, putting away this, hanging up that, pushing chairs back against the wall, collecting stray scraps of paper, string and cotton, and working a rapid transformation. Once Janet protested; "I shall want that directly, Mrs. Simmons. It's no good putting it by."

"Want it! And if you do," said Mrs. Simmons, "what then, Mrs. Humphrey? Can't you get it out again? I shall want my bed by-and-by, but I don't keep it at hand all day in my shop. It saves a deal of trouble, to put everything straight away in its right place the moment it's been used."

"But the children'll only drag all the chairs crooked in another minute," said Janet.

"Chairs are meant to be used," said Mrs. Simmons, in an oracular manner. "But there's no need for them all to stand about the whole day like a set of dancing dervishes. If every child was taught to put his chair back straight against the wall, after he's done with it, the world would be ever so much tidier."

"Why, I don't do that," said Janet.

"More's the pity!" said Mrs. Simmons.

Having swept up the hearth,—an operation which Janet rarely performed, because it was sure to need sweeping again before long,—Mrs. Simmons brought out water and soap. The missing soap she had accidentally discovered, lying hidden under Janet's bonnet. The elder children submitted with tolerable composure to having their dirty little faces and hands made clean and shining. Tommy, however, had a strong dislike to soap, and Tommy shrieked his disapproval.

"He won't like it," gasped Janet, in dismay.

"Then he'll have to get along without the liking," said Betsy Simmons calmly, as she lifted Tommy into a convenient position.

"Tommy will be a good boy, won't he?" said Janet coaxingly. "Mother will give him a nice bun, if he is good."

"Give him a bun for having his face washed!" said Mrs. Simmons. "And a half-penny for stopping crying! He's like to cost you dear, at this rate, Mrs. Humphrey. Haven't you got any better use for your pennies than that?"



HUNTING THE WALRUS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

See Page 37.

Janet sat rebuked; ashamed yet angry. Tommy yelled, but he yelled in vain. Mrs. Simmons quietly soaped him, scrubbed him, sponged him, and dried him. A clean though tearful little boy was presently seated on a chair, and told to "be good."

"He wouldn't let *me* do all that, now," said Janet.

Mrs. Simmons turned round quite indignantly. "Wouldn't let!" she said. "A baby of three not let his mother do as she likes with him! What on earth do you mean, Mrs. Humphrey?"

"Well, I don't know,—it doesn't seem as if I could manage them like you do," said Janet.

"Maybe not,—because you don't set to work the right way," said Mrs. Simmons.

"Give in to a child because he cries, or bribe him to be good, and your mastery over him is gone. But once make him understand that you mean what you say, and that he *has* to do what he's told, and your trouble's at an end. Why, dear me, I wonder what my mother would have said, when I was a girl, if any one of us—and she had a dozen children—had set up for a moment against her will. Not we! There wasn't such a thing known among us. Mother's will was law, and no mistake. But for all that we loved her more than I can tell, and she *did* toil for us. The world never looked the same to me, Mrs. Humphrey, since mother died."

"Everybody isn't like that, though," Janet said hopelessly, as Mrs. Simmons placed the teapot on the table.

(To be continued.)

## Pictures Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

### II. DR. KANE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



AMONG the most remarkable of the expeditions sent out in search of Sir John Franklin was that despatched from the United States, under the command of Dr. Kane of the U. S. Navy, a cou-

rageous, intrepid traveller, whose journals contain graphic and deeply interesting pictures of life in the Arctic regions.

Elisha Kane was the eldest son of Judge Kane, and was born in Philadelphia on Feb. 3, 1820. Many amusing stories are told of his boyhood. He seems to have been exceedingly bold and fearless, and the protection of the weak was a strong characteristic of his early youth. It is related of him that before he was nine years old he had chivalrously taken upon himself the protection of his younger brothers; and this led him one day into a rather desperate encounter with their schoolmaster, who had ordered one of them to be punished. On hearing this Elisha exclaimed, "Don't whip him, he's such a little fellow—whip me!" It was said in all honesty and simplicity of purpose,

offering himself as his brother's substitute; but the tone, sounding excessively like defiance, was so construed by the master, who of course met it with the reply, "I'll whip you too." The result was something like a pitched battle; for Elisha, who had no notion of taking quietly what he thought an unjust whipping, used his small fists to the best of his ability, but with unsatisfactory success, seeing that he retired from the contest, not "covered with glory," but with what bore a very suspicious resemblance to cane-strokes.

He was first intended for the profession of a civil engineer, but his health becoming precarious, his friends recommended to him the study of medicine, and he took his doctor's degree in 1842. He next entered the U. S. Navy, and in 1843 became physician to an embassy from the United States to China. He subsequently visited India and Egypt; and before he was twenty-five had also travelled across Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and England.

It will be remembered that in May, 1845, Sir John Franklin with two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, and a crew of a hundred and

thirty-eight, officers and men, sailed from England with the object of seeking the North West Passage: and, after July of the same year, when his vessels were seen moored to an iceberg, waiting for a passage, all trace of him was lost. In addition to expeditions sent out from England in search, two vessels, the *Advance* and *Rescue*, were fitted out by Mr Henry Grinnel, a wealthy American citizen who felt much interest in Franklin's work. Dr. Kane was chief medical officer of this expedition, which remained out for sixteen months, and its doings were chronicled by the doctor in a volume published in 1853. Kane went out on a second expedition in the same year, the *Advance* being given for the purpose by Mr. Grinnel. For two winters he remained in the north, and as no tidings were received from him during several months, a relief party was sent out to seek him. It left New York in 1855, precisely two years after the sailing of Dr. Kane. Happily the search proved successful; for they found Kane and his crew comfortably coming home in a Danish vessel. They landed safely in New York in October, 1855, after an absence of two years and six months.

Dr. Kane seemed little the worse for his privations and anxieties; but not long after

his return his health began to fail. The unaccustomed toil of literary work in preparing for publication an account of his Arctic experiences and discoveries told upon him severely, and he died on the 16th February, 1857, at the early age of 37 years.


Our illustration gives a good idea of life in the ice-regions, especially in connection with the hunting of the walrus. These creatures are special objects in the Polar scenery, where they are quite at home, and flounder about in the mixture of ice and water as if they were playing 'bo-peep' with each other. Where the ice is more compact they break breathing holes, at which they may come up to breathe, by rising up in the water beneath it with such force that their broad backs start it; afterwards they manage in some way or other to make a tolerably clean circular opening of it.

The walrus is harpooned like a whale, but guns are often also employed. Sometimes he is caught napping, having stayed so long on land enjoying, it may be, the spring sunshine, that his hole has been frozen up behind him.

In the absence of anything better he does not make bad food. The fat is described as being "sweet as marrow," and the lean, though coarse and strong, is preferred by sailors to their tough salt beef.

## "A Wife—a Wife's a Main Thing!"

(See Illustration, Page 39.)

 H, I'm a poor unhappy wight  
As ever there was born, sir:  
There's nothing in my house  
that's right—

'Tis lonely and forlorn, sir;  
I've cash enough, and pay it well,  
To keep my house in order,  
But ne'er can get a decent meal,  
Though plentiful my larder;  
'Tis overdone or underdone,  
Perhaps not done at all, sir;  
No man had ever such a home  
In all this dreary world, sir!

"My coat is at the elbows out,  
I ne'er can get it mended;

My shirts are scorch'd in ironing,  
My vest to ribbons rended!  
My stockings down unto the ground—  
I ne'er can keep a garter;  
And if they e'er get wash'd at all,  
It's sure in dirty water.

There's nothing done that should be  
done:

And if it's done at all, sir,  
It better never had been done,  
Than done so very ill, sir!"

"Go, get a wife,"—a wise man said,  
"Nor sit ye here complaining;  
Of wedlock never be afraid,  
A prudent wife's a main thing:



She'll keep your house, she'll mend your clothes,  
 And chat and sing the while, sir;  
 And when at even you hasten home,  
 She'll meet you with a smile, sir.  
 And all that's done will be well done,  
 And done without complaining;  
 If e'er you'd have a pleasant home,  
 A wife—a wife's a main thing!"

Jack quickly took the sage advice,  
 And woo'd a farmer's daughter:

And never did he rue the day  
 When home a bride he brought  
 her.

His clothes are always clean and neat,  
 His house is like a palace;  
 His cooking that a king might eat,  
 And do it with a relish.

And now he is a happy man,  
 He never goes complaining;  
 But with a joyous smile declares  
 A wife—a wife's a main thing!"

N. STONE.

### Why do we go to Church?

BY THE REV. SEYMOUR H. SOOLE, M.A., VICAR OF GREY-FRIARS  
 CHURCH, READING.



BECAUSE (I.) there is a Blessing to be expected. Our presence argues an *expectation* of something. Why do we go to the mercy-seat? Why do we approach the Lord's table? Why do we attend public worship, but that we expect to obtain mercy, and to find grace by drawing near to Him who is the Author and Giver of all good things?

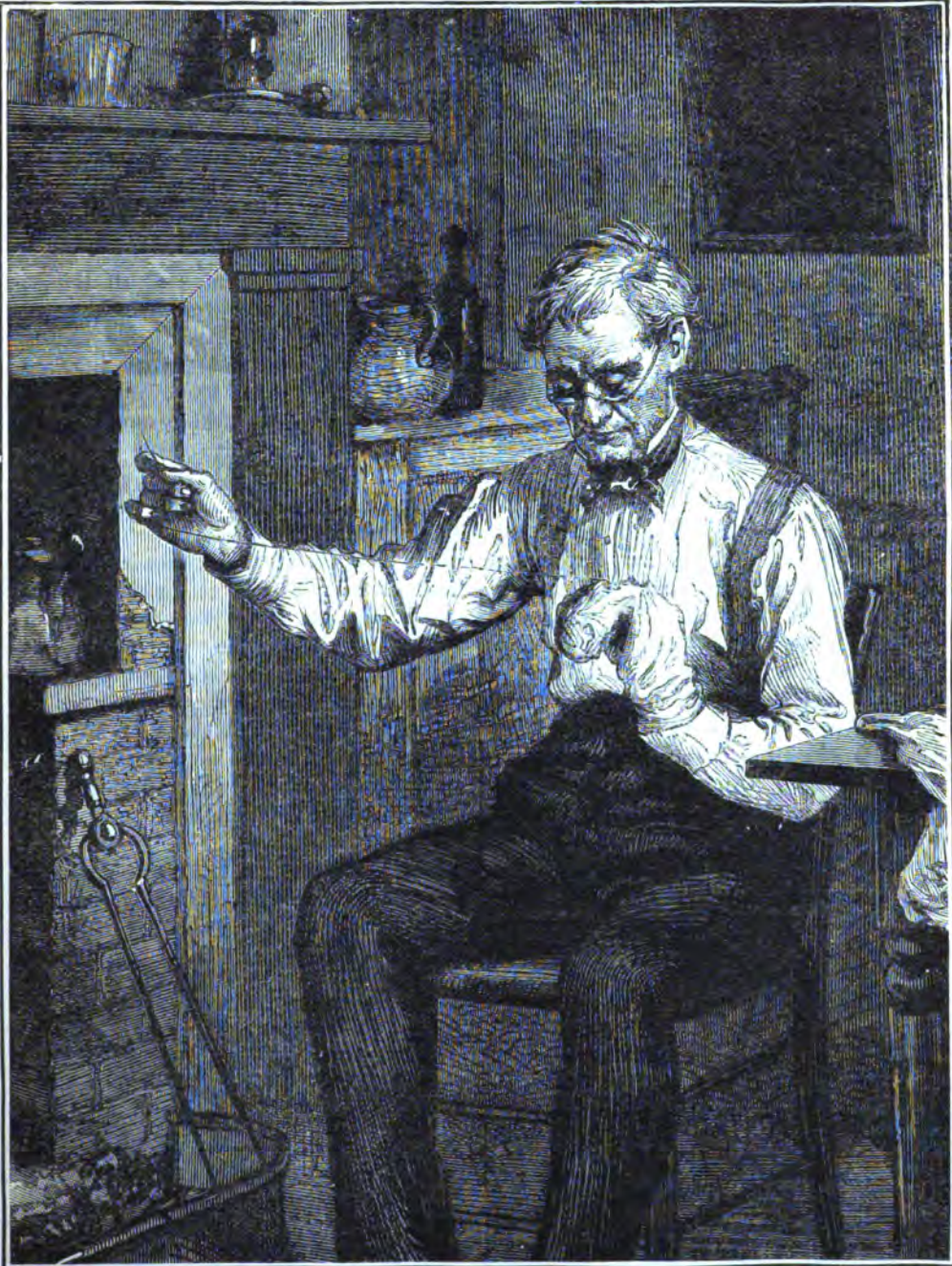
But what is the *ground* of our expectation? I reply, first, our great need, and secondly, God's good promise.

What, in the first place, can surpass our *need*? We have nothing: we are nothing. "Pensioners on Divine bounty" we must ever be. If any one of us should grow satisfied with ourselves, or our attainments, and feel disposed to say that we are rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, the Lord will soon prove to us that we are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, by permitting some trivial vexation or temptation to trip us up and manifest our weakness, and insufficiency of ourselves to think anything good. Ah, our cry must always be, "I

need Thee every hour." And where the need is, there is the supply.

For, secondly, how comprehensive is the *promise* of God! Not to One who grudges His children anything do we come, but to One who giveth "liberally and upbraideth not." An earthly father takes pleasure in giving his children their request if it be good for them; "how much more" will our Father in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him? If God spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, can He fail to give, in addition to this unspeakable Gift, all other things needful for life and godliness? And so we are not surprised to meet with such a promise as this:—"My God shall supply *all your need* out of His riches in glory by Christ Jesus;" and this:—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you." And therefore with boldness we may draw near to the Throne of the All-Bountiful and All-Holy One, and plead, "Wilt Thou not revive us again?"

II.—But let us mark well the alone condition of receiving the promised Blessing. Read 2 Kings iii., verses 9, 16, 17, 20. Here we have a picture of our present



"A WIFE—A WIFE'S A MAIN THING!"



position. We are in a dry and thirsty land where no water is. We need spiritual refreshment. Our souls are athirst for God. The waters of the earth have failed, and so we are coming to Him with whom is the well of life—whose is the River of God, full of water, and Who is more ready to give than we are to ask.

But there is one condition, and only one, which God requires. And what is that? Capacity to receive His gift. The one condition of receiving fulness is emptiness. "Make the valley full of ditches or trenches." What! A dry valley? and turn our eyes towards Edom, a quarter whence rain never comes? Yes, because "thus saith the Lord"—and that is all that faith requires to venture and to act. Oh, let us at once learn the lesson that what God wants of us is not ability but emptiness; and *abundance* of emptiness; for we are not straitened in God. He was only limited by the depth, and length, and number of the trenches which the people dug. If they had dug them twice as deep, He could and would have filled them: for He is a bountiful Giver, and it is His delight to bless. And even so in the next chapter we see that His bounty to the poor widow was only limited by the capacity of the vessels she provided, not by His unwillingness to give. It was the same law, you perceive. Fulness would not do. They must be *empty* vessels, and *not a few*. Abundance of emptiness!

Ah! what God requires is simply room

to work,—emptiness, capacity to receive; not power, but *weakness*; not fulness, but need: owned need, confessed need—a sinner coming in this spirit:—

"O Saviour, I have *nought* to plead  
On earth below, or heaven above,  
But just my own exceeding need,  
And Thy exceeding love."

When, at the beginning of all things, God spoke the power-word which called into being worlds of indescribable beauty and strength, what mighty results appeared! But when the same Eternal Word by whom are all things, and without whom was not anything made that was made, visited in the days of His Incarnation a little Syrian town, how striking the difference! "He could do there no mighty works because of their unbelief." The Godhead crippled and rendered impotent simply because of the unpreparedness of the hearts on which He was ready to put forth His saving and healing power!

What God desires is expectant, waiting, believing *WANT*. Emptiness crying out, calling upon fulness; emptiness waiting upon the All-bountiful; want believing in the ability and willingness of the Lord to supply all its needs.

Behold on the one hand a full Christ, and on the other, empty, needy sinners! Wherever the two come together, *there* we shall see fulness instead of emptiness; there we may expect to see the power of God manifested in a remarkable degree.

#### HOME.

**H**OME is my nest, where round me  
Soft sheltering wings are spread,  
And peace and joy and gladness  
With shade and sunlight shed.  
Oh may I bring no shadow  
Of sorrow or of care,  
To dim the open brightness  
Of happy faces there.

ANON.

#### BE KIND.

**B**E kind to one another;  
Not to the good alone:  
E'en to the cold and selfish heart  
Let deeds of love be shown.  
So shall ye be His children,  
Who rains His gifts on all,  
And e'en upon the thankless ones  
Bids His bright sunbeams fall.

A. L. WESTCOMBE.



## Home-Wisdom—Not Found in Books.

BY THE REV. J. C. EGERTON, M.A., RECTOR OF BURWASH.

THE wisdom of the world is by no means all found in books; and we do not doubt that if it were possible to collect, and from time to time to publish, some of the short and pithy sayings even of the less educated classes amongst us, very considerable additions might be made to the already written wisdom of men, and additions quite worthy of its companionship.

Some time ago I was much struck by a remark made by a cottager's wife. "Oh, sir, children are not trouble; they are only fatigue." The difference between fatigue and trouble is a real one, and not one merely of words.

I could not help smiling, too, when I heard it, at the truth contained in the following sentence, on the subject of bringing up children:—

"In my way of thinking, sir, it's much easier for children to be brought up to hard work, and then to have to leave it off, than it is for them to be brought up gentlefolks, and then to have to take to hard work."

And here is another testimony full of truth on the same subject of good bringing up:—

"I had as good a mother as anybody need wish to have. She was always true to her word; and whatever it was she promised me, I always knew I should get it, whether it was a bull's eye or a beating."

Who again can deny the soundness of the following advice, which a poor man has told me that his father gave him on

his deathbed: "Mind you always keep better company than you be yourself."

Here, too, is a couplet of prudence which we heard not long since, and which our young folks perhaps may lay to heart:—

"If youth but knew what age would crave,  
How many a sixpence youth might save!"

A poor man who has been dead now some years once gave me the following quaint version of the old proverb, "Honesty is the best policy":—"Good principles, sir, good principles—they are the things. I always hold to them. Something always turns up that makes them pay."

He also once gave me his own private opinion of what may be the happiness of a labouring man who strives to keep a quiet home over his head, and a clear conscience:—

"Well," he said, "I can't help thinking a working man who doesn't mind work, and who has got his health and work to go to, when he comes home at night and goes to bed, ought to be one of the happiest men alive."

God forbid that we should forget the trials and hardships which poor men too often have to undergo; but there are many harasses and anxieties from which they are comparatively free, but which do press heavily on other classes; and we trust that what our friend, who was a labouring man himself, said was not altogether wide of the mark; and that a working man with full employment, good health, and a clear conscience is at any rate as happy as many who outwardly, perhaps, seem to be better off.

## Gold from the Mine.

"Before buying, ask yourself: Do I want it?"

"God sends every bird its food; but He does not throw it into the nest."

"A repining life is but a lingering death."

"When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes."

# Temperance Arrows.

BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS," ETC.

"O many a shaft, at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer little meant."—Scott.



R. HOYLE, a very trustworthy authority, says we have in this country 700,000 habitual drunkards, and one million occasional drunkards, producing over a million cases of drunkenness every week in the year!

A HARD LESSON.—"One of the lessons a woman most rarely learns is never to talk to an angry or drunken man."—George Elliot.

EXPERIENCE.—"If you are willing to learn by other people's experience, you will be saved much bitter experience of your own."—Dr. J. J. Ridge, in "*Hand and Heart*."

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, in letters published a few years ago, which have had an immense circulation, says, writing to Lady Jane Ellice:—"I am quite satisfied that fermented liquor of any kind is unnecessary as an article of diet."

"BEER and trouble are frequently brewed together," is the opinion of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*.

MR. ALEXANDER M. CHANCE, a large employer of labour in Birmingham, asks:—"What more easy than for every employer of labour to see that those whom he employs can get, during working hours, a drink of cold water, clean and good? Yet how few do it! A handy supply of pure filtered water in every manufactory, in every school, in every railway station, in every office, in every shop, and in every private house, to be used as and when needed, would, I believe, effect a more speedy reformation in regard to the drinking habits of England than any other measure. The remedy is within the reach of all, yet how few will apply it!"

If we take the number of the metropolitan public houses and beershops at 12,000, and the expenditure of each at only £150 per annum, and assume these charges to be equal to one-fourth part the gross returns of the business, it must naturally follow that if the customers of these houses, a vast majority of whom are of the working classes, could be induced to expend in drinking only three-fourths of the present amount, the saving would be no less than £1,800,000 a year.

We labour on in Faith and Love:  
Our weakness here, our strength above:  
Ours is to Work and Pray;  
To stay the rushing tide of crimes,  
To build the wall in troublous times,  
And bring the brighter day.

THERE are 1,100 abstainers in the parish of St. Nathanael, Liverpool.

HEARTLESSNESS.—"The intimacy begotten over the wine bottle has no heart. I never knew a good feeling to come from it, or any honest friendship made by it. It only entices men and ruins them."—W. M. Thackeray.

In the local page of the Burwash Parochial Magazine (*Home Words*) I find the following:—"In a short visit at the end of July to Bunbury, his native parish in Cheshire, the Rector met with a large farmhouse built about thirteen years ago, in which, since the first brick was laid, there has never been to this time a single drop of wine, beer, or spirits, or of alcohol in any shape, purchased by, or belonging to its owner. We may add that not only all the work of the house, but all the cheese-making from the milk of sixty cows, is managed by the mistress of the house, her two daughters, one servant, and a small boy. So that in this instance, as in ten thousand more, strong drink has certainly not been needed to give strength."

SIMS REEVES gives his opinion as follows:—"I cannot do better than endorse every word Lord Wolseley has written on Temperance, and from my own experience I can safely affirm that stimulants are totally unnecessary, and singers, generally, are much better without them."

DR. W. G. GRACE, of whom England is justly proud as a cricketer, and whose interest in athletics is proverbial, in writing to a correspondent says:—"I agree with you that as a rule all intoxicating drinks are quite unnecessary, and only make you more thirsty than you were before you took them. I have played many long innings without taking anything to drink. Beer in excess is a very bad thing for cricket."

"We are constrained to repeat that which we have probably said fifty times before, that the people of this country drink an inordinate deal more strong liquor than is good for their health, morals, and material prosperity; and that the swilling of raw spirits is, in particular, a national curse, nuisance, and shame."—*Daily Telegraph*.

When shall our fair and noble land,  
Stamped with its foul degrading brand,  
Its fetters cast aside?  
Free from the curse which wrought its shame,  
Free from the blot which marred its fame,  
Free—in its honest pride?

THE REV. JOHN BURBIDGE.

"Home Words Temperance Arrows" may be had as Leaflets. Price 1s. per 100.  
The back of the leaflet can be utilised for the announcement of Parish Meetings, etc.  
(London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)



"It was just the other day  
The *Gray Swan* sailed away!"

## The *Gray Swan*.

BY ALICE CARY.

"**H!** tell me, sailor, tell me true,  
Is my little lad, my Elihu,  
A-sailing with your ship?"  
The sailor's eyes were dim  
with dew,—  
"Your little lad, your Elihu?"  
He said with trembling lip,—  
"What little lad? What ship?"  
"What little lad? as if there could be  
Another such a one as he!  
What little lad, do you say?

Why, Elihu, that took to the sea  
The moment I put him off my knee!  
It was just the other day  
The *Gray Swan* sailed away!"

"The other day!" the sailor's eyes  
Stood open with a great surprise:—  
"The other day?—the *Swan*?"  
His heart began in his throat to rise.  
"Ay, ay, sir! here in the cupboard lies  
The jacket he had on!"  
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the *Swan*."—"And did she stand

With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,  
For a month, and never stir?"

"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,  
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,  
The wild sea kissing her,  
A sight to remember, sir!"

"But, my good mother, do you know  
All this was twenty years ago?"

I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,  
And to that lad I saw you throw,  
Taking it off, as it might be, so!

The 'kerchief from your neck."—

"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad,  
That has made you sick and made you sad,  
Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?"

"Lawless! The man is going mad!  
The best boy ever mother had:—  
Be sure he sailed with the crew!  
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,  
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,  
To say he was alive?"

"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;  
Besides, he may be in the brine;  
And could he write from the grave?  
Tut, man! What would you have?"

"Gone, twenty years,—a long, long cruise,  
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse!

But if the lad still live,  
And come back home, think you, you can  
Forgive him?"—"Miserable man!  
You're mad as the sea, you rave—  
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,  
And from within his bosom drew  
The kerchief. She was wild.

"O God, my Father! is it true?  
My little lad, my Elihu!  
My blessed boy, my child!  
My dead, my living child!"

## England's Church.

### II. OUR SCRIPTURAL FAITH.

BY THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



DESIRE that all who are alienated from the Church of England at this time, should read carefully its formularies, and the books of its great writers; that it should be understood that the Church of England protests now as much as it ever did against errors which are anti-Christian, or which corrupt Christianity.

While in a wide spirit of comprehensive love it desires to draw into its fold all those who are faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ, does any one say that there is any faltering in our views as to the errors of the Church of Rome?

Does the Church of Rome teach a doctrine respecting the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which, beginning in superstition,

generally ends in idolatry? Does not the Church of England with unfaltering voice declare against the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation? Does it not declare that the means whereby we feed on the Body and Blood of Christ is *faith*? Does it not in that famous rubric,\* tell us that he who from lack of time or opportunity is unable to receive the actual elements, may yet receive into his soul blessings though the *outward communion* be altogether absent? And does not all this set before us distinctly that the Church of England is faithful now, as it ever was, to the true Scriptural doctrine of that Holy Sacrament which our fathers died to support?

Does the Church of Rome tell us that the Bible is not sufficient: that there must be other teachers and another system of inspiration, besides that which comes down to us

\* See Prayer-Book: Third Rubric: The Communion of the Sick.

from Christ and His Apostles through the Written Word? Does not the Church of England tell us that no particular church, nor the gathered assemblies of the Universal Church, are free from error, and that their only hope is to keep steadfast by the Written Word?

Does the Church of Rome with faltering voice tell us that there are great doubts really as to what is the efficient cause of our reconciliation with God?—setting forth, indeed, the Lord Jesus Christ as our Atonement, but telling us that partly by sacraments, partly by works, and partly by faith, we become partakers of Justification? The Church of England has no hesitation in saying, as it said of old, that the doctrine that “we are justified by faith only,” is a most wholesome doctrine.

And whatever other errors there may be of the Church of Rome which militate against the pure Apostolic faith, to all of them we may find the antidote in the approved formularies of our Church, and in the writings of our divines.

On the other hand, would any one say that our Christianity may become a sort of half-and-half infidelity? Who can read the formularies of the Church of England without seeing that a Personal Christ—His Incarnation, His Death for our sins, His Intercession for us at the Father's right hand, His gift of the Holy Spirit,—is set before us in every page? Who can doubt that the Church of England sets before us the Personality of the Holy Ghost, and teaches us dependence alone on the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; to pray for the influence of a personal Comforter to bring us to our risen Lord?

With the clearest and most unhesitating maintenance of the great Gospel truths, with the clearest protest against errors which are dangerous to the soul on one side and on the other, the Church of England still stretches wide its arms, and desires to bring souls to its Lord from all directions, and is antagonistic to no Church, and to no individual as far as that Church and individual are faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ.

## Thomas Edward:

### THE SCOTCH NATURALIST.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF “ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME,” ETC.

#### CHAPTER II



NATURAL HISTORY COLLECTIONS.

EDWARD'S first scientific collection was made in 1838, when he was twenty-four years old. This was procured by the sacrifice of his nights' rest, and by the help, so far as birds and beasts were concerned, of an old gun which he had bought for 4s. 6d., and which was so rickety that he had to tie the barrel on to the stock with a piece of twine. He carried his powder in a cow's horn, and measured his charge with the bowl of a tobacco pipe, while his shot was stored in a loose paper bag. Thus equipped, he used to start about nine at night, taking his supper with him: and so long as there was any light he

soured the country for moths, or beetles, or plants, or birds, or any living thing that came in his way. In this pursuit the long summer nights of the north of Scotland must have stood him in good stead: when the light failed him he slept under a bush or by the side of a bank till dawn returned, when he resumed his chase after natural objects.

On Saturdays he never stayed out after midnight. He was never a Sabbath-breaker. To him Sunday was invariably a day of devotion and rest. His biographer says:—

“It was a good thing for his mental and physical health that there was a seventh day during which he could not and would not work. But for his seventh day's rest he would have worked night and day. On Sundays he went to church with his wife and family. After evening service he took off his best clothes and donned his working dress.

Then he took a few hours' sleep in his chair, or lying across his bed, before setting out. He thus contrived to secure a few hours' observation on Monday mornings before six o'clock."

In the course of his ramblings he had strange adventures with wild animals, some of which are sufficient to prove that he was no mere rosewater naturalist. Whatever the animal, his first effort was to grasp it with his hands and thus secure it. We need hardly remind our readers that the man who thus grapples with a badger, a polecat, or weasel, or even with a squirrel or a rabbit, may get seriously bitten, and yet, after all, lose his prey. Thus one badger, in whose hole he had established himself for the night, was so resolute in pressing into his own house that Edward had to shoot him. On another occasion he was worsted in an encounter with three full-grown badgers, one of which he tried to seize by wrapping a handkerchief round his hand, but in the scuffle he was tripped up, and the trio escaped, leaving Edward flat on his back, with a tremendous bump on the back of his head.

Much in the same way he had sharp experience of the powers of biting displayed by most of the night-roaming animals, as the fox, the stoat, the weasel, the polecat, and the rat; the worst enemy he ever had to deal with being a polecat, which attacked him while he was sleeping in the vaults of a ruined castle on the Boyne, and which would not leave him till he grappled it as it crawled up his chest. Those who read his account of the struggle, which lasted about two hours, must decidedly feel they would rather not tackle a polecat if they were naturalists. While Edward held on to the beast's throat, it tore his hands to pieces with its claws, all the while yelling in a most unearthly way; nor would he ever have mastered the powerful creature had he not dosed it with an ounce of chloroform, which sent it to sleep. Then he dislocated its neck with his heel, and the prize was his. His hands were sorely bitten, but the polecat was a splendid specimen, and Edward exults over the fact that he succeeded in capturing it "without the slightest injury to its skin,"

though, as we have seen, his own skin suffered severely.

The labour and self-denial he underwent at this period of his life can scarcely be overstated. After the day's toil at his shoemaking, the nights were almost invariably given to his pursuits. When forced to go to bed, he would "sleep at railway speed for an hour or an hour and a half," and then be up and at work at his specimens again. Disappointment only nerved him for fresh effort. One instance may be mentioned.

"Among his different collections was a large variety of insects. There were twenty boxes, containing in all 916 insects. He found one day that these boxes had been entirely stripped of their contents! They were all empty! They contained nothing but the pins which had held the insects, with here and there a head, a leg, or a wing. A more complete work of destruction had never been witnessed. It had probably been perpetrated by rats or mice.

"His wife, on seeing the empty cases, asked him what he was to do next. To accumulate these 916 insects had cost him four years' labour! And they had all been destroyed in a few days, perhaps in a single night! 'Weal,' said he, 'it's an awfu' disappointment, but I think the best thing will be to set to work to fill them up again.'"

It was the resolve of a philosopher, and he carried out his purpose, although it involved four years' further effort.

By the year 1845 he had preserved nearly 2,000 specimens of living creatures found in the neighbourhood of Banff: quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, crustacea, starfish, zoophytes, corals, sponges, and other objects. Not being able to pay a joiner, he made no less than 300 cases himself in which to put them. Every room in his house was fairly packed.

He now formed a plan for raising money to release himself from the shoemaking trade by exhibiting his collection; and in May, 1845, he took a room for the purpose in Banff, during Brandon Fair. This aroused some interest, and the inhabitants began to ask him, "What made you a Naturalist?" "As if," he said, "a Naturalist could be made!"

(To be continued.)



## The Young Folks' Page.

## IV. UNDER THE SNOW.



HAT is there going on under the snow?  
Under the silent and echoless snow!  
Strange things are happening down there—  
I know.  
"Ha! ha!" laughs Willy. "And who told you so?"

Something is growing there, under the snow—  
Under the feathery, powdery snow—  
Something for Willy and Lilly. I know.

"Ha! ha!" laughs Willy. "Things growing below!  
Why, down there under the cold, freezing snow!  
All the ground's hard as a rock! That I know!"

Still it is growing—down under the snow,  
Swelling and growing, beneath the pure snow.  
Growing for—O! the whole world. So I know.  
For I saw the farmer, ere fell the soft snow—  
Nourishing, cherishing, beautiful snow—  
Lead out the sowers his wheat seed to sow.  
Over the fields where now lies the pure snow,  
In the brown ridges now covered with snow,  
Down dropped the grains in their earth-bed so low.  
Bright summer suns shone, ere came the chill snow,  
Soft autumn rains fell, before the still snow,  
All of them help the seed growing—I know.  
Something is going on under the snow.

BREAD! BREAD is growing there, under the snow.  
"Ha! ha!" laughs Willy. "Why, surely 'tis so."  
M. E. O. WHITE.

## V. A GLASGOW FACTORY BOY.

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy, whom I will call David. At the age of ten he entered a cotton factory as piecer. He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labour. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education, and would

become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's *Eudiments of Latin*. He then entered an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a "piecer" to the spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them on the "jenny," with the lesson open before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He now began to aspire to become a preacher and a missionary, and to devote his life in some self-sacrificing way to the good of mankind. He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way, but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to the college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, *I never had a farthing that I did not earn.*

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone. That was a life worth living.

## VI. A HAPPY HEART.

A LITTLE boy came to me this morning with a broken arrow, and begged me to mend it for him. It was a very handsome arrow, and was the pride of his heart just then: so I did not wonder to see his lip quivering, and the tears come into his eyes.

"I'll try to fix it, darling," I said, "but I'm afraid I can't do it."

He watched me anxiously for a few moments, and then said, cheerfully:—

"Never mind, if you can't fix it, I will be just as happy without it."

Keep a happy heart, dear children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.

## "HOME WORDS" SUNDAY SCHOOL PRIZES FOR 1882.



I shall be glad to hear from the Clergy, or Sunday School Superintendents, the result of last year's competition, and the number of classes and scholars answering the questions throughout the year. The Prize Books shall be immediately forwarded.

We are sorry the immense correspondence involved prevents our carrying out the plan again this year: but we will arrange with the Publisher to supply School Prizes from *HOME WORDS* Catalogue at half-price on application early next December.

Address: The Editor of "*Home Words*," 7, The Paragon, Blackheath, London, S.E.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

## SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. YHOW many cases of the dead being raised are recorded in all the Bible?
2. Saint Peter adds two things to the history written in Genesis; what are they?
3. And Saint Paul (2 Tim.) one thing to the history written in Exodus.
4. Show that the Holy Spirit is compared to three active elements of nature.
5. "The care of the little ones is one third part of the Church's charge." What passage is this remark built upon?
6. When might the Sadducees have been convinced, if they would, that there are such beings as angels?
7. When did three great fasters meet?

8. Who had wilderness-times of preparation for ministry or further ministry? (Four.)

9. What proof have we in the Acts that God does not will that angels should preach the Gospel, but men?

10. And what proof that the Lord knows the homes of His people, however obscure?

## ANSWERS (See DECEMBER No., p. 283).

I. Eph. ii. 18. II. Lev. xxi. 11. III. Matt. iii. 4; 1 Kings vii. 37, 38. IV. Acts ii. 20. V. 1 Kings xlii. 28; Dan. vi. 22. VI. Deut. i. 17. VII. Psa. cxlvii. 9; 1 Kings xvii. 4. VIII. Jno. viii. 56; Heb. xi. 19, 20; Hos. xii. 4. IX. Gen. i. 3; Jno. xx. 19. X. 1 Sam. xv. 22; Hos. vi. 6; Mark xii. 83. XI. Judg. xi. 31; margin, "or." XII. Job xxxiii. 4.

SUN.—1st day.  
Rises 7.41. Sets 4.48.

FEBRUARY.

MOON.—New, 7th, A. 6.10.  
Full, 22nd, M. 0.13.

GRACE

LIFE

# THE SINNER'S NEED AND DANGER.

PEACE

LOVE

The wages  
of sin is death.

Rom. vi. 23.

All  
have sinned.

Rom. iii. 23.

1 Th	Thou hast destroyed thyself. Hos. xiii. 9.
2 F	Purification of VIRGIN MARY. Deliver him . . . I have found a Ransom. Job xxxiii. 24. [3.]
3 S	All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags. Isa. lxiv.
4 S	Quinquagesima S. This is His Name . . . the Lord our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6. [xxxvi. 6.]
5 M	Thy righteousness is like the great mountains. Ps.
6 Tu	Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

7 W	ASH WED. Repent ye, and believe the Gospel. Mark i. 15. [xiii. 2.]
8 Th	Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Luke
9 F	Man at his best state is altogether vanity. Ps. xxxix. 5.
10 S	Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee. Ps. xxxix. 7.
11 S	1st S. in Lent. Escape for thy life. Gen. xix. 17. [3.]
12 M	There is but a step between me and death. 1 Sam. xx.
13 Tu	Hear, and your soul shall live. Isa. lv. 3.

My God

SHALL SUPPLY ALL

There  
is no peace  
to the wicked.

Isa. lvii. 21.

YOUR NEED.

After  
Death the Judgment.

Heb. ix. 27.

14 W	Evil pursueth sinners. Prov. xiii. 21. [ix. 22.]
15 Th	If thou canst do anything, have compassion. Mark
16 F	If thou canst believe, all things are possible. Mk. ix. 23.
17 S	Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief. Mk. ix. 24.
18 S	2nd S. in Lent. By Him all that believe are justified.
19 M	The Lord shut him in. Gen. vii. 16. [Acts xiii. 37.]
20 Tu	The door was shut. Matt. xxv. 10.
21 W	Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts. Matt. xv. 19.

22 Th	I the Lord search the heart. Jer. xvii. 10. [23.]
23 F	Search me, O God, and know my heart. Ps. cxxxix.
24 S	St. MATTHIAS. Thou which knowest the hearts of all men, Acts i. 24.
25 S	3rd S. in Lent. I will give them an heart to know Me.
26 M	Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee. Ps. xc. 8.
27 Tu	Remember not against us former iniquities. Ps.
28 W	In Me is thine help. Hos. xiii. 9. [lxxxix. 8.]

JUST as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!—C. Elliott.

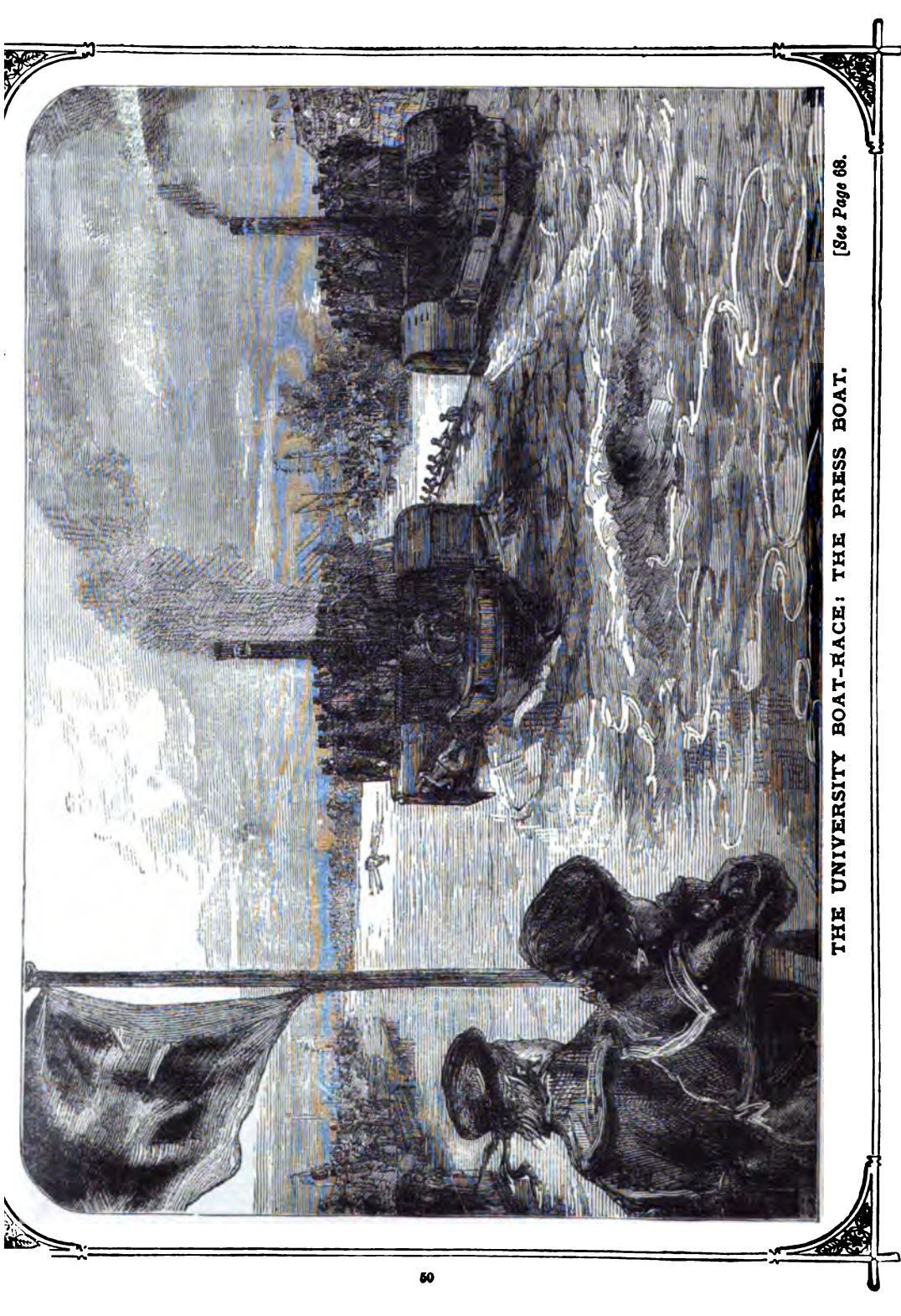
**A Day's Journey.** Make a journey every day to three mountains. Go to Sinai, and see your sins; go to Calvary, and behold the Lamb of God; go to Zion, and view the Heavenly City.—Dr. Marsh.

**Grace and Sin.** Grace never appears grace till sin appears to be sin. The deeper our sense of the evil of sin, the deeper will be our apprehension of the free grace of God in Christ.—Flavel.

ROSE STANDARD. MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. Weekly Newspaper, 1d.  
THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.







THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: THE PRESS BOAT.

[See Page 68.]



# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

### The Home Songster.

#### I. "THE SUNNY SIDE THE WAY."



**C**OLDLY comes the March wind—  
Coldly from the north—  
Yet the cottage little ones  
Gaily venture forth.  
Free from cloud the firmament,  
Free from sorrow they;  
The playful children choosing  
The sunny side the way.  
Sadly sighs the north wind  
Naked boughs among,  
Like a tale of mournfulness  
Told in mournful song!  
But the merry little ones,  
Happy things are they;  
Singing like the lark, on  
The sunny side the way.

There the silvery snowdrop—  
Daffodils like gold—  
Primroses and crocuses  
Cheerfully unfold.  
Poor? those cottage little ones?  
Poor! no—rich are they,  
With their shining treasures on  
The sunny side the way.  
Coldly oft, the winds blow  
On *the way of life*,  
Spreading in the wilderness  
Care and pain and strife;  
Yet the heart may shelter have,  
Cold though be the day;  
Choosing, like the little ones,  
The sunny side the way.

EDWARD SWAIN.

### Daisy of "Old Meadow."

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW," "OUR FOLKS," ETC.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### A DANGER ESCAPED.



VOL. XIII. NO. III.

MRS. SIMMONS gave Janet Humphrey a little more good advice still, before she had done with her: and Janet took the good advice humbly.

For whatever Janet's faults might be, she had not among them the silly pride which will not bear to be told of being in the wrong.

"I am sure I wish I could do better," she said, standing at the open door with Betsy Simmons, when the latter was about to leave "I don't pretend to say everything is as it should be. But it isn't so easy to keep straight as some folks fancy."

"No, that it isn't," said Mrs. Simmons.

"I'm on your side of the matter there. It isn't easy to get out of bad habits and into good ones. A deal of striving and praying have to go to it."

"Why, Mrs. Simmons, you wouldn't surely have me pray about keeping my house straight!"

"And about getting up early, and having the rooms clean and the children tidy and the meals comfortable! Surely I would," said Betsy Simmons. "I don't see that you're likely to get them straight *without* praying. You've a deal to fight against—laziness and forgetfulness and what-not! And you'll want help from above, if ever a woman does."

"But such little thing-," remonstrated Janet.

"Ah, that's where you mistake," said Mrs. Simmons. "That's where you and others go wrong. They are not little things at all, but big things. It don't seem so very much, perhaps, if one day or another you don't get done in time, and the place is all of a muck, and the children are in a mess, and the dinner isn't properly cooked, and your husband goes somewhere else for the comfort he can't find in his own house. Maybe each time it's a small matter alone. But it's no small matter if you stop short of your duty in that state of life where God has put you. And it won't be a small matter if your husband is driven from his home so often that at last he takes to the public-house instead."

"My husband isn't one of them as is for ever in and out at the public," said Janet hastily, forgetting her own lately-expressed fear.

"Maybe not, but he isn't one that never goes there. Mind you don't give him a push down-hill with your own hand, Mrs. Humphrey. A man won't commonly stand more than a certain amount and degree of uncomfortable-ness. I can tell you I didn't like the look in his face to-day, as I saw him coming away from your door."

Janet looked and felt uneasy.

"I'll try—I will really try," she said. "I shouldn't like that. He's so steady mostly, I didn't somehow think there was danger he'd ever turn to being anything else."

"The more steady he is, the more shame he shouldn't have a cosy house to sit quiet in," said Mrs. Simmons.

"I'll try," repeated Janet. "I'll do things different. And you'll come in sometimes, and tell me how, won't you?"

"I'm glad enough to help any way I can," said Betsy Simmons. "But it's other help than mine you'll need to keep straight. Now, if I was you, Mrs. Humphrey, I'd see to having everything nice, and the children off to bed early, before he comes back again. Don't let him find you in a mess a second time."

"But Sammy don't like being sent to bed early."

"And if he don't, what then?"

"Why, he'll scream," said Janet.

"That's soon settled," said Mrs. Simmons. "Tuck him up, and he'll soon scream himself out. All the more need to have it over while your husband's away. And if I was you, Mrs. Humphrey, I'd put the little ones to sleep every evening before he comes back from work, until they've learnt to go off quiet without any screaming. It'll be the best lesson they ever had yet."

"But they won't——" began Janet.

"Talk of 'won't' about a parcel of babies!" said Mrs. Simmons. "I'll tell you what,—I never yet saw the child, big or little, who couldn't be mastered, if one knew how to do it. You needn't think it's a matter of scolding and storming. The gentler you speak the better, so as only you make a child understand that you mean what you say. But if your children's 'won't' is stronger than your 'must,'—why, all I can say is, you're scarce fit to be a mother. You'd best send them away, and pay somebody else to do the bringing up for you."

"I never could bear to see a child unhappy," said Janet.

"Yes, yes, I know the feeling. It sounds a deal kinder than it really is. So you don't mind bearing to see your husband unhappy, and you let them do just whatever they like: never thinking of the misery they'll be in after life to themselves and others,—and thinking least of all of the life that's to come, and whether your children are to be happy then or not. That isn't tender-heartedness. It's downright cruelty."

"I hope it'll all come right with them," Janet said uneasily.

"I hope so too, but I don't see as you've much reason to expect it. If you don't train them up now in the way they should go, it isn't very likely they'll take to walking in it by-and-by."

Janet was not offended by Mrs. Simmons's plain speaking. She said again that she would "try"; and when Betsy Simmons was gone she returned indoors.

"Mother, do you like Mrs. Simmons?" asked Janey, in a doubtful voice, as Janet began to undress the baby.

"Yes, she's good and she's true," Janet answered. "She says a sharp word sometimes, but she don't mean it unkindly. Janey, I wonder if you couldn't help me now, by getting Willie ready. I want to have him and Tommy and baby in bed, against father comes back,—and you've got to smooth your hair too."

Janey entered into the spirit of the thing with astonishing quickness. Tommy was, as usual, the most troublesome, and Janet kept him in her own hands. He always kicked and cried while being undressed, and generally he gained his will in the shape of repeated delays. This evening, to his infantine astonishment, the kicks and cries were of no avail. Janet was heated and sorry, but she persevered, and, to her surprise, Tommy was no sooner fairly in bed than he turned himself round and dropped asleep,—"sound as a top," Janey remarked.

"I am glad I went on," said Janet. "Now we'll pop Willie in, and baby will soon be off too. Dear me, I do think father will be pleased. He does like a bit of quiet."

Jem Humphrey presently reappeared, rather later than Janet had expected. She found time beforehand to put everything neatly away, and to spread the table for supper. There was only a bone of cold mutton besides bread and cheese. Not that they could not afford more; for Jem received good wages, and he seldom squandered money on himself: but Janet had not taken the trouble to prepare anything hot. She had counted herself too busy, and had said that "things would do as they were." Now she was sorry that she had not done better.

Jem looked moody and vexed still, and he sat down without a word. But as his eyes

travelled round the kitchen, noting its unwonted order, marking the absence of noisy babies, and perceiving the clean cap on Janet's smooth hair—not often smooth, alas!—an expression of relief came over his face.

"Why, whatever in the world have you been after?" he asked. "I shouldn't know the place."

"Mrs. Simmons came in, and helped me to tidy up," said Janet.

"I wish she'd come every day," muttered Jem.

"She couldn't do that," said Janet. "But I do mean to try—really and truly, Jem. I don't mean to have things all of a mess, if I can help it. I know I've been wrong, and I'll try to make a difference from this very day."

Jem looked at Janet and said no more. He took a hunch of bread, and ate silently.

"I might have got you something hot. I wish I had," said Janet.

"Well, it's been cold comfort you've given me lately, there's no manner of doubt," said Jem. "I shouldn't have minded a hot potato or two,—and it wouldn't have been such a vast deal of trouble neither."

Janet made no answer to this, and supper progressed with the addition of very few remarks. When it was over he took to a book from the Parish Lending Library, and read diligently. Janet cleared the table, mindful still of Mrs. Simmons's exhortations, and presently the elder children were sent to bed. Jem was at length alone with his wife. He put down his book, and looked at her.

"Janet, you're just in time," he said, and his voice was a little husky. "You're just in time, but it's only just. It was getting to be beyond bearing, and I was angry. I don't say I was in the right, but I do say things were getting to be beyond bearing. I haven't been to the public this evening, but I made up my mind I'd go to-morrow, and take to it every evening after regular,—and I made up my mind I'd take a drop too much and pay you out. And I'd have done it too!"

Janet came nearer, a frightened look on her face.

"You won't go, Jem,—you won't do that," she faltered. "Promise me you won't."

"No, I won't," Jem answered, in a clear firm voice. "I won't, Janet,—and, God help-



ing me, I'll never even *mean* to do it again. But I was near it to-day. I suppose there's a sort of evil spirit gets hold on a man once in a while. If I'd begun there's no knowing where I'd have stopped."

"O Jem, I'll never forget," Janet said earnestly.

## CHAPTER VI.

### TWO NURSES.

BETSY SIMMONS did not return home, on leaving the Humphreys' cottage. This was the weekly half-holiday in Lea, and all shops were closed early, including her own. So, having plenty of time at her disposal, she passed along the other side of the road, and stopped before the front door of "Old Meadow."

Bell-pulling was useless there. Mrs. Simmons tried her hand at it, but, as she expected, the crazy wire yielded feebly, and brought no response. After a minute's waiting she pushed open the door and entered.

Nobody was visible. Mrs. Simmons deposited her umbrella in a corner, gave her boots a good rubbing on the mat,—for the heavy rain of the storm had left mud,—and peered cautiously into the parlour.

Isaac Meads sat there alone, his head dropping forward on his chest in sleepy style, and his lower jaw falling with its wonted unhappiness of expression. Mrs. Simmons drew back, not feeling as if she cared to have speech with the old man. But a second impulse came over her, and she stepped forward. He looked so lonely and miserable; might he not be in need of a kind word?

"Good-evening to you, Mr. Meads," she said, in her full pleasant tones. "I've come to ask how your little girl is." Mrs. Simmons herself was so large a person that she always thought of Daisy as a "little girl," and in a time of illness such thoughts naturally find expression in words.

Isaac Meads woke up very slowly out of his fit of drowsiness, and stared blankly at his visitor.

"Is your little girl any better by this time?" asked Mrs. Simmons, pitching her voice higher. She never could quite understand whether his slowness of understanding

sprang from stupidity or deafness. "I haven't been able to get her out of my mind all day, poor little dear, and I'm sure I couldn't rest without hearing how she is before night."

"She hadn't got no business to go and get struck with lightning," growled Isaac Meads, enough awake to bring out the uppermost ideas in his feeble old mind. "It's an awful expense—doctor and nurse and all! It's just awful: and I was 'a-thinking I wouldn't put up no longer with having a girl. It would have been a saving."

"Why, you don't mean to say —," began Mrs. Simmons.

Then she stopped, and stood looking at him, her clear strong sense coming to the conclusion that the old man was mad. So he was too, with the madness of money-greed.

"Somebody'd ought to have seen after her," said Isaac Meads. "It's all along of them school-feasts. She shan't go to none of them again."

"She isn't like to go anywhere yet awhile, judging by all accounts," said Betsy Simmons, her womanly indignation mastering other sensations. "'Doctor and nurse an expense!' Well, I never! What's your money good for, if it isn't to be spent on her? Isn't she your own flesh and blood,—the only thing you have got belonging to you, and the sweetest girl as ever was? I never! If *that's* all you've got to say about the matter, I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Meads—downright ashamed. Why didn't you go to the school-feast yourself to see after her? Wasn't everybody else in the same danger—leastways, except for the pitchfork? Why, dear me, do you think trouble is never to come to you, as well as to other people?"

Whether or no Isaac Meads took in the sense of Mrs. Simmons' eager words may be doubted. His lack-lustre eyes did not wander from her ace; but when she paused there was only a low and renewed mutter about "expense."

"You've got a nurse," said Mrs. Simmons shortly.

"She's come. I didn't get her," said Isaac, with something of energy. "It wasn't my doing, and she's nought to me. She was my servant once, but she isn't now. It wasn't none of my doing."

"It don't seem half as if you counted Miss Daisy to be your own," said Betsy Simmons. "Not much good asking of you how she is. I'd best go and see for myself."

Without more ado Mrs. Simmons quitted the parlour, and went straight across to the little back room where she knew Daisy Meads slept.

It was a sunshiny room on a summer evening, and the blinds were partially lowered, so as to lessen the glare. But the sun was near his setting, and some warm red rays crept in below those frail and aged blinds, to fall upon Daisy's white face.

She was lying quite quietly still, with no sign of suffering about her, except in the occasional twitchings round the mouth. Mary Davis stood beside the bed, looking earnestly at her, when Mrs. Simmons entered; and neither woman showed surprise at the sight of the other.

"I'm come to see if I can be of use," Mrs. Simmons said quietly. "Poor little dear! It's bad, isn't it, Mrs. Davis? And she don't come to yet."

"She's opened her eyes twice," Mary Davis answered; "but she don't seem to know nothing nor nobody. The doctor says the mischief isn't in the sight. He thought at first it might be that."

"Then that's something to be thankful for—if it isn't a worse mischief," said Mrs. Simmons. "She doesn't seem in pain."

Mary Davis shook her head, not quite assuringly. "No, but she do moan if I try to move her, or make her take something. It just goes to my heart."

"Well, look here," said Betsy Simmons, after a pause, "I'm just over the way, Mrs. Davis, and I'm ready to help. It isn't that I'm over anxious to do much for old Mr. Meads, but Miss Daisy's given me many a smile and kind word since first she came to this place, and I'd do anything I could for her, poor little dear! Maybe she'll be well again in a day or two, and maybe she won't. Seems to me the 'won't' is more likely than the 'will.' But there's no knowing. And you can't be in this room always, and never get out."

"I don't mind for that," Mary Davis answered. "But the day after to-morrow is

visiting-day at the hospital, and it *would* be a fret to me if I couldn't get there for a sight of my husband."

"To be sure you must; and you shall too. That's easy managed," said Mrs. Simmons. "Most part of my business is done before three, and after that my little maid 'll keep shop for me while I come here. She's a handy girl, and I can trust her right and left. I've often left her in charge for an hour. I'll do it now, and I'll come and take your place. So you be easy in your mind, and don't you worry. How did it all come about, Mrs. Davis? I've heard a dozen tales, more or less, and I don't see how they can all be true."

Mary Davis in subdued tones described the scene at the school feast, tears coming into her eyes as she spoke of Daisy's brave attempt to save her husband from the effects of his own rashness. "She knew the danger, Mrs. Simmons, though we didn't, and yet she never thought of herself. But that's her all over, and it always was. It seems queer that lightning should take to one thing more than another, but Mr. Bennet says so it is. He says any manner of iron or steel touching us is dangerous in a storm, and he's known a lady's hand hurt from having a needle in her fingers. To be sure there's the lightning conductor on the church, but I didn't think of that before. Mr. Bennet says my husband was just making a lightning-conductor of himself. It's a pity folks can't learn more of such things when they are young. But Miss Daisy was always so quick to take in and remember, even when she was but a mite of a child."

"Yes; you've known Miss Daisy before?" Mrs. Simmons said, in an inquiring tone.

## CHAPTER VII.

### PAST DAYS.

MARY DAVIS was not loth to give the information desired.

"Yes," she said,—"I was Miss Daisy's nurse, not to say general servant in the house as well, except that I had a girl under me. From the time Miss Daisy was three to the time she was nine, I lived with them.

A little darling she was, and so like her mother. I always did say Mrs. Meads was a real lady in her ways,—not the least bit like Mr. Meads in *his* ways. How in the world she ever married him!—but she told me once it wasn't of her own will. She had a life of it, poor thing—brought up so different as she must have been too! And Miss Daisy takes after her. I'd never have wanted to leave of my own free will, but Mr. Meads was for ever talking of the expense of my keep; and though it's little enough of wages I had from him, I couldn't get along without eating. I bore a deal for the sake of his wife and little Miss Daisy; but he worried and worried and treated me so bad, that at last it seemed as if I couldn't bear myself under the way he went on. Not as I really ever thought of leaving, but I got vexed with things being as they were, and I answered my master again when he scolded, which wasn't right. He was wrong of course, but I put myself in the wrong too. I've been often enough sorry since, for if I had just held my tongue I might have stayed on awhile longer, and been with Mrs. Meads to the last. I don't know how ever she managed after I went. Mr. Meads got very angry with me one day, for spending a penny too much on a cabbage, and he did just storm at me and no mistake. And I got angry and answered him back, and at last he ordered me out of the house that minute. Mrs. Meads couldn't do anything, she was always so frightened of her husband, and Miss Daisy was but a child, and he wasn't weak and broken as he is now. How Miss Daisy did sob, to be sure. I couldn't get the sound of the sobs out of my mind for weeks. I think I was so vexed with Mr. Meads I didn't myself feel the worst till after I was gone. I had to put my things together there and then, and to go straight home by train,—and mother was so glad to have me she wouldn't let me look out for another place at first; and then she fell ill, and I nursed her, and after a while I married. But I didn't hear or see anything more of Mr. and Mrs. Meads. When I came to think the matter over, I was so ashamed of myself I couldn't resolve to write; and when I did write, a good bit later, I hadn't

any answer. So I made sure Mrs. Meads had died, for she had been long in ill-health and no hope of her recovery,—and it's most like that Mr. Meads burnt the letter and never told little Miss Daisy of it. I hope I'm safe in telling all this to you, Mrs. Simmons. I wouldn't like it talked about; but I've got no friends in Lea, and somehow I seemed drawn to you the first moment I heard you speaking about dear Miss Daisy."

"Yes, yes, I saw you took uncommon interest in her and in the old man," said Mrs. Simmons. "I couldn't make out why at all. But don't you be afraid, my dear. I'll keep your tale to myself, and nobody shan't hear a word. It's well you're here to nurse Miss Daisy, for I doubt me the old man wouldn't have had a stranger."

"I don't know as he counts me anything else," said Mary, "I told him who I was, but he didn't seem to remember. His memory is all of a fog, like. He's let me come because I didn't look for payment. It's as much as ever he'll do to let me have enough food to keep me going."

"Well, if you're short, mind you come to me," said Mrs. Simmons heartily. "Dear! dear! what a man he is! What ever made him take first to such ways?"

Mary Davis shook her head, unable to explain. She thought it was "nature."

"Nature has a deal to answer for, there's no doubt," said Mrs. Simmons shrewdly. "But it don't explain everything."

Then they stood looking at Daisy, and as they looked the pale eyelids were slowly lifted, and the dim eyes seemed to gaze at something.

"Miss Daisy," said Mary Davis gently. "Miss Daisy, my dear,—don't you know me?"

But there was no response. Daisy did not seem to hear the words. Mary Davis laid a hand on her forehead, with slight pressure, and there was a distressed faint moan.

"That's the only sound she makes," said Mary sorrowfully. "And if I try to lift her, she's like a log."

"It'll be an illness calling for patience, I shouldn't wonder," said Mrs. Simmons. "Now mind you, I'm ready to come in if I'm wanted,—and I'm not looking for money

rewards any more than you are yourself, Mrs. Davis. I'll come of an afternoon or a night, just as you please. I don't say I'm

ready for morning work,—that's another matter. But don't you have scruples about asking me,—see you don't."

(To be continued.)

## Whispering Chimes.

### III. "WHEN WOUNDED SORE."

"He healeth those that are broken in heart."—Ps. cxlvii. 3.



HEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul

Lies bleeding and unbound,  
One only Hand, a pierced Hand,  
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only Heart, a broken Heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul, dark spot,  
One only Stream, a Stream of Blood,  
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesus' Blood that washes white,  
His Hand that brings relief,  
His Heart that's touched with all our joys,  
And feels for all our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord;  
Unseal that cleansing tide;  
We have no shelter from our sin,  
But in Thy wounded Side.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

## Readings for Passion-Week.

BY A PASTOR.

### I. PETER'S REPENTANCE.

"And Peter went out, and wept bitterly."—St. Luke xxii. 62.



PETER quickly fell; but he was as quickly penitent. Scarcely had he arrived at the knowledge of his sin, when he was overcome with sorrow on account of it; he "went out."

What need had he any longer to remain in the place of danger he had so badly filled? The ground appeared to burn beneath his feet; he was compelled to go out. Which way he should bend his steps his agonized mind had no time to ask. But he felt it was better to go out into the wide world than to remain in the palace of his offence, before the Face of Jesus.

"He wept bitterly." His heart would have broken without such a relief. Tears relieve sorrow, especially when shed for sin. Peter was lost in the consciousness of his great guilt; he had never before so deeply fallen, nor felt so miserable. When a sinner sheds such tears it makes joy in heaven.

What awakened in Peter these tears of repentance? The crowing of the cock, which brought the words of Jesus to his remembrance,—“Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny Me thrice;” the look of his Master—“And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.”

Oh, what a compassionate High Priest! Ask thyself, my soul, what thou woe

have said to Peter. You would have told him such faithlessness rendered him unworthy of your friendship. But Jesus looked on him again. The sinner now needs this gracious look: and Christ "will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed."

Through this look, Peter bethought himself; his spirit returned, and his heart was softened. Clouds arose in his eyes which broke forth in torrents of tears. Jesus spoke by a look, and Peter answered in tears.

I see Peter weep; how can I refrain?

Peter was a sinner; so am I. Peter denied Jesus; so do I. Peter weeps; I weep with him. Oh look on my tears, thou compassionate Saviour! Turn Thine eyes towards me, and look on me, as Thou didst look on Peter, and be merciful unto me.

Oh, let me go out with him for ever from all the dwellings of sin. Fill my eyes with tears of repentance, for so often wounding Thee. Wipe them away, as Thou didst from the eyes of that broken-hearted disciple, and say to me, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

## II. GOOD FRIDAY.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—*St. John* i. 36.



**I**N Germany this day is called Quiet or Silent Friday; because all was hushed and quiet on this day, and we were set free.

It is well named Free day, for it is the day of liberty, and consequently a day of highest joy; because on it we were redeemed and purchased from the dominion and power of our enemies, and made truly free. It is also a sorrowful day; for it is the one on which our Lord suffered and died; but it tells us that "we were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."

Where was sorrow like unto His sorrow? Only Divine nature could feel as He did. Where was a heart like unto His heart, that was touched with the feeling of our infirmities?

Therefore, this is a true *Good Friday*, a

day of Atonement and Grace; a day that preaches to us impressively the extent of our guilt and sin, and the endless mercy of our Lord. This is a gracious and reconciliation day; the sufferings of Jesus have healed our sins; His sorrows have been the cause of our joy; His death of our life. The Cross is our tree of life. Because "One died for all, then were all dead."

This day is called Silent Friday: because there was storm, and it became calm; there was war, and it became peace; there was hell, and it became heaven. No shadowed sun stands now over Golgotha's Cross. The air which is wafted from that hallowed spot is fatal to our "old man." We have no more debts to pay; they were all cancelled on the Cross. O Lamb of God, Thou who hast borne the world's sin, make this Good Friday, and all Good Fridays, days of grace to us!

## The Question of Life.



**G**REAT gifts I brought to thee;  
What hast thou brought to Me?  
O, let thy life be given,  
Thy years for Him be spent,

World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent;  
Bring thou thy worthless all;  
Follow thy Saviour's call."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL





**THE RIGHT REV. HENRY CHEETHAM, D.D.,  
FORMERLY BISHOP OF SIERRA LEONE.**



**THE VERY REV. GEORGE HENRY CONNOR, M.A.,  
DEAN OF WINDSOR.**



**THE LATE REV. FRANCIS HESSEY, D.C.L.,  
VICAR OF ST. BARNABAS', KENSINGTON.**



**THE REV. A. J. ROBINSON, M.A.,  
RECTOR OF WHITECHAPEL.**

*(Drawn from Photographs, by T. D. SCOTT: Engraved by R. & R. TAYLOR.)*

## **OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

## Our Church Portrait Gallery.



V. THE RIGHT REV. HENRY CHEETHAM, D.D.: VI. THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WINDSOR: VII. THE LATE REV. FRANCIS HESSEY, D.C.L.: VIII. THE REV. A. J. ROBINSON, M.A.

THE Right Reverend Henry Cheetham, D.D., D.C.L., was born at Nottingham, in 1827. He gained a scholarship at Christ's College, Cambridge, and graduated in 1856.

During his Cambridge course he was superintendent of the well-known Jesus Lane Sunday School. He was ordained to the curacy of Saffron Walden, in Essex. Here he remained till 1858, when he was preferred to the Vicarage of Quarndon, a village of 500 people near Derby. How thoroughly and devotedly the pastor did his work, may be gathered from the fact that there were upwards of one hundred communicants when he left. Another marked feature was the large amount contributed to religious Societies. Previous to his incumbency there had been no congregational collections for any objects, after Queen's letters ceased; but these amounts increased from 1859 to 1870, until in the last year, excluding local and county objects, they exceeded £250.

On St. Andrew's Day, 1870, Dr. Cheetham was consecrated Bishop of Sierra Leone. He left Liverpool on Christmas Eve and landed on Epiphany, 6th January, 1871.

Lagos and the southern portions of the diocese were visited in 1871-2; but the death of Mrs. Cheetham and the Ashantee War delayed a second visit south till January, 1876, after which period he visited every portion of the diocese from Gambia to Abeokuta during every period of eighteen months' residence on the coast, and paid three several visits to Abeokuta within a period of five years.

He resigned the See on the 16th January, 1882. During his Episcopate, he admitted to Holy Orders twenty-three Deacons and thirty Priests: in all, thirty-seven individuals, twenty-four being natives of Africa, and thirteen Europeans or West Indians. The number confirmed reached 7254 persons.

In December, 1881, the Bishop accepted

the Vicarage of Rotherham in Yorkshire. This post he held for a short period, and it was very difficult to say whether his appointment gave greater satisfaction than his resignation caused regret to his parishioners. But being convinced that he had, after the years spent in Sierra Leone, ventured too far north, and undertaken too laborious a sphere, and being invited to become the Vicar of St. Mary's, West Cowes, he has recently entered upon the ministerial duties of that place.

The Bishop is an eloquent preacher, as well as a thorough worker; and his African charges furnish a most remarkable and encouraging testimony to the influence of the Gospel, as "the power of God" in heathen as well as Christian lands.

The Very Rev. George Henry Connor, M.A., Dean of Windsor, is the eldest son of Mr. George Connor, Master in Chancery, Ireland. He was born in 1823. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, and graduated in 1845. In the following year he was ordained to the curacy of Newark. He afterwards held the curacies of Wareham, and St. Jude's, Southsea. In 1852 he was presented to the vicarage of Newport, Isle of Wight.

He at once saw the need of a new church worthy of the capital of the island. In 1854, the foundation stone was laid by H.R.H. the Prince Consort, who took a deep interest in the building, and after its completion paid frequent visits to it, in company with Her Majesty. Among its chief attractions may be named the monuments to the Prince Consort and to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles the First. Both are the work of Baron Marochetti, and that of Princess Elizabeth (the gift of the Queen) is singularly graceful and touching. It represents the Princess as she is said to have died, with her head reposing upon an open Bible.

During Dean Connor's twenty-eight years' residence in the Island, Sunday Schools, Workmen's Clubs, Industrial Schools, and



the Temperance movement were all promoted with untiring earnestness and zeal. In 1871 he was appointed an Honorary Chaplain to the Queen; three years later he became a Chaplain-in-Ordinary; and last year he was appointed to the Deanery of Windsor. Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker, Regent Street.

The late Rev. Francis Hessey, D.C.L., the beloved Vicar of St. Barnabas', Kensington, will long hold a high place in the memory and affections of his parishioners. He was born in 1816, and educated at Merchant Taylors' School. He took high honours at Oxford, where he gained a fellowship: and was elected Head Master of Huddersfield Collegiate School in 1840. In 1843 he was appointed Head Master of Kensington Grammar School, when he took the degree of D.C.L. Having raised the school to a very high position during ten years of labour, he resigned his office, amidst the universal regrets of the boys who had loved him, and the parents who had trusted him, on his appointment to St. Barnabas, in 1853.

He was soon known as a rare worker in his parish. A thorough and systematic organizer, he gathered round him a band of earnest helpers, animated and actuated by the same spirit as their leader. His sermons were full of matter and rich in thought: and his influence, example, and teaching, were widely recognised both in and out of his parish. The high esteem in which he was held was indicated by his appointment, in 1878, to the Rural Deanery of Kensington.

A gifted scholar, a practical thinker, a devoted pastor, and a sympathizing friend, Dr. Hessey was revered and loved by all who knew him. Failing health led him to resign his Vicarage in the autumn of 1881; and on the 10th of August, 1882, "peaceful and happy to the last" he fell asleep. "While


he could he toiled in the Master's cause; and when strength failed, he lay down, and waited for the Master's summons."

The Rev. Arthur James Robinson, M.A., Rector of Whitechapel, was educated at Clare College, Cambridge. He was ordained in 1867 by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and was Curate of Maidstone for five years. In 1872 he became Curate of Holy Trinity, Tunbridge Wells, under the Rev. Canon Hoare, with whom he remained until 1874, when he was promoted to the important Vicarage of St. John's, Waterloo Road, London. In this populous parish he worked with great vigour and enthusiasm. He succeeded in gathering about him a large band of lay helpers, and the Sunday Schools, Bible Classes, Mothers' Meetings, and other parochial agencies were brought to a high state of efficiency.

His removal to his present charge, in 1880, was a source of great regret to his attached congregation. Whitechapel Parish Church had just been destroyed by fire, and until last December he was practically churchless. Services, however, were regularly held in the schoolroom, and although the Rector's time was pretty well occupied by matters connected with the erection of the new church, he "found time" to establish several agencies, which cannot fail to be of incalculable service. The most noteworthy of these was by the purchase, at a cost of £700, of the lease of a spacious house formerly occupied by a pawnbroker, to be primarily used as a rallying ground for the men of the parish. The ground floor consists of a very capacious Coffee-bar; and we can testify from personal experience that it is one of the most attractive and thoroughly appointed places of the kind in the metropolis.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. D. Everest, of Tunbridge Wells.

### BUSINESS.

 If the wind will not serve, take to the oars.

Drive thy business, or thy business will drive thee.

Haste trips up its own heels.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the king's.

Don't put all your eggs in one basket.



## Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.\*

(Second Series.)



## I. DON'T MEET TROUBLE HALF-WAY.

"HOW the wind blows!" cried a sparrow that had sought shelter with some companions under the rafters of an unfinished building. "I'm nearly frozen to death; and the snow's coming down so thick there won't be a morsel of breakfast for any of us to-morrow."

"One trouble at a time, my boy; come closer to me, and we shall keep each other warm," chirped another sparrow. "And as for breakfast, didn't you have some this morning?"

"Yes," sighed the first.

"And the day before?"

"Yes."

"Well then, if you'll take my advice, you'll *trust* for to-morrow. Depend upon it, meeting troubles half-way isn't the way to mend them."

## II. HOW TO AVOID A QUARREL.

"I DON'T know what's to be done if Hector goes on like this," said Toby to Pug; "it's quite impossible to live in the yard with him; there's been no peace since he came; every one says the same; he's fighting from morning till night."

"He hasn't fought me," said Pug.

"Well, I don't know how you've escaped," said Toby.

"Shall I tell you?" said Pug, "*by keeping out of his way.*"

## III. FRUITS OF IDLENESS.

"LET me lie idle for awhile," pleaded the field, as the farmer brought out of his

pocket a bag of seed-corn, and began to scatter it among the furrows. "I brought you a good crop last season, and I want a little rest. It's nothing but work, work, year after year, and I shall be fairly worn out."

"Never fear," said the farmer, "you're safe in my hands; I never expect more from you than I've a right to, considering all the care you get; and as to letting you lie idle, I'm wiser than that: you know as well as I do that lying idle means *growing thistles.*"

## IV. NO FRIENDSHIP WITHOUT TRUST.

"WHAT's that curious-looking creature lying on the big stone by the water-side?" said a young perch to an old one, as they rose together to the surface of the lake. "There—it's gone in now; you can tell where it is by the ripples on the water; I never saw one before."

"You needn't trouble your head if you never see one again," said the old perch; "it's one of those gentry I've no fancy for; you never know where you have him. Land and water are all the same to him, and if he gets into trouble or misses his dinner on one, he's sure to take to the other. He has the pull of us honest folks that get our living in a straightforward way. I've heard he has a trick of changing his coat now and then, and coming out in fresh colours, so that his own mother would hardly know him; but he's a sneaking brute, and though he's smooth-skinned enough, and smooth-tongued too I daresay, if you take my advice, you'll never have anything to say to him: don't make friends where you can't trust."

\* The First Series of Miss Prosser's Fables has just been published in a most attractive form, with Illustrations by S. C. Pennefather, under the title "Fables for You." Price 2s. 6d. (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)

## What are you Building on?

BY THE REV. E. WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH, EAST YORKS.

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. iii. 11.



*HAT, that is what I build on!"* a humble Christian said,  
As words of peace I whispered beside her dying bed:  
The tide of life was ebbing, Eternity was near;  
She felt the Rock beneath her, the sky began to clear.

We need a firm foundation, on which our souls may rest,  
When all God's stormy billows lift up their threatening crest;  
We need a Rock to build on, when tempests hide the sky—  
When Death's dark clouds of terror and gloomy waves are nigh.

Oh, *how* are we preparing to meet that dreaded Power,  
Which draws its circles round us still nearer hour by hour,  
Still hour by hour more narrow, till our next step shall be  
Out of these scenes familiar into Eternity?

On what are we now building? Upon our own good name?  
Our character unblemished and free from deeds of shame?  
On our own works and merits do we now take our stand  
To meet the storms of judgment?—We build upon the sand!

What are these leaves and blossoms, if severed from faith's root?  
God comes and looks beneath them, but gathers there no fruit:  
Man views the outward actions, God sees the inmost thought,  
And only by God's Spirit true holiness is wrought.

Or is it in God's mercy we blindly put our trust,  
And resting in His goodness, forget that He is just?  
Oh, may we see our folly, ere in our hour of need  
We find that we are leaning upon a broken reed.

For as in the bright rainbow, not red and blue and green  
Singly, but all commingled in harmony, are seen;  
So in the glorious Godhead *justice* and *truth* we trace  
Inseparably blended with mercy and with grace.

We cannot say the rainbow is only green or blue,  
Or red or orange only—'tis mixed of many a hue;  
And God is not all mercy, or righteousness alone:  
On mingled love and justice He builds His awful throne.

Not then in human merit our confidence we place,  
Or in vague hopes of mercy for all our guilty race:  
We need a firm foundation—not sand, but solid rock,  
On which to rest unshaken amid the tempest shock.

Oh, thanks to God our Father, let His frail creatures say,  
He has not left his children to death and hell a prey:  
Though we have sinned against Him and forfeited His love,  
To a "*good hope*" of glory He calls us from above.

Hear His kind voice appealing, O sons of men arise,  
Leave your vain dreams self-righteous and refuges of lies;

"Behold I lay in Zion a precious Corner Stone,  
A tried and sure Foundation!"—"Tis Christ and Christ alone:

Christ in His glorious Person, and finished work below—  
His doing and His dying, His mystery of woe;  
Christ in His intercession, omnipotent above,  
His Cross, and Resurrection, and Victory of love.

"This, this is what I build on"—the merits and the Blood  
Of JESUS CHRIST my Surety, who in my place has stood:  
Who in the room of sinners has kept God's holy Law,  
And rendered an obedience without one fault or flaw:

Who in the room of sinners has died upon the Tree,  
And made a full Atonement for all—for you—for me:  
Whose precious Blood suffices to wash away all sin,  
And for the worst transgressor a robe of white to win.

Come, Thou life-giving Spirit, to my dim eyes reveal—  
Thou only canst—the Saviour, and make my dull heart feel!  
He comes at my petition, He softens my hard heart,  
He gives me faith in Jesus, He bids my sins depart!

Oh, may my Saviour's beauty, seen in the Spirit's light,  
Be as a Pearl most precious to my adoring sight—  
That Pearl which shines serenely I only then can see  
When God the Spirit flashes its beauty upon me!

The Spirit calls—I follow—that I may win and wear  
That precious Pearl Christ Jesus, once "ruddy," now all fair:  
His Blood is my Foundation, immoveably secure;  
His Life is my example, unutterably pure.

I see Him in the cottage, a holy, loving Boy,  
Submissive to His Mother, her solace and her joy;  
A pattern of the duty we owe our parents dear—  
Their burdened noon to comfort, their eventide to cheer.

I see Him in the workshop contented to fulfil  
In that most lowly calling His heavenly Father's will:  
And to my daily labour I turn with freshened zeal,  
Since Christ my glorious Master can with a workman feel.

I see Him seek the mountain or solitary place,  
With God to hold communion and supplicate His grace:  
And to my secret closet with quickened step I go,  
In prayer with God to wrestle as Jesus prayed below.

JESUS, my sure Foundation, on Thee alone I rest,  
Thy precious Blood and merits are balsam to my breast:  
JESUS, my pure Example, on Thee I fix mine eyes,  
Drawn upwards by the Spirit to meet Thee in the skies.

"This, this is what I build on!" my Rock and Resting-place—  
On Jesus, "Jesus only," the God of truth and grace:  
Life's tide is ebbing quickly, Eternity is near,  
I feel the Rock beneath me! Then what have I to fear?

## Thomas Edward : THE SCOTCH NATURALIST.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

#### "NECESSITY" AND "WILL."



THE result of the exhibition at Banff was so far encouraging that Edward determined to take it next to Aberdeen. He indulged in bright day-dreams of success. His plan was to open a coffee house or provision shop at Aber-

deen, for the employment and support of his family. He would soon be able to purchase some works on natural history by the best authors! He might even hope to obtain a microscope, and some other scientific instruments!

With renewed zeal he began his preparation. Fresh objects and groups were added to the collection. One of these consisted of the Death of Cock Robin. There was the sparrow perched upon a twig, warrior-like, with his bow in one of his feet, and his arrow-case slung across his back. There was the red-breasted robin lying on a green and mossy knoll, with the arrow shot by the sparrow sticking in his little heart; and in a burn meandering close by, there was a silvery fish, with its little dish, catching robin's life-blood. There was also a great black-beetle, with a thread and needle, ready to sew his shroud. In another case, the Babes in the Wood were represented—two robin-redbreasts covering their tender bodies with leaves. There was also a case of mice, entitled, "Pussy from Home;" the mice were going in and out of a meal-bag, which they were rifling.

At length all was ready, and Edward, with a light heart, left Banff for Aberdeen. The collection was taken in six carriers' carts—the largest that could be found. Edward could not take it by railway, for there were no railways then in Banff. The whole family accompanied the collection. It consisted of Edward, his wife, and five children. They set out early in the morning of Friday, the 31st July, 1846—a memorable day in Edward's history. The six cart-loads arrived safe at Aberdeen on the evening of Saturday.

On the Thursday following he opened his collection. He hoped to see a "rush;" but the rush never came. Those who did come, knew little of natural history. Some of them could not see how it was possible for an ugly caterpillar to become transformed into a beautiful butterfly! Aberdeen could then boast of no museum, no free library! There were, it is true, professors at the University; but they told Edward he had come several centuries too soon!

One gentleman, an Aberdeen physician, was very personal in questioning Edward, and told him his lack of patronage arose from the fact that the people did not believe he had made the collection himself. Edward listened patiently to him, and says he had by this time prepared a *bag of forgetfulness* into which he put all the disagreeable things that were said to him. The questioner was evidently amazed at the character of the collection, and asked how it was possible he could have made it under his circumstances? Edward's answer was characteristic:—

"By never losing a single minute, nor any part of a minute, that I could by any means improve. I never thought that I was doing anything that any one else might not have done. But if I have, as a journeyman shoemaker, done anything worthy of praise, then I must say that there is not a working man on the face of the earth that could not have done much more than I have done; for of all the occupations that are known, that of shoemaking is surely the very worst."

The questioner still refused to credit his story. "Indeed," he said, "from his knowledge of working men in Aberdeen, it was inconceivable. They needed all their time and money to eke out a bare existence."

"I quite agree with you," replied Edward, "in some of your remarks; but I am sorry to say that the wretchedness you allude to is, in too many cases, attributable to themselves, and also to their slatternly and improvident wives. They do not go into the fields to drink in the sweets of nature, but rush unthinkingly into the portals of hell, and drown

their sorrows in whisky. In this way they pauperise themselves and their families."

Puzzled still, the physician next assumed that of course Edward had read a great deal, had enjoyed access to scientific works, and possessed means to collect and arrange the specimens?

"Permit me to say, sir," said Edward, "that I am not a book-learner, nor have I ever read any scientific works. I never had any access to them. My chief school was the Earth, and my principal teacher was Nature. Nor do I possess any means besides those that I have earned by hard and constant work. It is not always those who have the most money and the best education that do the most work, either in natural history or anything else."

The conversation ended with a crown-piece thrown in amongst the birds, which Edward found after the gentleman was gone; and as he went into the country at the time, he did not see him again.

Some of his old companions who had worked with him in his boyhood at the Grand-colt Mills also called to see him. They were equally astonished and doubtful. "He must have had assistance or help in some way or another."

"Well," said Edward, "you remember how I worked beside you in the old garret in Shoe Lane; how I was never idle, and was always busy at something, whether I had shoemaking to do or not. Very well! I continued the same practice after I left you; and when I got a wife, instead of growing lazier, I became more ardent than ever. I squeezed the pith and substance out of every moment to make the most of it; and raxed and drew every farthing out, like a piece of indiarubber, until I could neither rax nor draw it any more. I have thus endeavoured to make the most and the best of everything."

A new idea seemed to strike the man. "But did ye no' get some bawbees wi' yer wife?"

"No," said Edward, "not a bawbee! But, though poor in cash, she brought me a dowry worth more than all the money ever coined!"

"Trash, man, trash! Fat could be better 'han siller till a puir man?"

"Well, I'll tell you. She brought me a re-

markably sound and healthy body, strong bones, and a casket well filled with genuine common sense, or rather, a mind far superior to that usually possessed by the majority of her sex. Now that's what I call better than money. And I can tell you also, that if young men were to look out for such wives, they would be able to lead their lives to much better purpose than they now do. Your tap-rooms and dram-shops and public-houses would then have fewer and far less eager customers; and, if I am not much mistaken, there would be many more happy homes and happy families, especially amongst the poor, instead of the miserable, heart-sickening, disease-engendering hovels, which are a curse and a stain upon our so-called civilization."

"Ye'll be a temperance man—are ye?"

"Yes, I'm temperate enough; and if wives would look more to their husbands' comforts, as well as to the interests of their own families, there would be far more temperance men, as you call them, than there are now. I'm not a member of the Temperance Society; nevertheless, I am in favour of everything that would make people more sober and diligent, and tend to man's good, both here and hereafter."

"But," continued the man, "are ye satisfied that ye got nae help in the way I hinted?"

"None whatever."

"But far did ye learn the wrightin' (carpentering), the paintin' and the glazin'?"

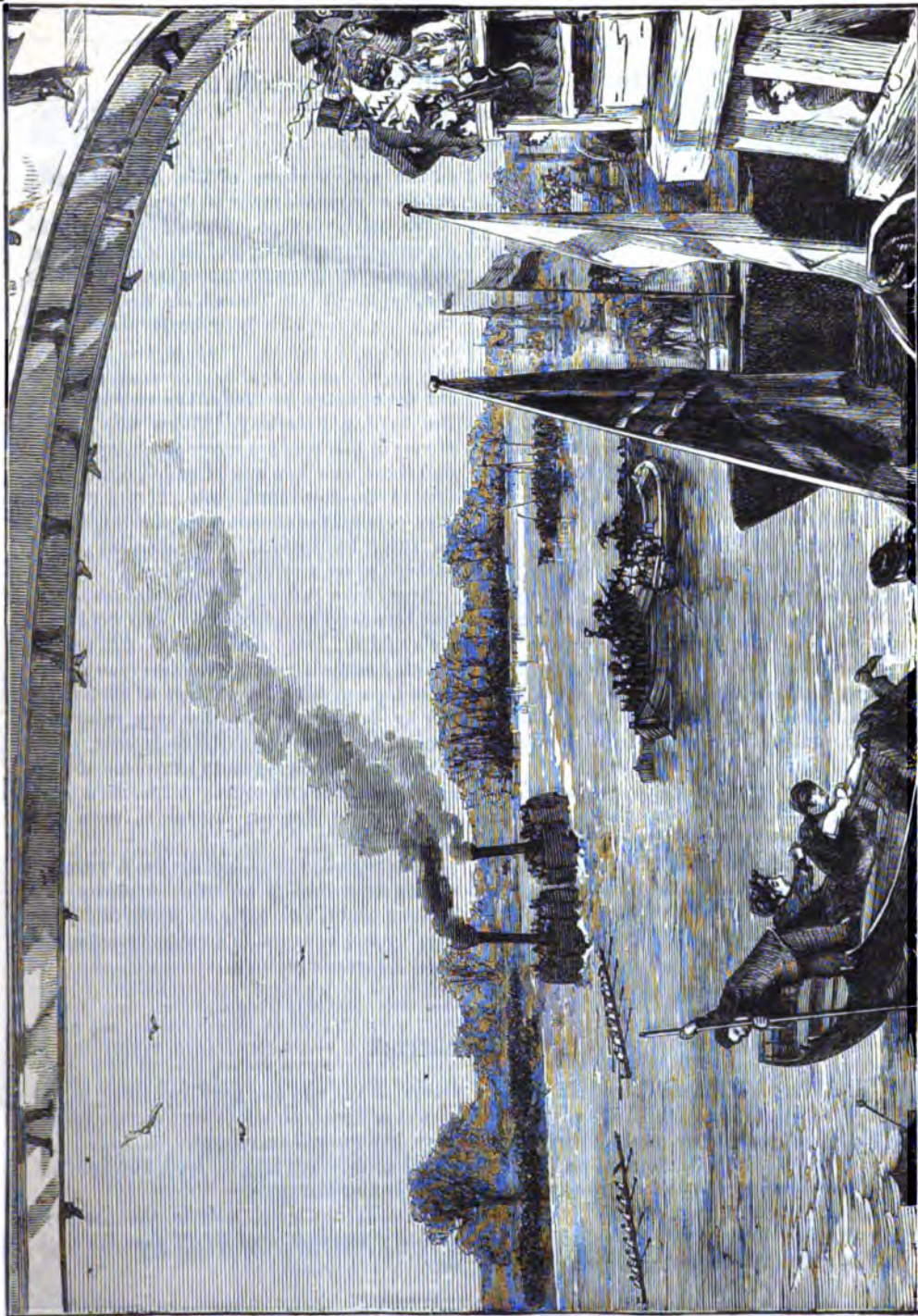
"At my ain fireside, where everything good should be learnt. My teachers were, first, 'NECESSITY'; and secondly, another teacher, of whom you may not have heard, called 'WILL.'"

"Ye're a mystery," said the man.

"Perhaps I may be," answered Edward; "but I'll just tell you three things, whether you may understand the 'mystery' or not. My neighbours in Banff say of me, 'That man surely means to tak' the world by speed o' fit.' My shopmates say, that 'Tam is just the lad for taking time by the forelock;' and many of the inhabitants say, 'Whoever may be seen lounging about the lazy corners, you'll never see Edward among them.' Now these are three little nuts which I hope you will crack amongst your shopmates, and I hope they will do them good."

(To be continued.)





Drawn by SYDNEY P. HALL.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE—SKETCH AT BARNES BRIDGE.

[See Page 63.]



## The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race.

BY THE EDITOR.

(See Illustrations, Pages 50, 67.)



THE Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, especially when the morning is fine and bright, is a very striking and peculiarly English sight. The houses along the Thames are not monotonous: and the whole of the way has an old English look of quaintness and individuality. But on the day of the boat-race few people, we dare say, give any heed to the merely artistic background. There is sufficient charm in the mass of spectators and the contest itself. The crowd of steamboats and small craft lining the river for miles, or perilously picking their way across the stream; the great mass of people at the points most suitable for seeing the rival crews start, or pass, or win; the flutter of tinted flags and the gaiety of holiday dresses; the bustle of the outset, the accompanying hum or cheer on the banks as the boats shoot past, and the tumult of the close—all these things make up one of the most attractive outside scenes in England.

Like cricket, boating is a thoroughly manly exercise, and everybody can feel a genuine pleasure in the trial of physical endurance and tact between the two national Universities. The only needed caution is against what the *Times* termed "the rascality of England," represented by some who, having for the most part no honest industrious occupation,

as the real business of life, find in every public event mere material for a bet.

We wish the police could enforce the absence of card-sharpers, and rifle-galleries, and other objectionable accompaniments, from the banks of the Thames on the boat-race day; but since this is scarcely possible, we hope all who possess influence will use it on this as well as on similar occasions throughout the country, to hinder the operations of the betting fraternity. Those who "win" money in this way are never the better for it; and those who lose are often led on step by step in the downward path. If the proportion of suicides caused by gambling could be given in figures, the statement would perhaps prove a salutary warning.

Apart from betting, the boat-race is a contest between honourable men who would not "play false," nor "foully win." No arts of cunning are practised by the two crews, who, indeed, come into the presence of each other day by day, to practise the very race they hope to win, and thereby give to each other the means of judging as to the value of each other's strokes and style. All is, as it ever should be in English recreation, open and above board.

Thus regarded, this healthy sport provides a vast crowd of people with a pretty and stirring sight, and gives an opportunity for friendly and honourable rivalry between the sister Universities.

## Pithy Proverbs.



ET thy spindle and thy distaff ready,  
and God will send thee flax.

Better ride an ass that carries us  
than a horse that throws us.

The world was not made in a minute.

Soon ripe, soon rotten.

He who sows his land trusts in God.

If you pursue good with labour, the labour

passes away, but the good remains; if you pursue evil with pleasure, the pleasure passes away, but the evil remains.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

There is one good wife in the country;  
let every married man think that he hath her.

# Temperance Arrows.

BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS," ETC.

"O many a shaft, at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer little meant."—Scott.



**THE Revenue Returns on Intoxicating Liquors for the year 1882, show a decrease of £144,000 when compared with 1881.**

THAT was a noble reply which the Madagascar ambassadors gave to an English deputation during their recent visit to England:—"Although this drink is a source of wealth, our Government never rejoices in the money which comes from it. We would rather have a small exchequer than a degraded people."

THE police in several towns in Westphalia have published a list of the notorious drunkards of each place; and hotel-keepers are forbidden to sell liquors to the persons thus named.

It is calculated that about 2,377,736 acres of land in the United Kingdom are devoted to the production of the raw material used for brewing and distillation. This is exclusive of the 60,000 acres used for hop-growing, and represents nearly one-nineteenth of the acreage of land under cultivation.

SERJANT BALLANTINE, in his volume of Reminiscences, says of the Duke of Wellington,—"I once met him at dinner. He was then much aged, talked gravely and with great distinctness, ate but little, drank no wine, and left early."

THE Missions to Seamen branch of the Church Temperance Society enrolled 6,115 sailors as Total Abstinents in 1882. During the last three years nearly 15,000 sailors have been enrolled.

WINWOOD READE, the celebrated African traveller, says:—"Brandy and Water is certainly the most prevalent and fatal cause of disease on the West Coast of Africa. 'Died of Brandy and Water,' is a common phrase."

"THE movement for the closing of public-houses on Sundays ought to receive the heartiest support of every working-man. Taken upon the lowest ground, what can be more unjust than that barmaids and barmen should have to forego their Sunday, simply to gratify the wants of other work-people who are too selfish to put up with the inconvenience of buying in their Sunday beer on a Saturday night?"—*Hand and Heart.*

THE home of temperance is a quiet home,  
Where calm content and smiling peace abide,  
And daily benisons like manna come,  
The upper and the nether spring allied.

CAPTAIN MATTHEW WEBB, the well-known swimmer, writes:—"With regard to the use of stimulants for athletes, I think there is not the slightest doubt that a man, to get in perfect condition, can hardly take too little of them. They most of them err, however, not whilst in training, but immediately the task they have set themselves is over, when they too often go to the other extreme. I have no doubt but that this does their constitution far more harm than the exertion they have gone through, and which generally gets the blame."

A CURE FOR HARD TIMES.—Four pints of bitter ale, or five half glasses of whisky a day, cost at least ten pence. If a young man at eighteen years, instead of spending this sum daily in drink, places it in the savings bank at simple interest, when he is thirty years of age it will amount to £240 4s.; at forty it will be £542 16s.; at fifty, £925 12s.; at sixty, £1,520 12s.; and at seventy, £1,981 4s.

THE Governor of the Isle of Man in a recent speech observed:—"He thought he should be quite within the mark if he said that there were always ten persons confined in Castle Rushen for drunkenness. He calculated that these persons could not cost the country less than £1 per week each; that was £10 per week for ten persons, or £520 for one year; and he was certain that one-half of that sum would provide the town with first-class wash-houses and baths."

CANON BOYD-CARPENTER in an address at the opening of a Temperance society in his parish said:—"Dr. Carpenter has told us that we may encourage an abnormal craving for some sort of drink in a child's earliest hours by constantly running to satisfy the little appetite, whereas wise education lies in a consistent regularity of habit, never giving to a child stimulating liquor of any kind. Why should a birthday be made an occasion for this? I know that wine, 'because it maketh glad the heart of man,' is looked upon as a hilarious liquor, but I don't see that the little gladness of home life may not be as joyous and full of mirth as you please, without any artificial aids of this kind. We ought to start at that point. Why should we not discourage that unkindly pressure of drink upon a child when it comes to our house, and who often out of shame is afraid to refuse?"

Here blessings cluster—Providence and Grace  
Come with fresh benedictions day by day,  
And angels camp around the dwelling-place  
Where happy hearts and voices praise and pray.  
—BENJAMIN GOUGH.

Our "Home Words Temperance Arrows" may be had as Leaflets. Price 1s. per 100.  
The back of the leaflet can be utilised for the announcement of P.M. Meetings, etc.  
(London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)



**THE LITTLE MOTHER.**

Ever let your heart be tender,  
For the weak and helpless plead :

Pitying leads to prompt relieving,  
Kindly thought to kindly deed.

## The Young Folks' Page.

VII. "MOST WONDERFUL:"  
FOR GOOD FRIDAY.BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.  
"Hercules is Love."—1 *St. John* iv. 10.

T is a thing most wonderful,  
Almost too wonderful to be,  
That God's own Son should come from  
Heaven,  
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true;  
He chose a poor and humble lot,  
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,  
For love of those who loved Him not.

I cannot tell how He could love  
A child so weak and full of sin;  
His love must be most wonderful,  
If He could die my love to win.

I sometimes think about the Cross,  
And shut my eyes, and try to see  
The cruel nails, and crown of thorns,  
And Jesus crucified for me:—

But, even could I see Him die,  
I could but see a little part  
Of that great Love, which, like a fire,  
Is always burning in His Heart.

It is most wonderful to know  
His Love for me so free and sure;  
But 'tis more wonderful to see  
My love for Him so faint and poor.

And yet I want to love Thee, Lord;  
Oh, light the flame within my heart,  
And I will love Thee more and more,  
Until I see Thee as Thou art.

## VIII. CONFESSING CHRIST.

A young soldier, on one occasion, consulted a friend upon a question of Christian duty. "Last night," said the young man, "in my barrack, before going to bed, I knelt down and prayed in a low voice, when suddenly my comrades began to throw their boots at me, and raised a great laugh." "Well," replied the friend;

"but suppose you defer your prayer till you get into bed, and then silently lift up your heart to God?" A week or two afterwards the young soldier called again, "Well," said his friend: "you took my advice, I suppose? How has it answered?" "Yes," he answered, "I did take your advice for one or two nights; but I began to think it looked rather like denying my Saviour, and I once more knelt at my bedside and prayed in a low whisper, as before." "And what followed?" "Not one of them laughs now; the whole fifteen knelt and pray too."

Every boy should pray for "courage" to "fear none but God."

## IX. A NOBLE ACT.

A SHIP was bearing down on the English coast under a stiff breeze and a lowering sky. It was not many hours before she was in the teeth of a violent storm, rolling and plunging in the angry waters. The winds shrieked through her cordage, and her huge timbers groaned from stem to stern. She at last struck and became unmanageable, and hoisted signals of distress. A crew of brave and hardy men from the shore put out to rescue her living freight.

Among those on board was a negro with two orphan children under his charge. The boat was soon filled with affrighted passengers, and there was room for but one more,—room for the negro, or the two little ones. Who should be saved,—who left behind to perish? The faithful negro did not hesitate. Over the ship's side he lowered the helpless children into the life-boat, and only called out, "Tell master Coffie did his duty."

## X. WISE ANSWERS.

A DEAF and dumb boy at an asylum was asked on the blackboard, "Who made the world?" He immediately wrote underneath: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." He was then asked the trying question: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can both hear and speak?" He again took up the chalk and wrote: "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." The question was then written down: "Why did Jesus come into the world?" The little fellow instantly wrote: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Y YOW many "cities of the plain" were there? and how many were destroyed?
2. Who "departed without being desired"?
3. How many persons can you remember as smitten with leprosy for punishment?
4. What king of Judah reigned before his elder brother?
5. Who long desired to see a city, and saw it, but not as he wished?
6. Whose eyes saw the king of Babylon, but not Babylon, though he died there?
7. What proof have we that Rachel's sepulchre was as near to Ramah as to Bethlehem?
8. What three places in the New Testament speak of the ministry of angels on Mount Sinai?

9. What are the New Testament forms of the names Jacob, Miriam, Elijah, Joshua?
10. What term for the death of the Lord Jesus is peculiar to the Gospel of St. John?

## ANSWERS (See JAN. No., p. 23).

I. Joshua ii. 6; 3 Sam. xvii. 18, 19. II. Seven: Gen. vii. 2, Rev. i. 4; Forty: Gen. vii. 12, Jonah iii. 4; Ten: Gen. xxi. 41, Neh. iv. 12. III. Five: Matt. ix. 27, xii. 23, xx. 30; Mark viii. 22; John ix. 1. IV. Num. xxxvi. 11; Joshua iii. 16. V. 1 Sam. iv. 17; 3 Sam. xviii. 20. VI. Ps. cx. 1 (Matt. xxii. 44; Acts ii. 34; Heb. x. 12, 13). VII. Isa. xxii. 16, etc. VIII. Luke ix. 50; xi. 23. IX. Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Amos. X. No. Num. xvi. 28, to which every reference to the history corresponds.

Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but only to local Teachers.



Sun.—1st day.  
Rises 6.45. Sets 5.35.

MARCH.

Moon.—New, 9th, M. 4.37.  
Full, 23rd, A. 6.4.

# THE GOSPEL MESSAGE.



Had not  
obtained mercy.

1 Pet. ii. 10.

- |   |    |   |
|---|----|---|
| 1 | Th | I bring you good tidings of great joy. Luke ii. 10.   |
| 2 | F  | Which shall be to all people. Luke ii. 10.            |
| 3 | S  | Unto you is born . . . a Saviour. Luke ii. 11.        |
| 4 | S  | 4th Sun. in Lent. Thou shalt call His Name Jesus.     |
| 5 | M  | A Name which is above every name. Phil. ii. 9.        |
| 6 | Tu | We declare unto you glad tidings. Acts xiii. 32.      |
| 7 | W  | In that He hath raised up Jesus again. Acts xiii. 33. |
| 8 | Th | Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned. Ps. li. 4.    |

Now have  
obtained mercy.

1 Pet. ii. 10.

- |    |    |  |
|----|----|--|
| 9  | F  | Thou, even Thou, art to be feared. Ps. lxxvi. 7.                       |
| 10 | S  | I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions.                 |
| 11 | S  | 5th S. in Lent. Having obtained eternal redemption.                    |
| 12 | M  | Acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed. Jer. iii. 13. |
| 13 | Tu | There is forgiveness with Thee. Ps. cxxx. 4.                           |
| 14 | W  | With Him is plenteous redemption. Ps. cxxx. 7.                         |
| 15 | Th | Being made a curse for us. Gal. iii. 13.                               |

WE LOVE  
HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST

LOVED US.

1 Joh. iv. 19.

I have  
redeemed thee.

Isa. xlii. 1.

- |    |    |   |
|----|----|---|
| 16 | F  | Peace, peace to him that is far off. Isa. lviii. 19.        |
| 17 | S  | Made nigh by the blood of Christ. Eph. ii. 13.              |
| 18 | S  | Palms S. He beheld the city, and wept over it. Lk. xix. 41. |
| 19 | M  | Your sins are forgiven you for His Name's sake.             |
| 20 | Tu | Redeemed with the precious blood of Christ. 1 Pet. i.       |
| 21 | W  | God forbid that I should glory save in the cross. Gal.      |
| 22 | Th | Surely He hath borne our griefs. Isa. liii. 4. [vi. 14.     |
| 23 | F  | Good FRIDAY. O death, where is thy sting? 1 Cor. xv. 55.    |

Believing  
ye rejoice.

1 Pet. i. 8.

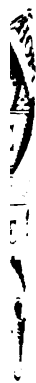
- |    |    |   |
|----|----|---|
| 24 | S  | EAST. EVG. O grave, where is thy victory? 1 Cor. xv. 55.    |
| 25 | S  | Eas. S. Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory.       |
| 26 | M  | Eas. Mon. He is not here: He is risen. Matt. xxviii. 6.     |
| 27 | Tu | Eas. Tu. See the place where the Lord lay. Matt. xxviii. 6. |
| 28 | W  | Is anything too hard for the Lord? Gen. xviii. 14.          |
| 29 | Th | God . . . hath quickened us together with Christ.           |
| 30 | F  | As He is, so are we. John iv. 17. [Ps. xvii. 15.            |
| 31 | S  | I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.      |

F'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.—Cowper.

The Wonder of Salvation. That Christ and a sinner should be one, and share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation. What more could love do?—Rutherford.

Bought with a Price. Since Thou hast bought me with a price, Lord, save me. And in the day when Thou bindest up Thy jewels, remember, Lord, that I cost Thee as dear as any, and therefore cast me not into the portion of Judas.—Bishop Jeremy Taylor.





**THE MOST REVEREND  
DR. EDWARD WHITE BENSON, THE NEW ARCHBISHOP  
OF CANTERBURY.**





# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.



### The New Archbishop of Canterbury.

R. EDWARD WHITE BENSON, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, was born in the neighbourhood of Birmingham in 1829. His father was for some years the manager of extensive lead works at Birmingham-heath. On leaving King Edward's School, Birmingham, where he was in the class of Dr. Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he obtained high honours in 1852. In the same year he became a Fellow of his college. He was ordained in 1853, and received the degree of D.D. from his university in 1867. After holding a mastership at Rugby, he was appointed first head-master of Wellington College in 1858. In 1859 he married Mary, daughter of the late Rev. William Sidgwick, of Skipton. In 1869 he was made a prebendary of Lincoln, where he was appointed canon and chancellor in 1872. He was chosen select preacher of the University of Cambridge from 1864 to 1879, and was also select preacher at Oxford in 1875 and 1876. He was chaplain to the Queen from 1875 to 1877, and examining chaplain

to the Bishop of Lincoln from 1873 to 1877. In April, 1877, he was raised to the newly established see of Truro.

Dr. Benson has published several volumes, amongst them being his "Wellington College Chapel Sermons;" a memorial discourse preached upon the decease of Bishop Prince Lee, of Manchester, his old Grammar-school master, whom he "respected as a scholar, revered as a divine, and loved as a man;" three sermons preached before the University of Cambridge "On Work, Friendship, and Worship;" a thoughtful and entertaining treatise "On Boy Life: its Trials, Strength, and Fulness;" "Sundays in Wellington College from 1859 till 1872," being reminiscences of the days of his Mastership of Wellington College; besides numerous single sermons preached on special occasions: and he is also one of the contributors to the "Speaker's Commentary on the Bible."

On his elevation to the Bishopric of Truro, Dr. Benson warmly adopted the principle of employing lay help in the Church, and also readily licensed zealous laymen, both to read prayers and to preach. He also founded the Theological College at Truro. A good many new

churches were built, others restored, and a large number of mission chapels have been provided in remote and hitherto neglected hamlets.

It will thus be seen that the new Archbishop has long been a hardworking clergyman and bishop, carrying out in his own everyday life the principles he has commended to others. It is noteworthy that in a sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, eleven years ago, on the subject of "Work," Dr. Benson remarked:—"The only men who in all critical times have leapt out suddenly to new great works have been men long used to the sight and practice of intense loving energy in their own lines, men who have long *made their work into their privilege*." He added:—"No man enters in earnest on the course of the ministry who does not rank the smart of many a *self-denial* before the hope of many a gain:" and then, to meet a possible objection, he said: "Of the few who do receive at the University immediate honour and reward, or as it were hour-to-hour payment, I believe that they, even more than others, make as a rule such immediate reward a standing point for further effort, and take such honours as a new responsibility."

Many and fervent prayers will be offered by all true Churchmen that Archbishop Benson in the discharge of his "new responsibility"—so solemn and so great,—may, in the words of our consecration service, be "so endued with the Holy Spirit, that he, preaching the Gospel glad tidings of reconciliation with God, may not only be earnest to reprove, beseech, and rebuke, with all patience and doctrine; but also may be to such as believe a wholesome example, in word, in conversation, in love, in faith, and in purity; that faithfully fulfilling his course, at the latter

day he may receive the crown of righteousness through the merits of our Saviour Jesus Christ."\*

We have gleaned a few sentences from one of the Archbishop's published volumes, which as seed-thoughts are rich in interest, and we trust will be full of profit to our readers.

"Light, and Warmth, and Strength, our three vital needs, are only derivable in Christian life from contact with Christ—from the contact which, not denied to the loneliest soul, is promised in fulness and in power to united prayer."

"Rest is the blessing of toil: spiritual rest in prayer presupposes spiritual toil in prayer."

"It is not a little thing to come to believe that two or three very imperfect Christian worshippers 'make a Church,' as the fathers say;† that two or three make one Divine yet human presence to be supernaturally *here* 'in the midst,' beyond the way in which God is always in every place."

"Life without worship is hard of outline, colourless, cold of temperature; worship without life is a gaudy idolatry: one is of marble, the other of wax."

"Every man must, like his Saviour, some day face the Tempter *alone*; and he cannot be strong till that is over. What is never wrought in loneliness will never be wrought in power."

The many friends of the Church Missionary Society will be glad to hear that the Archbishop has promised, if nothing unforeseen prevents, to be present at the Annual Meeting, in London, on May 1st. He says, "Among the new labours devolving upon me I most gladly recognise the need of giving all possible aid and encouragement to this great Society."

\* Prayer Book: see Consecration Service. † Tertullian.

## Wayside Chimes.

### IV. THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

"The Lord is risen indeed."—*St. Luke xxiv. 84.*

[Can any Reader give the name of the Author of this grand Easter Hymn? It ought to be in every Hymnal.—*The Editor of "Home Words."*]



ALLELUIAH—raise the song,  
"Jesus Christ is risen;"  
Let the Church the note prolong,  
"Jesus Christ is risen!"

Her living and triumphant Head,  
Captivity has captive led,  
And every foe has vanquished.  
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah—let the cry,  
"Jesus Christ is risen,"  
Wake each harpstring of the sky—  
"Jesus Christ is risen!"  
The sealed stone is rolled away,  
Death and the grave have lost their prey,  
For Jesus Christ is risen to-day.  
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah—dry the tear,  
"Jesus Christ is risen;"  
Sound o'er every silent bier—  
"Jesus Christ is risen!"  
Thrice blessed pledge, ye mourners keep,  
Who for your loved and lost ones weep—  
*Because He lives,* they only sleep.  
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah—let the sound,  
"Jesus Christ is risen,"  
Circulate the world around,  
"Jesus Christ is risen!"  
Soon may the Earth's great Easter be,  
When, her now bondaged children free,  
Exultant, Lord, shall reign with Thee.  
Hallelujah!

## Daisy of "Old Meadow."

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW," "OUR FOLKS," ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### GOLD.



It was growing late as the two women watched and talked by Daisy's bedside,—talked rather more perhaps than was quite wise, for one cannot always be sure how far a sick person is really unconscious.

While they were thus busied, Isaac Meads retired from the parlour to his own bedroom, on the same floor and at the back of the house. He did not go in on his way to ask about Daisy, for the idea of so doing never occurred to him. His mind was engrossed with other thoughts.

Isaac Meads always retired to bed by nine o'clock at the latest, and he always expected Daisy to do the same. Supper and candles, and in winter firing also, were saved by this habit.

He fastened carefully the bolt of the

parlour window, and turned the big rusty key in the front-door, forgetting or not knowing that Mrs. Simmons would have to unlock it again to pass out. Then, bearing the solitary candle which had been his companion, he went slowly with dragging footsteps to his own room, bolted himself in, and placed the light on the table,—an old green card-table standing in the centre.

This was Isaac Meads' happiest time,—the only hour in all the twenty-four which, after a certain fashion, he really did enjoy.

The pleasure had to be delayed yet a few minutes. Isaac performed a careful tour of his apartment, in shuffling shambling fashion. Candle in hand, he peered under the bed, he peeped into the cupboard, he shook each curtain, he displaced every moveable piece of furniture. Not the skinniest and wiriest little street Arab could have escaped detection in the course of that search.

Satisfied at length that he was really

alone, Isaac once more placed his candle on the table, and went to a dark corner beside the old wardrobe. There he touched a spring, cleverly hidden from careless observation, and a small piece of the deep wainscoting sprang out.

A hollow place in the wall was disclosed by this move. Isaac bent low, and carefully dragged up a heavy leathern bag. This bag he carried to the table, not without difficulty.

Now came Isaac's time of enjoyment. His shaking fingers untied the strings, and drew forth from the bag handfuls of gold. He piled sovereigns before him in a succession of little heaps, gazing at the same with admiring affection. He held them in his withered hands, and counted them over with ardent pleasure. His aged face brightened, and his lustreless eyes gleamed. For here was where Isaac's heart had found its home. If he loved nothing else in life, he loved gold.

Presently he put back the piles of sovereigns in the bag, and restored the bag to its hole behind the wainscoting, gloating over it to the last moment with greedy eyes, and sighing as it vanished from sight.

Isaac had not done yet. He went to another corner of the room, close beside the heavy four-post bed, and stooped down as if to touch another spring.

Something made him pause and stand up. What was that sound? Could it be only the crawling of a snail outside the window pane?

Isaac was suddenly seized with trembling dismay. For he saw that a corner of the window had been left uncovered by blind and curtain,—strangely unnoticed by himself. Possibly he might have pulled the curtain aside, unknowingly, as he passed. What if any one had peeped in?

Isaac hastened to the window, and stared out through the little bit of exposed pane. His limbs shook, and a cold perspiration broke out all over him. This window opened on a lonely corner of the back yard, but anybody might wander round from the road.

Enjoyment was for that evening at an end. Isaac could see nobody, looking into the darkness, but that did not prove nobody to be there. He covered the window over, and stood near it a long while, listening and

trembling. Nothing happened, and presently he went to bed, not venturing to enjoy any more of his treasure that night.

## CHAPTER IX.

OLD ISAAC.

"FATHER," Daisy said.

It was not the first word she had uttered, but it was her first word in a clear and natural voice. Long days and nights of unconsciousness had passed, and when at length sense returned it came slowly. She began first to notice things about her with languid glances of interest, and then there was an occasional "thank you," or a faint smile of recognition. She showed no surprise at her own condition, or at the presence of her nurse. But she seemed to be gradually waking up, as if from a trance; and one day she opened her eyes, to say with unexpected distinctness :—

"Father!"

"He's in the other room, Miss Daisy," said Mary Davis.

Daisy looked at Mary steadily. "I've been ill a very long time, haven't I, Nursie?" she asked, in her gentle voice, which had become weak as well as gentle.

"No, Miss Daisy, dear, not so very long. It's a good many days."

"Days! It seems—years," said Daisy, making a pause. "It has been so nice, Nursie. I thought I was a little child again, and you were taking care of me, only I was afraid it was a dream, and I didn't want to wake up. So I tried not."

"But you're awake now, my dear," said Mary.

"I suppose I am," murmured Daisy, shutting and opening her eyes with a rather distressed look. "My head is so strange, I feel as if I were somebody else. And my legs seem tied down to the bed. Isn't it funny?"

"Very funny," said Mary, with a smile to hide a heart-ache. "You mustn't mind being weak for a time."

"I suppose it was the rain made me so ill. It rained—hard," said Daisy slowly, with a puzzled expression, as if she were trying to recall something. Then she seemed quite tired out, and lay again as she had lain so

much of late: only Mary Davis thought there was more of sleep and less of stupor about her unconsciousness.

Later in the afternoon the doctor came in. He was the parish doctor, a stout quick-mannered man, sometimes a little apt to be sharp as well as quick; but, like most people, he was gentle with Daisy. When she opened her eyes and smiled at him, he said, "Come, you are better to-day."

"Mayn't I see father, please?" asked Daisy.

"Well, yes, perhaps you may," said Mr. Bennet. "Do you think it would do you good?"

"No," said Daisy, without any hesitation. "I only think I ought."

"Why won't it do you good, my dear?" asked Mr. Bennet, bending down to look into her eyes.

"I'm tired," Daisy said. "But there's nobody else to take care of father."

"O yes; there's Mrs. Davis to take care of you both," said Mr. Bennet cheerily. "Where do you feel tired? All over?"

"Yes, everywhere," said Daisy. "And my legs are so heavy, I can't move them, and my head too."

The doctor's big broad hand was laid on Daisy's forehead, not pressing much; yet she moaned, and for an instant her eyes had a wandering look.

"She can't bear that, sir," Mary Davis said. "Her head do seem very bad still."

"Yes. She mustn't see her father yet," said Mr. Bennet decidedly. "Keep her as quiet as possible, and if Mrs. Simmons comes in from over the way, don't you have too much talk."

"No, sir," said Mary Davis.

"I like Mrs. Simmons," said Daisy softly. "She is kind—and so big—"

"Well, yes, she's big undoubtedly," said the doctor. "Much bigger than you will ever be, Daisy."

Daisy seemed to take the words in a sense which the doctor certainly had not intended. She asked calmly:—

"Shall I never be well again?"

"Tut, tut! Nonsense!" said Mr. Bennet.

"Why, you're ever so much better to-day."

Daisy smiled a little; not as if she were

quite sure that he meant what he said. Mary Davis presently followed the doctor, as he left the room, and while opening the front door she asked anxiously: "Will Miss Daisy soon be up again, please, sir?"

"Can't say. Can't say at all," responded Mr. Bennet hastily. "There's no knowing. It has been a terrible shock to the nervous system altogether, and the head is a good deal affected,—no doubt about that. She's a frail little creature. May pass off soon, or it may not. How is your husband going on? You saw him yesterday, did you not?"

"Yes, sir. It's like to be a long business with him, they say; but he's been more himself than Miss Daisy has been. His arm is shocking bad, and he has a deal of pain."

"Well, well, the worst cases are not always those where there's most pain—not by any means," said Mr. Bennet. "Your husband will have gained experience for the future when he comes out of the hospital."

"Yes, sir; in more ways than one, maybe," said Mary quietly. "He says he means to sign the pledge, and to turn over a new leaf."

"A good day for you if he does," said the doctor, aware of John Davis's propensities. "Good-evening. Keep that child quiet, and don't let her old father bother her."

Mary returned to the bedroom, with this injunction full in her mind. To her astonishment, she found old Isaac Meads in the sick-room, seated beside Daisy's bed, with his chin resting on the knob of his stick, and his eyes fixed solemnly upon Daisy. He had evidently crossed the passage unobserved, while she was speaking with the doctor. Daisy lay with shut eyes, unconscious of his presence.

Mary Davis was at a loss what to do. She did not wish to rouse Daisy, yet silent signs and beckonings proved of no avail. The old man would not see or chose to ignore them. Mary laid one hand on his shoulder to draw attention, and with the other she pointed to the door; but Isaac shook off her hand, and doggedly retained his seat.

"You must go away," Mary whispered. "The doctor says so. You are not to come here, Mr. Meads."

"Not to come here? And who's got any

right to say that to me?" growled Isaac. "Isn't it my own house? Eh?"

"Hush—hush!" whispered Mary. "Hush! you will startle Miss Daisy and make her worse."

But Daisy had heard. She opened her eyes, and a smile broke over her face as she said, "Father."

"Didn't I know she'd know me?" asked Isaac Meads. "Whatever in the world makes you keep on lying here all this time, Daisy? Aren't you going to get up soon and be busy? Everything 'll go to wrack and ruin if you don't, and I haven't got one penny to spare—not one penny."

"I'll get up as soon as ever I can," said Daisy. "I can't stand yet, father."

"Can't you stand?" inquired Isaac in a tone of dismay.

"No," Daisy answered. "My legs are so heavy, father, I can't move them."

"Couldn't you if I was to help you up?" asked Isaac, suiting action to word. Daisy shrank from his outstretched hands.

"No, father, I couldn't. Please don't touch me—oh, please!"

"Mr. Meads, will you be so good as to go?" said Mary indignantly. "The doctor said you weren't to be here at all. Why, you'll just kill Miss Daisy outright, if you go on like this."

"I'm not a-going if I don't choose. Old Meadow is my house if it's anybody's," grumbled Isaac. "If I've a mind to stay with Daisy, who's to hinder?"

Mary was alarmed at Daisy's shortened breath and dilated eyes. She went close to the bed, laying a protecting hand on her, and the movement seemed to excite the old man's ire.

"Get away with you, woman," he cried wrathfully, shaking his stick. "'Tisn't the first time. Yes, yes, I know you now; always a-meddling in somebody's concerns. If I didn't remember you at first, I do now. Get away with you, and leave Daisy to them as have a right over her. If I tell her to get up, she's got to get up, and she shall too."

Despite a quick movement on Mary's part, the old man seized Daisy's arm, and made a feint of pulling her to a sitting posture. Perhaps it was more of pretence than reality,

but it was enough. Daisy uttered a low cry, and became unconscious.

"Are you mad, Mr. Meads?" asked Mary, hardly able to contain herself. "Are you quite mad? Do you want to kill your only child, your poor little Daisy? See what you have done,—yes, look—look at her. How will you feel if she never comes to again?"

Isaac's fit of childish anger was at an end. He stared stolidly at the white face on the pillow.

Another figure had appeared on the scene, a capacious figure, filling a goodly space in the doorway.

"See, *that's* what he has done," Mary said bitterly, turning to Mrs. Simmons. "And the poor little darling was getting on so nicely. That's what he has done! I shouldn't wonder if he has killed her outright."

"What's he been after?" asked Mrs. Simmons, coming forward.

"Why, he's wanting her to get up and work, and save his coppers," said Mary. "She that hasn't power to lift her head off the pillow, nor to turn herself in bed. I doubt me sometimes she never will have power again. He loves his money a deal better than he loves his own flesh and blood. And I can't get him out of the room; and if she comes to and sees him here, I shouldn't wonder if it was as much as her life was worth."

"Well, that's a pretty piece of work, if there ever was one!" said Mrs. Simmons, contemplating the old man's crouching form. "Now then, will you please to go, Mr. Meads?"

Mrs. Simmons was a large woman, and Isaac Meads was not a large man. He gave her a glance, and moved.

"Come, be quick," said Betsy Simmons. "And mind, if ever you dare to come inside this door again, without the doctor's leave—"

The rest of the sentence was left to Isaac's imagination. He beat a hasty retreat.

## CHAPTER X.

### DAISY'S WISH.

DURING many hours after Isaac's visit to the sick-room, Daisy was more or less uncon-



scious. She moaned often, and sometimes she started and cried out as if in terror, and now and then she would grasp at Mary Davis as if for protection. Occasionally she seemed to know her nurse, and then again the blank would come back, blotting out all sense. This state passed slowly away, and Daisy regained gradually her lost ground. But Mary made up her mind that Isaac Meads should not be again admitted into his child's presence. She kept the door bolted thenceforward, and never left Daisy alone for even a few seconds without locking it behind her. Isaac made one or two more attempts to enter and found himself foiled.

"Father hasn't been to see me again," Daisy remarked unexpectedly one evening several days later.

"He's been wanting to, but I didn't think it was good for you," Mary answered.

"But perhaps it isn't right to keep him away," said Daisy. "Poor father has nobody else, you know."

"It's his own fault if he hasn't," said Mary. "I'm not going to have him frighten you and make you ill again, Daisy." She not seldom addressed the sick girl thus, as she had been wont in past years to address the little child, dropping half-unconsciously the "Miss," which had at first come naturally. Daisy looked so small and young, lying in her narrow bed, that Mary Davis began to think of her again as quite a child.

"I should not be so frightened, perhaps, a second time," said Daisy calmly. "I have been thinking about it, Nursie. Father wouldn't really want to hurt me, I am sure, — and you know it wouldn't do to keep him always away from me."

"Not always. Only till you are better, dear," Mary said.

"But perhaps I never shall be better," said Daisy slowly. "I can't sit up yet, or move my legs. You can't think how heavy they seem. What does the doctor say is the reason, Nursie?"

"He don't say very clear, Miss, but he seems to think it is a sort of a paralysis-like, from the lightning stroke,—not as he's used that word neither." Mary forgot at the moment that the real cause of Daisy's illness had never yet been recalled to her. Daisy

had hitherto asked few questions, and her doing so now took Mary by surprise. "Seems as if the power was all gone out of you; and he don't say how long it'll last."

Daisy repeated the word, "lightning," as if in surprise, and then she lay thinking.

"Yes," she said at length,—"I remember now,—I remember the storm coming on; and the thunder; and the children being so frightened. And your husband put up his pitch-fork. He didn't know any better, I suppose. But I don't seem to remember anything particular afterwards. Did the lightning really strike me?"

Mary Davis nodded. "Yes, and my husband too, Daisy."

"Then that is why he is ill in hospital. If he wasn't, I suppose you could not have come to nurse me. Is he hurt the same as I am?"

"No," Mary said. "His arm is badly burnt, and he is a good deal scorched beside; but it don't seem to have taken away his strength nor made his head bad, like with you."

"I dare say he is much the worst, really," said Daisy. "And the doctor doesn't know how long I shall be ill, Nursie."

"He don't say, Miss Daisy."

"Father wouldn't like me to live on for years, if I couldn't walk," said Daisy, with a touching look of sadness. "He wouldn't like the expense, Nursie. It would be better for me to die."

"Miss Daisy, you mustn't talk so," said Mary.

"But I think it would be better," repeated Daisy. "Father would not want me if I could not work for him, and there is nobody else. No one to take care of me except you, and your husband will want you by-and-by. Don't you think, Nursie, that *perhaps* I shall die soon?" Daisy did not sob, but her chest heaved quickly, and two large tears fell upon the white sheet.

"I think God knows best what is right for you, dear, and you oughtn't to want to die sooner than it's His will you should," said Mary, hardly able to command her voice.

"Yes, He knows best," said Daisy, tears dropping again. "And He loves me. I haven't been afraid once about dying, all the time I have been ill. It seemed so easy when

I thought of the Lord Jesus dying for me on the cross. But—Nursie, I *do* feel afraid of having to live a long while, if I can't stand or work or do anything,—and nobody except father to take care of me. I'd a great deal rather die."

"I wouldn't be afraid," said Mary, leaning over the bed, and trying to smile. "If God is able to take care of you when you die, don't you think He's able to take care of you while you're alive too?"

"Yes,—able," said Daisy in a low voice.

"And don't you think He will, Daisy?"

"I ought to feel sure," said Daisy, with a distressed look. Then she asked quite suddenly,—“Nursie, do you love God?”

"I hope so," faltered Mary Davis.

"I mean *real* love," said Daisy. "I mean the sort of love that makes you want to please Him, and want to be with Him. You didn't in old days, did you, Nursie?" She always spoke of her childhood's years as "old days."

"No," Mary Davis answered at once, quite decidedly. "I don't say I hadn't a sort of wish to do right, Miss Daisy, but I didn't really try to serve God from my heart, and I don't think I loved Him at all."

"And you do now?"

"I hope so," said Mary Davis.

"I hope I do too," said Daisy slowly. Then she paused, and looked up, a bright smile lighting her whole face. "No,—I don't hope—I *know* I do. I think I love the Lord Jesus in just the sort of way I used to love mother. I can't love poor father like that, can I? It is more like being so very sorry for him. Nursie, I don't know what I should do, if God didn't love me. I don't know what in the world I should do. It's just my one real comfort."

"Then, Miss Daisy," said Mary,—“if you feel like that, you won't need to be frightened any more about getting well, because you know He'll take care of you. Hasn't He said 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee'?”

"Yes," said Daisy thoughtfully,—“I am quite sure. I ought to be *quite* sure. I suppose that is the real meaning of 'casting all your care on Him, for He careth for you.' I'll try not to be afraid any more."

## CHAPTER XL

### A RICE PUDDING.

"You don't know how to make a rice pudding. No, I shouldn't wonder if you don't," said Mrs. Simmons.

Janet Humphrey intimated that this was a mistake. She knew quite well how to make a rice pudding.

"O yes,—you make a pudding of a sort, I don't doubt," said Mrs. Simmons. "Put a lot of rice into some milk, and boil it for half an hour into a sort of pap, fit to turn the stomach of anybody as looks at it; or maybe you have a grand concern, with sugar and butter and eggs in it. I dare say that's good to the taste,—and it had ought to be. But it isn't cheap, and folks have to give a thought to cheapness once in a while. What do you have mostly in the way of puddings?"

"Well, my husband likes a good custard pudding as much as anything," said Janet.

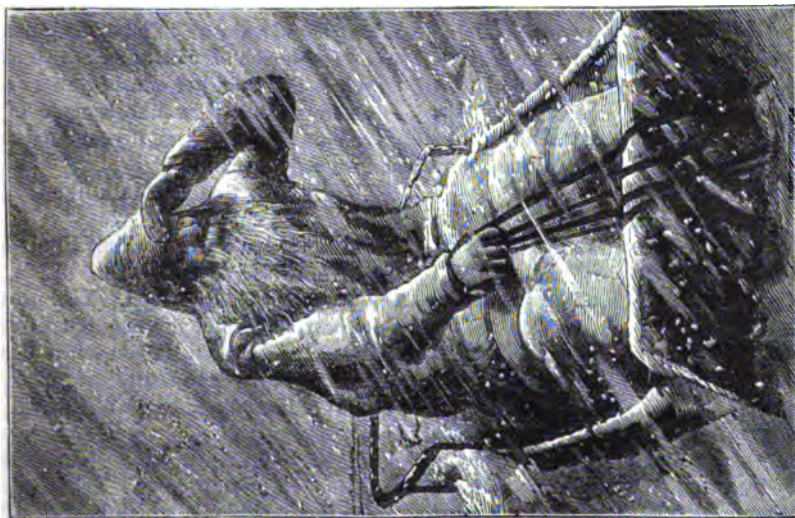
"Shouldn't wonder if he does. Maybe he'd like a turkey supper and salmon for breakfast, as much as anything, too," said Mrs. Simmons.

Janet did not perceive the satire. "I haven't got him salmon in a good while past," she said. "It seems to cost a lot."

"There's a good many gentlefolk who don't touch salmon from year's end to year's end, without they come across it in a friend's house," said Mrs. Simmons. "And there's a good many more who are mighty sparing of eggs in puddings, because of the expense. Why dear me, when I was cook in Mrs. Mason's family,—and a real out-and-out lady was Mrs. Mason, though she wasn't rich,—if I says to her, 'Why shouldn't we have a baked custard pudding, mum, for a change,' knowing she liked it uncommon; 'Why, Simmons,' says she, 'that'll take three or four eggs to make it big enough for us all, and you don't think I can afford four eggs to one pudding, do you?' says she. She was wonderful careful about her expenses always, and that's how it was her husband got along as well as he did, I make no doubt."

"Well, I never thought gentlefolks had to count the price of eggs in a pudding," said Janet.

"There's often a deal more calculating of



STAGE DRIVING: A BOUGH NIGHT.



"ANY LETTERS FROM THE OLD COUNTRY?"

# PICTURES ABROAD: CANADIAN SKETCHES.

See Jan. No., page 10.

expenses in a gentleman's kitchen than there is in a cottage kitchen," said Mrs. Simmons. "And I'll tell you the reason why, if you like. The reason why is because a gentleman commonly counts himself called upon to lay by for a rainy day, and to provide for his children after he's dead, and a working man too often don't count himself called upon to do anything of the sort. There'd be a deal less poverty and distress in the country, if once our men could be got to look ahead, and if their wives could be got to see that saving is a twin-duty to spending."

"I never thought about that," said Janet. "Jem works steady, and he mostly brings home enough."

"And how if he was to be taken ill, or if he was to fall and break his leg, or if work was to stop?" asked Mrs. Simmons.

"Well, I don't know. I suppose things would come right somehow," said Janet.

"I shouldn't wonder if they were to go a good way wrong first," said Mrs. Simmons.

"It's no good looking forward and expecting troubles," said Janet.

"No, it isn't," said Mrs. Simmons. "But looking forward and expecting troubles is a different sort of thing altogether from doing what lies in your power to keep off trouble. Why, when bees and ants lay by food against the winter, you wouldn't blame them and say they were expecting to be starved, would you? The starvation would come, sure enough, if they didn't lay by."

"Well, I know Mr. Roper is always telling us in his preaching that we've got to trust," said Janet in self-defence.

"That's true enough. He tells you to trust *what*, Mrs. Humphrey?"

Janet seemed rather at a loss. "I've heard him say many times we had to trust," she repeated.

"You'd best listen with both your ears next time," said Mrs. Simmons, "seeing you've only managed to lay hold on half the sense of what he said. You've got to trust God, Mrs. Humphrey. That means that if you are God's faithful servant and child, you needn't worry and fret for your future, but when you've done the little *you* can do, you may trust Him to do all that you can't do, and to care for you in need. But I can tell

you it *don't* mean that you are to live a life of self-indulgence and pleasure, and trust God to do for you what He has given you the power to do for yourself, just to save you a bit of trouble and thought."

"I'm sure it isn't much pleasure I ever have in my life," said Janet, almost in tears. "I'm always working and slaving for somebody."

"You wouldn't be one grain the happier for having no work," said Mrs. Simmons calmly. Then she suddenly put a direct question: "Your husband gets good wages, Mrs. Humphrey, and he brings them pretty near all to you, for you've told me so. Now how much of them wages have gone this year into the Savings Bank?"

"There don't seem much to spare," faltered Janet. "The children are always wanting something new,—and food costs such a lot."

"Then I'd make the children wait a bit longer, and I'd have food that cost less," said Mrs. Simmons gravely. "I tell you, Mrs. Humphrey, it's a sin and a shame to go on month after month, spending every penny you get, and never making provision for the changes that's sure to come, sooner or later. It's a sin and a shame. You don't suppose you and your husband will keep health for ever, do you? Why, either one of you might die to-morrow. What would become of those poor little ones of yours, if your husband and you were both taken?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," said Janet, with a shiver.

"Then I won't if you don't like; but it's truth," said Mrs. Simmons. "It's truth, and it has got to be faced. You go and do your best, and then you may trust God; but if you don't do the little you can, I don't see what call you have to trust."

"But what am I to do?" asked Janet helplessly.

"Begin to lay by at once. Don't wait till next month or next year. There's the Post Office Savings Bank, which is perfectly safe, and it'll hold as small sums as you like. I'd keep a locked box by me, with a hole in the top, and I'd slip in every penny I could spare. It'll grow wonderfully quick, I can tell you. I'm not advising you to become a miser, like poor old Mr. Meads, loving the money more

than your own flesh and blood. But I do say it's your duty to provide all you can against a rainy day, and to teach your children to help you. I shouldn't wonder but there's many a penny goes in goodies, which don't do anybody any good."

"Why, they get the goodies at your shop," said Janet.

"That don't make no difference. My goodies are wholesome and won't hurt the children. But if they're properly fed, they don't need a lot of goodies between meals. It's a bad habit, and a wasteful one. You might save many a penny that way."

"Well, I'll think about it," said Janet.

"And now about the rice pudding," said Mrs. Simmons.

Janet looked relieved, and her face cleared.

"About the rice pudding," said Mrs. Simmons again. "When I was cook at Mrs. Mason's, there wasn't any pudding we had oftener. Mr. Mason scarce counted he'd dined without one. But I didn't make it like you make yours, though I'd been used to your way before I went to Mrs. Mason. I had to learn their way, and a good way I found it,—cheap and nourishing too."

"How was it?" asked Janet.

"There was no butter in the pudding, and no eggs, and no sugar," said Betsy Simmons.

"No sugar!" repeated Janet.

"Not a grain," said Mrs. Simmons. "A little sugar was eaten with the pudding after it was made, most commonly, though I don't care even for that. The pudding was made in a deepish dish, and it was nothing but milk and rice,—good Carolina rice. Mr. Mason liked it milky, and I used to put a good wine-glassful of rice into two quarts of milk, and that made a big pudding for his whole party. Same way it would have been half a wine-glassful to one quart of milk. But most people like it just a little more substantial, and maybe you'd come to putting

a bit extra quantity of rice, according to taste. That's as may be."

"It don't sound nice," said Janet.

"I dare say it don't," said Mrs. Simmons. "Wait till you've tried. The secret of that pudding, and the secret of ever so much cooking beside, is slow doing. We used to dine at half-past one, and by half-past nine I used to have my pudding ready,—the rice measured and put into the dish, and the milk poured in over. Then I used to put it into the oven, and bake it slowly, from three and a half to four hours. And of course it took some trouble and attention; for if the oven was too hot, the pudding got dried up and burnt; and if the oven was too cold, the pudding came out pale and sickly-looking and only half done; and if I moved it about too much in the oven, the milk would sometimes curdle. But I got into the way of it after a while, and I used to send up beautiful puddings, just nicely browned, with the milk thickened till it looked almost like cream, and the rice-grains quite tender, yet each one whole, and separate from the rest."

"It sounds a deal of trouble," said Janet.

"It's worth the trouble," said Mrs. Simmons. "Cheap and wholesome food pretty nearly always gives trouble, but it's worth while. If you wanted to sit in an arm-chair, Mrs. Humphrey, with your hands before you, you had no business to marry a working-man."

"Oh no,—I don't want that," said Janet, "I'll try to make the pudding as you say."

"You'd better. You won't be sorry after," said Mrs. Simmons. "And if you're inclined for a change, there's tapioca and sago can be made into puddings in pretty much the same way, only I'd put some sugar into them, and I'd use more of the tapioca or sago than of the rice. But you'll find there's nothing the children will take to like the plain rice pudding, if only you do it carefully, and give it them nice and hot."

(To be continued.)

#### AN EASTER THOUGHT.

"**T**AKE a near view of Jesus in the sepulchre of the garden; and believe that, if you 'only believe,' your rest in the grave will be as safe and as

peaceful as His. 'Death is yours!' saith the Apostle; for Christ has made him your servant: and therefore the grave also is yours." —*Rev. W. H. Havergal.*

## The Stone Rolled Away: Easter Thoughts.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER,  
AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.



"And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"—*St. Mark xvi. 8.*

THE women who "followed and ministered unto" our Lord "when he was in Galilee," and who had "come up with Him to Jerusalem," after they "beheld the sepulchre and how the body was laid," retired from the scene, and prepared spices and ointment for completing the anointing. This was done, not on the Sabbath Day, when they "rested, according to the commandment," but during the short interval between His burial and sunset on Friday. As soon as the Sabbath, or Saturday, was past, they resumed their preparations, and upon the first day of the week, "the Lord's Day," very early in the morning, they went forth to their work of faith and their labour of love.

On their way, having forgotten in their overwhelming grief, or probably scarcely comprehending, our Lord's predictions of a Resurrection, and ignorant of the precautions the priests had taken,—the appointment of the watch and sealing of the stone—they were troubled about how they should get the stone—"for it was very great"—rolled away from the door of the sepulchre.

Their trouble was misplaced and needless. Before they came the sepulchre was forsaken. The stone had been rolled away by other than human hands. Unseen by human eyes, during an earthquake and an apparition of angels, which terrified and paralysed the Roman guard, the Saviour, like one calmly rising from sleep, had laid aside the grave-clothes and left the tomb—so conquering death, and bursting the bars of the grave.

The special truth which this rolling away of the stone from the door of the sepulchre teaches us is, of course, the great lesson of Easter, which points us to CHRIST as "the Resurrection and the Life."

The mystery of death has ever perplexed the wisest of men. Thoughts of our common mortality are too saddening to be indulged or allowed to rest on the mind if we are walking only by the light of nature. There is a shrinking from the unwelcome truth, "It is appointed unto men once to die." And when the fiat has gone forth, and the grave receives its tenant, if there be any anxious reasoning question which above all others agitates the breast unenlightened by Divine truth, is it not just the question which troubled these loving but mistrusting disciples—"Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre"?

It is the glory of Christianity that it alone gives a satisfactory answer to that question. Standing, as it were, at the grave of our common humanity wondering if a man die shall he live again, the eye rests upon the Risen Saviour, and from His lips we hear those marvellous words, which none but the God-Man could ever have uttered, "I am the Resurrection and the Life"; "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

The religion which failed to roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre—"the house appointed for all living"—would carry with it the evidence of its own insufficiency to meet the craving desires and longings of the spirit questioning the mysteries of death and the grave.



But the religion which answers that question comes to us with a witness of its origin which the unbelief of the heart and life alone can reject.

But there are other thoughts which "the rolling away of the stone from the door of the sepulchre" may suggest—other applications of the question of these women which may throw no little light on leading points of Christian experience. I will refer to some of these Easter thoughts; and whilst we consider them, may each reader be a learner indeed! There are those who are "ever learning" and yet "never come to the knowledge of the truth." God's Word is a word of power only when the Spirit of Truth, who inspired it, becomes our Teacher.

I. In the first place, then, I think, as an Easter thought, we may apply the question of the women at the sepulchre as illustrating the great doctrine of Justification by Faith.

The Resurrection of Christ was but the completion of His work as a Saviour. It declared the work to be a "finished" work. Henceforth the Name of Jesus was to be proclaimed as that only Name given under heaven whereby we must be saved—the Name of a Justifying Saviour.

Now is it not the case that whenever men, by the work of the convincing Spirit, become conscious of sin, alarmed by sin, conscience-stricken on account of sin, made sensible of the true character of sin, so that in a spiritual sense they feel they are "dead in trespasses and sins," exposed to the righteous condemnation of a holy law—is it not the case that the question in effect is always upon their hearts, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre"? In other words, "How shall sinful man be just with God?"

If we have never felt the pressure of this question, if we have never asked in anxious desire for Divine light, "What must I do to be saved? How shall I be

justified?" it must be because we are searing the conscience, blinding ourselves to the light of Divine truth, refusing to hear "the law which is holy, just, and good," doing despite to the Spirit of conviction—the Holy Spirit of God. Perilous must be the sinner's case who has so far succeeded in lulling conscience to repose that he cares not even to ask, "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of *this* sepulchre?"

Awake, thou that sleepest! Let conscience do her work while the day of grace lasts; let the Divine Spirit open the blind eyes—and the revelation of God's holiness in contrast with thy sinfulness will surely place thee by the side of Job when he said:—"Now mine eye seeth Thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

But you who have been taught somewhat of the evil of sin, as exposing you to the righteous condemnation of God's holy law, whilst you ask the question, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" remember the experience of the women at the Saviour's tomb. They found the Saviour risen—the stone had been moved away by Divine power. So Jesus—Jesus omnipotent to save—has "risen for our justification." He is "the Lord our Righteousness." He calls the sinner from the grave of sin, and places him in the home of God, a wanderer restored, a prodigal who "was dead and is alive again!" The seal of death and condemnation was on the sinner's sepulchre, but Christ has broken the seal, and brought in everlasting righteousness for the soul that looks to Him.

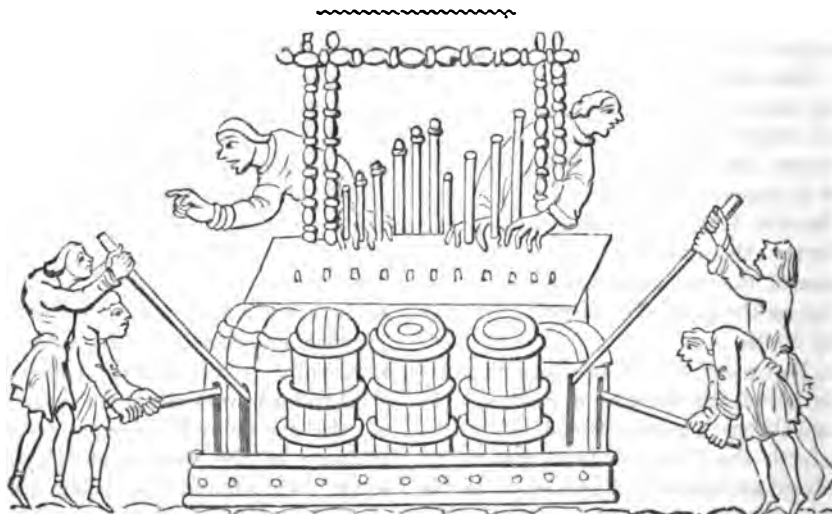
Oh! marvellous Gospel of the grace of God! To man, the sinner—man condemning himself, and therefore knowing that God must condemn, for "God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things"—conscious of his inability to justify himself, knowing that he could not undo t<sup>h</sup>

past, blot out its sins of thought, word, and deed, or ensure the holiness of his walk in the future—to man, the sinner, shut up in the sepulchre, “concluded under sin,” and therefore liable to its penalty, death—the Gospel brings this word, “Set the captive free: I have found a Ransom.”

Oh welcome Easter truth! Jesus died, and Jesus lives, and “has the keys of hell

and death.” His Righteousness is our righteousness, His Atonement an atonement for us; His Blood cleanseth from all sin! So that we need no longer ask, “Who shall roll away the stone from the door of *this* sepulchre?” To the question, “How shall sinful man be just with God?” the answer is clear:—“God is just and the Justifier of the believer in Jesus”

(To be continued.)



A NORMAN ORGAN.

## How They Lived in the Olden Times.

BY THE EDITOR.

### II.

#### UNDER THE NORMANS.



THE Normans did not improve the condition of the labouring population. Feudalism, which they introduced, was in most cases the tyranny of the few over the many. In an old story

of the twelfth century, a knight who had plundered his poor “villains,” as they were called, is complimented by one of his flatterers who says: “Ah, Sir! truly thou dost well. For men ought always to pluck and pillage the churl, who is like the willow—it

sprouteth out the better for being often cropped.”

There were in fact some monsters of cruelty amongst the Norman barons. Of one of them, Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shropshire, it is said by Henry of Huntingdon, who lived in his time:—“To butcher men in the most horrible manner was to him an agreeable feast.” Women of rank were little better than their husbands. Homes were anything but happy homes in what some call “the good old times.” William the Conqueror, it is stated, beat his wife even before they were married. What he did after may be imagined. The young nobles for the most part lived idle lives, and sometimes joined together to plun-

der a fair or market. There were no doubt happy exceptions, but they were few and far between. Generosity, indeed, was held to be a knightly virtue, but too often it only meant lavish extravagance in self-indulgence and vice. In one of the early metrical romances of the time, the aged Count Guy, in sending his young son Doon into the world, gives him some fair advice, but it hardly rises above the counsels of mere worldly prudence and self-seeking. "Give to the poor whenever you have money: for the more you give the more honour you will acquire. Do not quarrel with your neighbour: for if he know anything against you he will let it out, and you will have the shame of it. At court, if you have any good points of behaviour, show them:

indulgence. The writer of the life of Hereward describes a drunken gathering of Norman knights, with a minstrel in their midst, making coarse and brutal jests. The brutality of manners in some cases led to heartless ferocity, and when we reach the time of the civil wars of Stephen's reign, we find the amusements of the hall varied with the torture of captive enemies.

At the same time it must not be supposed the dark cloud was altogether without its silver lining. There were general tokens of advancing civilization. The game of chess became very popular. Many of the rudely carved chessmen of the twelfth century have been found, chiefly in the north of England, made of the tusks of the walrus, popularly



OCCUPATIONS OF THE LADIES.

you will be the more prized and gain the more advantage." Religion, so-called, seems to have been equally regarded as mainly a matter of policy. Superstitious formalism was evidently the chief thing thought of. Thus Doon is advised to "Hear the holy mass daily, and to honour the priests;" but it is significantly added:—"Leave them as little of your goods as you can; you will never profit by enriching them." Home confidence also seems to have been quite as lacking as real piety. "If," says Count Guy, "you should know anything that you would wish to conceal, tell it by no means to your wife, if you have one; for if you let her know it, you will repent of it the first time you displease her."

Indoor amusements during the earlier Norman period were often attended with riotous

known as whale's bone. Even in the little town of Kirkcudbright, on the Scottish border, there was, in the middle of the twelfth century, a maker of combs, draughtsmen, chessmen, spigots, and other such articles of bone and horn. Stag's horn appears to have been a favourite material. Candles, fixed not in candlesticks but on them, as on spikes, and lanterns, were becoming common. The ladies very extensively employed themselves in weaving. Our illustration, from the manuscript Psalter in Trinity College, Cambridge, gives a group of female weavers. The scissors (Saxon *sear*) are, as will be seen, similar to the shears of modern clothiers. Music was also a favourite occupation. We give an illustration of a large organ of laborious though rather clumsy workmanship.

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GIFTS: FREE SPECIMEN PARCELS.



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The following are the books offered. Several copies of each can be sent, if wished, but the supply, in some cases, being limited, early application is necessary.

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All letters and communications during *this month* should be addressed to

Mr. CHARLES MURRAY,  
Home Words Office,  
1, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

\* We shall be glad if our Readers will make this Specimen Parcel offer generally known to the Clergy and Sunday School Superintendents. It is an important Mission effort.



**"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."**

**"Often and often that 'stitch' has come into my head, and just in the nick of time to prevent me from losing money, character, custom, everything."—See Page 92.**

*Drawn by Mrs. STAPLE.*

## "A Stitch in Time Saves Nine."

(See Illustration, Page 91.)



**M**RS. BIRCH was a woman of sensible sayings, and Mrs. Birch was a woman of diligent doings too. When Mrs. Birch said she would do a thing, she did it, wisely arguing that if the thing had to be done some day, it might as well be done at once, made an end of, and finished straight away.

"Strike the iron while it's hot,"—"Now or never,"—"Delays are dangerous,"—"A stitch in time saves nine,"—were some of her favourite mottoes; and although the birds have sung over her grave in Nestleton churchyard for nearly twenty summers, the influence of her active, honest life is still blessing the world.

"As my poor mother used to say," is often the form in which Tom Birch, the blacksmith, now hands on "a bit of good advice" to his mates. "Why, lads, I remember just as if it was yesterday, rushing

into the house one Saturday afternoon after playing leapfrog on the green, and mother's sharp eye spied a tiny rent in my breeches. Then and there she made me 'off' with them. I had to sit on the table the whiles, and as the needle and cotton went through and through the corduroy, she kept saying, 'A stitch in time saves nine, Tommy,—a stitch in time saves nine, Tommy! Never forget that, Tommy!' And I never have forgotten it! Often and often that 'stitch' has come into my head, and just in the nick of time to prevent me from losing money, character, custom, everything!"

So we see that, in Mrs. Birch's case at least, has been amply fulfilled the quaint proverb which has travelled across the ocean from Madagascar; namely, "A good deed is a memorial stone, and good done is good packed up for a journey." Oh that every day we may plant some good deed in our life's history! What a bright and happy journey will then be ours!

FREDERICK SHERLOCK.

## Thomas Edward:

THE SCOTCH NATURALIST.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

SEVERE TRIAL—FRESH  
EFFORT.



**E**DWARD waited on in patience and hope; but the attendance at his Aberdeen exhibition was very scanty. Perhaps, he thought, the price was too high, "Ladies and Gentlemen, 6d.; Tradespeople, 3d.; Children, half-price." Well, he would call "the millions" to his aid, and reduced the charge to a penny. But the millions did not come. Their hearts, he thought, were made of their native granite.

Even advertisements and circulars by the thousand, failed. A few pence represented often the takings of the day. His little fund realized at Banff was gone: he was already in debt; and a letter reached him from his former employer telling him if he did not return immediately to his work he must give the employment to another.

The heart must truly be harder even than Aberdeen granite that is not touched by the record of such an experience. The over-taxed and sensitive brain almost gave way. He had nothing but his collection—a collection rather than part with which he would have sacrificed his life—and yet this must go to meet his debt! Reason tottered on her throne, and in his despair he contem-



plated suicide. He resolved to go to the sea-shore, where it might be thought his death was accidental. His mental state after leaving his home he describes as almost a blank. He remembered, however, the following circumstances:—

"He had thrown off his hat, coat, and waistcoat, before rushing into the sea, when a flock of sanderlings lit upon the sands near him. They attracted his attention. They were running to and fro, some piping their low shrill whistle, whilst others were probing the wet sand with their bills as the waves receded. But amongst them was another bird, larger and darker, and apparently of different habits to the others. Desirous of knowing something of the nature of this bird, he approached the sanderlings. They rose and flew away. He followed them. They lit again, and again he observed the birds as before. Away they went, and he after them. At length he was stopped at Don mouth. When he recovered his consciousness, he was watching the flock of birds flying away to the farther side of the river. He had forgotten all his miseries in his intense love of nature. His ruling passion, under God, saved him."

How long the chase lasted he never could tell. It must have occupied him more than an hour. He found himself divested of his hat, coat, and vest; and he went back to look for them. He had no further desire to carry out the purpose for which he had descended to the sea. His only thought was about the strange bird among the sanderlings: "What could it be?" Perhaps the bird had been his Providence. He tried to think so.

But, alas! the trial he had passed through during the day had been most dreadful. The next morning, after a night of torturing thoughts, he again went down to the sea-shore a little after daylight, eagerly searching for the strange bird of the preceding evening. But although he walked several times along the sands, from the bathing machines to the mouth of the Don, he never saw it. The providential bird was gone. So far as Edward knew, he never saw the like of that bird again.

He now, after many long and bitter heart-

pangs, decided upon advertising his collection for sale. An effort was made by one gentleman of influence to raise twenty pounds in Banff to secure the collection for his native place, but it failed; and at length he accepted an offer in Aberdeen of £20 10s. The purchase was made by a Mr. Grant for his boy, who had a taste for natural history; but neglect in a short time resulted in the ruin of the whole collection. Edward returned to Banff on foot without a single specimen of his cherished treasures, and without a penny in his pocket that he could call his own.

Unable to pay for the return journey of his wife and family, the kindly carrier who took them to Aberdeen consented to bring them back free. With the return of his family, light once more seemed to rest upon his path. There might yet be peace and plenty about the fireside. Next morning he was busy at his trade, sewing, hammering, and "skelping away at the leather."

But the "ruling passion" remained the ruling passion still; and ere long Edward again resumed his old habits and pursuits if possible with redoubled zeal. His hunting dress or attire must have given him an odd appearance on his expeditions. He thus describes it:—

"My coat had eight pockets, four outside and four inside. The two lower inside ones were 'meal-pocks' for size. My waistcoat, too, had four rather big receptacles: the term 'waistcoat pockets' could scarcely describe them. Besides these, I had a number of bags or wallets, hung over my shoulders, or tied round my middle, or under my coat, according to their intended uses. I had also several queer-looking things which I carried in my hands and called 'accessories;' for there is no other specific name for the articles. All my pockets had their quota of chip-boxes."

On one occasion these "chip boxes" in which he placed his specimens led to an amusing adventure, and Mr. Smiles' account is so graphic that we give it at length.

"In a terrific storm, having lost his way, and plunged into bog after bog, he had taken refuge in a house, rushing in without ceremony, and looking more like a lunatic than

a naturalist. Two little maidens inside were evidently rather frightened at his appearance; but they said he might rest there until the storm ceased.

"There was a good fire of sods and peats on the floor. Edward went towards it, with his dripping clothes to dry himself. He now began to look at his belongings. He first took off his hat, the hiding-place for many of his treasures. He found that the bundles of rare moss he had picked up on the moor, and also the flies he had pinned into the crown of his hat, were all right. His hat was usually two-storied. The lower part contained his head, and the other, above it, separated by a thin piece of board, contained mosses, birds' eggs, butterflies, insects, and such like.

"He next proceeded to take off some of his wallets. But, just as he had begun to remove them, he heard the girls behind him tittering and giggling. Turning round, he saw one of them pointing to his back, and trying to suppress her mirth. He could not imagine the reason. Another, and yet another stifled laugh! On his looking round again, they rushed out of the room; and then he heard them exploding with laughter. The cause of their merriment was this. The storm of rain had soaked Edward to the skin. Every pocket and wallet was full of chip-boxes and water. The glue of the boxes had melted; the ants, worms, slugs, spiders, caterpillars, and such like, had all escaped, and were mixed up in a confused mass. They shortly began to creep out of the innumerable pockets in which they had been contained. It was because the girls had seen the mixture of half-drowned spiders, beetles, ants, and caterpillars, creeping up the strange man's back, that they rushed from the place, and laughed their full out of doors.

"Edward was now left to himself. The girls had doubtless gone to fetch their mother. He began to think of beating a retreat. But at that moment, a woman, of prodigious size and attitude, appeared at the threshold. She stood stock still, and looked at the stranger furiously. He addressed her, but she gave no reply. He looked at her again. In one hand she grasped a most formidable-looking axe; whilst in the other

she held what looked like the half of a young tree. She was tall, stout, and remarkably muscular; her hair was of a carrotty-red colour, and thickly matted together. Her dress was scanty; she was bare-legged, but wore a pair of old unlaced boots, such as are usually worn by ploughmen. With her axe in one hand and her pole in the other—with her clenched teeth, and fierce aspect—Edward could entertain no other idea of her than that she was mad; and that her intention was to brain him with her axe! He could not rush past her. Her space filled the doorway. He could not overpower her, for she was much more powerful than he was. His suspense was dreadful.

"At last she moved one step forward, then another, until Edward thought he might plunge past her, and escape. But no; she opened her lips and spoke, or rather yelled—'Man, fat the sorra brocht ye in here, an you in siccan a mess! Gang oot o' my hoose, I tell ye, this verra minit! Gang oot!' This appeal brought Edward to himself again. He apologised to her for entering her house, and begged her to let him remain until the rain had ceased. 'Not a minit,' was the sharp rejoinder; 'ye'll pit my hoose afloat. Besides yer vermin, ye'll pit's a' in a hobble if ye dinna gang oot!'

"He protested that he had nothing to do with vermin; but as he spoke he lifted up his hand to wipe something off his cheek. It was a hairy oobit! He was in a moment alive to the woman's expostulations. On looking to his clothes he found that he was a moving mass of insect life. He cleared the room in a bound, regardless of the woman's axe and cudgel. He went into an old shed, threw off his coat and waistcoat, and found them a mass of creeping things. On searching his pockets, he found that all the chip-boxes had given way, and that the whole of the collection which he had made during the last three days was lost. He might have collected the insects from his clothing, but he had nothing to put them in. He now found that he was the lunatic, not the woman. Before he departed, he apologised for the trouble he had caused her, and then went home-wards—a sadder, if not a wiser man."

(To be continued.)

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XI. FLOWERS.



BUDS and bells! sweet April pleasures,  
Springing all around;  
White and gold and crimson treasures,  
From the cold, unlovely ground!  
He who gave them grace and hue  
Made the little children too!

When the weary little flowers  
Close their starry eyes,  
By the dark and dewy hours,  
Strength and freshness God supplies.  
He who sends the gentle dew,  
Cares for little children too.

Then He gives the pleasant weather,  
Sunshine warm and free,  
Making all things glad together,  
Kind to them and kind to me.  
Lovely flowers! He loveth you,  
And the little children too.

Though we cannot hear you singing  
Softly chiming lays,  
Surely God can see you bringing  
Silent songs of wordless praise,—  
Hears your anthem, sweet and true,  
Hears the little children too.

## XII. THE STAR WHICH THE WIND BLEW OUT.

It was a sweet April evening, and I was on my way to the village of H—, to visit a dying boy—a bright, promising child, about eight years old.

The sun had set at least an hour, and stars were quietly coming out, one by one, in the sky, the brightest, of course, first. My little girl trotted briskly at my side, making her remarks as we passed on. There was some wind, and the sky was not free from clouds. One star shone out very brightly, and it caught our eye. We stood still to look at it. As we were looking, a sudden blast rose and swept over us, driving the clouds before it. It was not at all a very angry blast, but it was enough to lay hold of my girl's bonnet, and carry it off with some haste. In the pursuit of the bonnet, the star was for a

minute or two forgotten; and when we looked up again it was gone!

"Oh, look, look, the wind has blown out the star!" cried a sad little voice beside me.

"Not quite, perhaps, my little one; have patience, and let us see if it is quite blown out."

On we walked; but the clouds still kept their place. Sky and star were hidden; and my little one kept scolding the wind, and wondering if the star would ever come back.

Just as she was talking the clouds moved suddenly off, and the big bright star shone out.

"Oh, look, look! God has lighted the star again which the wind blew out. I hope He won't let the wind blow it out again."

We had now reached the cottage of the sick child. We went in and stood beside his bed. He was near death, and suffered much. Pain was there; pain that threw a shade over his brow and eye, yet could not take away a sweet smile that played on his parched lips. He was ready to depart, and was looking upward, as if expecting to be called.

"How are you, Tommy?" I said.

"Very ill," was the answer.

"But going to be well?" said I.

He understood me and smiled, repeating my words, "Going to be well."

In a few minutes more it was all well with him. He went up to be with his Saviour.

On his pillow there lay his Bible and his hymn-book. I took up the latter, and it opened at the hymn, "Lord, look upon a little child!" I read the third verse.

"A star of early dawn, and bright,  
Shining within thy sacred light;  
A beam of grace to all around;  
A little spot of hallowed ground."

I turned to my own little one as I read these lines. She was looking up at me; and both of us were thinking of the star which the cold wind of earth had blown out, but which God would so soon light up again. It was only for a season that the star had gone out; it would shine as long more beautifully than ever. For "Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption." Z.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, D.D., VICAR OF ALDBURGH, SUFFOLK.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. FIVE Names of the Lord occur in the Old Testament, consisting of "Jehovah" and another word; can you find them? and their meanings?
2. The "centurions" of the Gospels and the Acts come out in a good light; can you refer to the places?
3. Our blessed Lord's "seven last words"; what were they? and which does each Evangelist record?
4. Do you know any signs that the Lord regarded the Psalms as a manual of devotion?
5. What reference is there in the New Testament to the burial of Moses?
6. What judge does Samuel speak of, whom we do not know?
7. Who was "the son of my sorrow" and "the son of

the right hand"? "the son of perdition"? and "the son of consolation"?

8. Which Evangelist gives more explanations of Jewish names, customs, and geography than the others?

9. How often did fire from the Lord consume a sacrifice?

10. "Book of ages." Do you know where in the Bible this is found?

## ANSWERS (See Fns. No., p. 47).

I. Nine: 1 Kings xvii., 2 Kings iv., 3 Kings xiii., Matt. ix., Luke vii., John xi.; the Lord; Acts ix., xx. II. Noah's preaching. Lot's vexation. III. The names of the magicians. IV. 1 Thess. v. 19; John vii. 27-39; John iii. 8. V. John xxi. 15, 16, 17. VI. Acts vi. 15. VII. Matt. xvii. 3. VIII. Moses, Elijah, the Lord, Saul of Tarsus. IX. Acts xi. 13, 14. X. Acts ix. 11.

Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but only to local Teachers.

SUN.—1st day.  
Rises 5.35. Sets 6.31.

APRIL.

MOON.—New, 7th, A. 1.36  
Full, 22nd, M. 11.27.

LIGHT  
FAITH  
HOME  
GRACE  
IN  
LIFE

HOPE  
JOY  
PEACE  
LOVE

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.



Little  
Children, abide in Him.

1 Jno. ii. 22.

Perfect  
in Christ Jesus.

Col. i. 28.

1 S	1st S. aft. Eas. Thou art worthy... for Thou wast slain.
2 M	The chiefest among ten thousand. Cant. v. 10.
3 Tu	He is altogether lovely. Cant. v. 16.
4 W	Whom have I in heaven but Thee? Ps. lxxiii. 25.
5 Th	He is the Head of the body, the Church. Col. i. 18.
6 F	The firstborn from the dead. Col. i. 18. [Col. i. 18.
7 S	That in all things He might have the preeminence.
8 S	2nd S. aft. Eas. The Good Shepherd giveth His life.

9 M	Thou art fairer than the children of men. Ps. xlv. 2.
10 Tu	God also hath highly exalted Him. Phil. ii. 9. [ii. 19.
11 W	In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead. Col.
12 Th	The Son of the Father, in truth and love. 3 John 3.
13 F	Whosoever He saith unto you, do it. John ii. 5.
14 S	What saith my Lord unto His servant? Josh. v. 14.
15 S	3rd S. aft. Eas. Let your... lights be burning. Lk. xii. 35.
16 M	Ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.

THE  
LOVE OF  
CHRIST WHICH PASSETH  
KNOWLEDGE.

Eph. iii. 19.

All  
things  
under His feet.

Eph. i. 22.

Head  
over all things.

Eph. i. 22.

17 Tu	Blessed are those servants. Luke xii. 39.
18 W	I have called you friends. John xv. 15. [Prov. xviii. 24.
19 Th	There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
20 F	Grace is poured into Thy lips. Ps. xlv. 2.
21 S	Never man spake like this man. John vii. 46.
22 S	4th S. aft. Eas. All things that the Father hath are
23 M	mine. John xvi. 15. [Cant. vii. 10.
	I am my Beloved's, and His desire is toward me.

24 Tu	A Name written... King of kings, and Lord of
	lords. Rev. xix. 16. [lxix. 11.
25 W	Sr. MAX. All kings shall fall down before Him. Ps.
26 Th	In His days shall the righteous flourish. Ps. lxxii. 7.
27 F	His Name shall endure for ever. Ps. lxxii. 17.
28 S	Fear not... I am the First and the Last. Rev. i. 17.
29 S	Rogation S. I was set up from everlasting. Pr. viii. 23.
30 M	This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend. Cant. v. 16.

BLEST Benediction of Thy Word—  
"The grace of Jesus Christ the Lord,  
The Father's love, the Spirit's power,  
Be with you all for evermore!"  
This Benediction, all Divine—  
"The Triune God be ever thine!"—R.M.

ALMIGHTY God, to Thee  
Be endless honours done:  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One!  
With all her powers where reason fails,  
This love adores and faith prevails.—Watts.

Christ our Refuge. Christ is the hiding-place of His people; just as by the sea-side the sea-birds run into the clefts of the rock. The cleft is wide enough to admit them; but it is too narrow to admit the hand of the fowler. And when the strong waves beat high, and we flee for refuge to the cleft of the Rock, there we dwell securely. "The Eternal God is thy Refuge."—Rev. W. Pennycuik.

Christ and Self. The place where you lose self, will be that where you find your Saviour "all in all."







MY FOUR SHIPS.





# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

### My Four Ships.



STOOD and watched my ships  
go out,  
Each, one by one, unmooring  
free,

What time the quiet harbour filled  
With flood-tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy;  
She spread a smooth, white, ample sail,  
And eastward drove with bending spars  
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed—her name was Hope;  
No cargo in her hold she bore,  
Thinking to find in western lands  
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love;  
She showed a red flag at the mast—  
A flag as red as blood she showed,  
And towards the south sped fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith;  
Slowly she took her passage forth,  
Tacked and lay-to, at last she steered  
A straight course for the north.

My gallant ships, they sailed away  
Over the shimmering Summer sea.  
I stood at watch for many a day,  
But only one came back to me:

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain,  
Hope ran upon a hidden reef,  
And Love took fire and foundered fast  
'Mid whelming seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn;  
She recompensed me all my loss—  
For as a cargo safe she brought  
A Crown linked to a Cross.

ANON.

### The Certainty of the Seasons.

**A** PEASANT in Switzerland was at work in his garden very early in the spring. A lady passing said:—"I fear the plants which have come forward rapidly will yet be destroyed by the frost." Mark the wisdom of the peasant:—"God has been our Father a great while," was his reply.

What faith that reply exhibited in the olden promise:—"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease" (Gen. viii. 22).

VOL. XIII. NO. 7.

### Easter Thoughts.

**D**EATH stung himself to death, when he stung Christ.—*Romaine*.

"Roses bloom  
In the desert tomb,  
Because the Saviour once lay there."

On a tombstone in a village churchyard are the touching words, "When will morning come?" Christianity alone gives the answer—"When I awake in His likeness."

## Daisy of "Old Meadow."

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW," "OUR FOLKS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XII.

## DAISY'S TROUBLE.



WONDER if I couldn't manage to stand, if I tried," said Daisy wistfully. She had had the thought in her mind for some days before it came out. A month had passed since old Isaac's last visit to her room, and Daisy as yet seemed not much better. John Davis in hospital was making steady advance towards recovery, and Daisy was often haunted by a dread of the time when Mary would have to leave her. "I can't think what I shall do," she murmured sadly one day to her nurse, and then after some thought she broke into the wonder whether she might not be able to stand, if she tried.

"You'd be quick enough up if you could, Daisy," said Mary Davis.

"But perhaps I've grown lazy, Nursie," said Daisy. "Perhaps I ought just to try. You lift me and do everything for me, so that I haven't had to try. I'm sure father must be getting vexed at my staying in bed so long."

Mary Davis would not tell Daisy how vexed Mr. Meads was, nor how he grudged Daisy's nurse every mouthful of food that she ate. Her one aim was to shelter Daisy. But she did sometimes wonder how things were to end.

"Nurse," said Daisy suddenly, "I want to see father again."

"By-and-by," said Mary.

"No, not by-and-by. I want to see him now," said Daisy, with firmness. "I am quite sure I ought, Nursie. He must be so lonely, with nobody to see after him all day. You needn't leave me alone with him, if you don't like, but I *must* see him, please."

"He'll make you ill again, Miss Daisy."

"No, I don't think so. I'm better than I was—a great deal," said Daisy. "My head isn't so bad, and I don't seem to be so startled at everything. If only my legs didn't feel so heavy, I should think I was

going to be quite well very soon indeed. Nursie dear, I want to see father presently, but I *do* want first, please, to try if I can stand."

"You can't stand," said Mary gravely.

"I want to make sure. Father is sure to ask me, and then I can tell him that I have tried. I really can sit up a little now, with the pillows behind me, and I don't see why I shouldn't stand—just for a second or two. I'd rather not ask Mr. Bennet, because he might tell me to wait, and I *do* so want to try."

Mary did not argue the question longer. Daisy's imploring face was quite too much for her. She carefully wrapped a warm dressing-gown round the prostrate thin figure, and then she very gently lifted Daisy up and out of bed, placing and holding her in an upright position.

"Nursie, am I standing? I can't be sure," said Daisy, with dilated anxious eyes and quick breathing. "Are my feet down flat on the floor? It feels so strange."

"Yes, you're standing now, Daisy," said Mary Davis.

"Don't let go, please," said Daisy faintly. "The room is all going round. My legs are just as heavy as in bed, Nursie."

"Yes, dear. I'll put you back now," said Mary.

The words seemed to rouse Daisy. "No, no, I haven't tried standing alone yet," she said hurriedly. "Let me go a moment, Nursie."

"My dear, you *can't*," said Mary.

"I want to try. Please—oh, please, do, quickly."

Mary relaxed partially her firm hold, intending to do no more, but at the same instant Daisy with a quick movement pushed both her hands away. It was the work of a moment. Before Mary could grasp her again Daisy had sunk in a heap on the ground.

"O Nursie, I can't, I can't," she said despairingly. "Oh, what shall I do?"

Mary uttered no reproaches. She lifted Daisy up from the floor, not without diffi-

culty, laid her in the bed, and drew the clothes over her. Daisy hid her face in the pillow, with a burst of heart-broken sobbing.

"I did think I should be able," she moaned. "I didn't think it would be so bad. Nursie, I don't believe I shall ever be able to walk again. And what will father say?"

"There's no use looking forward for troubles that mayn't ever come," said Mary quietly. "If the trouble is sent by God, Mr. Meads 'll have to bear it and so will you, Miss Daisy. But you don't know yet as it will come. Nobody can tell yet. It's as like as not you'll be walking all right in a few weeks or months."

"Does Mr. Bennet say so?" asked poor Daisy, weeping still.

"He says it's a good sign that you're able to bear sitting up a bit. He says he don't know how long it'll be, but he hopes you'll get on better by-and-by."

Daisy fell into a fresh fit of sobs. "Oh, I *did* think I should be able to stand just for a moment," she said. "I did think I could. And it seemed as if I hadn't the very least power in my legs."

"And you were faint and weak too," said Mary. "That makes the matter worse."

"Father will be so disappointed. I shouldn't mind if it wasn't for him. But I can't think what he will say!" moaned Daisy, quite overcome by her bitter disappointment.

It came suddenly into Mary's head that this would be no bad time for Isaac to see Daisy again. She acted on the moment's impulse, not quite wisely, perhaps, since she could not tell at all how the old man would behave, and Daisy was already upset. Leaving the bedroom she went quickly across to the parlour, and there accosted Isaac with the words,—

"Do you want to see Daisy, Mr. Meads?"

"I'd have seen her long ago if it hadn't been for you," grumbled Isaac.

"I'll take you in now if you promise me not to stay a moment longer than I give you leave."

Isaac Meads grunted anew.

"You mustn't be there many minutes, for Daisy is weak, but she wants to have a sight of you again."

"She isn't going to die?" asked Isaac with some show of interest.

"No," said Mary sharply. "Much you'd care if she did. Come."

Mary was vexed with herself the next moment for her sharp way of speaking. After all the old man could scarcely be counted to have his full wits. She led the way, and Isaac shuffled after.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### SONG!

DAISY was still crying when they entered. Her face was pressed into the pillow, and her low sobs sounded through the room. Mary Davis motioned Isaac to the bedside, and he stood there, saying nothing, with a rather astonished look upon his face. Daisy had always been so cheery in her ways, that he could scarcely remember seeing her shed tears since she was quite a child.

Mary waited a little while, and then said: "Daisy, here's your father come to see you."

Daisy turned her head quickly, and lifted her tearful eyes to his. Then she wrung her hands together, and broke out anew into a passion of sobs. "O father, father," she cried, "I can't walk or stand. I've tried, and I can't. And you will get so tired of me; you will wish I was dead. O father, I don't know what to do; I don't know how to bear it."

"Can't you stand yet, Daisy?" asked Isaac, in a perplexed and dubious tone.

"No, no, no," sobbed Daisy. "I tried, and I fell down. My legs seem almost as if they were dead, father. I don't know if I shall ever be able to stand again."

"Don't know if ever you'll be able to stand again!" echoed Isaac, in tones of dismay.

"No," moaned Daisy. "Perhaps never—never."

"Who's ever a-going to do your work?" asked Isaac. "I can't afford to keep a woman, Daisy. It's sheer ruination,—and I haven't got a penny to spare—not one penny."

"Ah, I knew you'd say so," Daisy answered sorrowfully, yet struggling to be calmer. "Father, you'll get so tired of me soon; you'll wish I was dead. And I would rather die and go to heaven—oh, much, much rather—"

if only I might. But I mustn't be in a hurry, if God doesn't wish it for me yet. Only—oh, father, I don't know *what* to do!"

"You hear her, Mr. Meads," said Mary Davis slowly. "You hear what she's telling you. She thinks you'll be tired of her, and want her to die, because she can't slave for you any longer,—she that's your own little Daisy, the only child you've got. If she's taken, you'll have nobody left you then—not a soul in all the world to care for you. I wonder if you'd mind? You'd have your gold still—only your gold. Maybe that's all you want."

"Who says I've got gold?" asked the old man tremblingly, an expression of fear coming over his face. "I tell you, woman, I ain't got one penny to spare,—not one penny. I'm only a poor old man."

"O yes, I know," said Mary calmly, with a touch of contempt. "You and I know one another pretty well, Mr. Meads, by this time. You can't take me in as you take most people in. Poor!"—and her voice suddenly changed. "Yes, it's true, that, and no mistake. You *are* a poor man, Mr. Meads,—poor and miserable too. Any man 'ud be poor who had his heart wrapped up in gold. But it'll be taken from you some day,—mind that. It's your idol, and it'll be taken from you."

Isaac shook as if he had the palsy, and his lustreless eyes stared hard at Mary. "It'll be took!" he muttered hoarsely. "Who says it'll be took? I've got it all safe—all safe. There isn't a soul knows where I put it."

"Maybe yes, and maybe no," Mary answered. "Don't you be too sure, Mr. Meads. There's often a deal more known by folks around than you think for. You needn't look at me like that. I don't know where you keep your hoard,—no, nor I don't want to. The gold that can kill your love for your own child has a curse upon it, and I wouldn't finger it if I could. But it'll be taken from you some day, or you'll be taken from it. And what'll you have then?"

Daisy's tears were at an end. She had lain silently listening thus far, and now she stretched out both hands to him, saying, "Father, don't you love me?"

Isaac made no answer. He stared fixedly at Mary Davis, muttering, "I've got it safe."

"Then keep it safe, if you will," answered Mary, who was losing patience. "But don't make believe you haven't got pence when you've got pounds, for I can't stand it."

"Nursie, don't be angry with him," said Daisy softly. "He can't understand."

"I'm angry with him for your sake, Daisy," Mary answered, drawing a long breath. "How ever you stand it all as you do, passes me. I don't feel like a Christian when I see him."

"But you must," said Daisy quietly; and then again she asked—"Father, don't you love me at all?"

Isaac made no response. He did not seem to take in the sense of Daisy's question, for Mary's words were still haunting him, and he could only think of one thing at a time. Daisy's lips quivered, and her eyes filled anew, and Mary thought the scene had lasted long enough for her. "Come, Mr. Meads," she said, "it's time you should go. Say good-bye to Daisy."

"Good-bye, father," Daisy said submissively. "You'll come again to-morrow, won't you?"

Isaac made no attempt to remain. He shuffled slowly back into the parlour, and there sat until bed-time, lost in helpless thought. What could Mary Davis mean? How should anybody be aware of his carefully guarded hoard?

Mary Davis had spoken, on the impulse of the moment, that which her womanly common-sense dictated to her. She had no doubt whatever that Mr. Meads really did possess a considerable amount of money. She knew that the conjectures of other people on this head amounted to almost certainty. She felt it to be by no means unlikely that an attempt might some day be made by evil-disposed persons to discover his supposed hoards. She remembered that at his age he must in any case soon leave all that he had. Her words were the outcome of these thoughts.

Mary spoke under impulse, not at all expecting to make so deep an impression on him. But a strange thing happened, following upon her words,—especially strange in that it did so closely follow after.

Isaac retired at his usual time, taking his solitary candle to the bedroom, bolting the

door, drawing the window curtains closer, peering suspiciously under the bed and the wardrobe.

These and other preparations completed, he went to the corner where the bag of gold habitually lay hidden in the hollow behind the deep wainscoting. He touched the spring, and bent to lift his treasure—this golden treasure, so dear to his heart.

Isaac started back in horror and affright. Where was the bag? His hand found only a vacant space.

Ghastly pale, and shaking like an aspen, Isaac brought the candle from the table, and stared into the hole. Yes, it was empty—quite empty. The bag was gone.

Breathing hard, and with the air of a man stupefied by a sudden blow, Isaac put the panel back into its place, and then stood thinking, or trying to think.

"There's t'other hole," he muttered feebly. "I don't know as I mightn't—maybe—have put it in there."

He knew he had not done so, yet he tried to believe that it was possible. He knew well that the second small hiding place could not have contained the big bag of gold, even if it had not been already half filled by a tin box holding Bank of England notes, yet he tried to defer the agony of his loss by cheating himself into the notion that perhaps somehow the gold was there.

The second spring did not answer so readily to his touch as the first had done. Isaac slowly woke to the fact that it had been tampered with. Icy drops broke out on his face. What if here too—?

The wood-work yielded suddenly, and Isaac almost fell backwards with the force he had been exerting. He grasped the back of a chair and steadied himself. Then he stooped and looked in.

A deep groan broke from Isaac. For the box of bank-notes was gone also.

Dazed and stunned, Isaac staggered to a chair. He was utterly bewildered. It did not at first occur to him that any steps might be taken for the recovery of the stolen money. He only knew that it was lost. "Gone! gone!" broke now and then from his parched lips.

Isaac could not have told how long he sat

there in helpless despair. The candle-end burnt itself out slowly, and after many flickerings and flarings up, the flame was quenched, and he found himself in darkness.

That roused the old man from his stunned condition. He sat more upright, and peered into the darkness. Words were suddenly coming back to him—words recently uttered by Mary Davis, but forgotten hitherto in the shock of his discovery. Mary Davis had spoken of his gold,—had foretold that he would some day lose it. What if Mary Davis had found his hiding places, and had abstracted his treasure? The idea occurred to him distinctly. He did not suspect her of any intention to steal, for he knew her of old to be scrupulously honest; but she might, he thought, have laid hands on the money to use it for Daisy, since she so often complained that he would not allow Daisy enough; and somehow the dishonesty of such an act did not strike Isaac. He quite believed Mary to be capable of it.

Stumbling across the room, striking against pieces of furniture in the dark, he unbolted his door with nervous haste, reached Daisy's door, found it fastened, and rapped heavily.

Daisy, roused from her quiet sleep, gave a startled cry, and Mary, who had not yet gone to bed, hastened to her side. "Don't you be frightened, dear; it's nothing," she said. "Don't tremble, Daisy. It's only your father."

"But what can he want?" asked Daisy fearfully, as Isaac shouted hoarse demands for admittance.

"You can't come in now; it's too late," Mary called from beside Daisy.

Isaac was past taking in the sense of what she said. He battered furiously with all the strength at his command, finding relief in the action, and shouting incoherent words.

"It isn't like father to get in this sort of way," Daisy said tremblingly. "Nurse, do you think he can be mad? I never knew him in such a rage. He'll break in soon. The lock is so weak."

Mary had her own fears on that head. She went close to the door and called out, "Stop, Mr. Meads, stop. What is it you want?"

"I want my money," Isaac cried in a frenzy of distress. "I want my money. It's gone, every penny of it; and I mean to have it

back. If you don't give it me this minute, I'll——"

The threat following was indistinct, but Mary could imagine its import. Though she had never before seen Isaac Meads in precisely this condition, she knew that any man completely overcome by passion is capable of almost any deed. Isaac Meads was old and feeble, yet the strength lent by rage might well make him temporarily more than a match for any ordinary woman. Mary thought of Betsy Simmons's strong frame longingly.

"Listen to me, Mr. Meads," she called. "I've not got your money, and I don't know anything about it."

"You told me it 'ud be taken, and you've gone and got it," yelled Isaac.

"It's a lie, Mr. Meads. I've not touched one farthing of your money," Mary answered. "But if it is gone, you'd best not waste your time here. Why don't you go straight to the police-station, and give information? Every minute you put off, the less likely you are to get your money back."

"Police-station!" Isaac said helplessly, and he ceased his battering.

"Yes, the police-station—down to the left, near the other end of the road. You'd best bring a policeman back with you, and see if he can find out anything. I wouldn't lose a minute if I was you. The thief 'll get right off if you do."

She heard the old man totter away,—how feebly she did not know. She heard him go out of the house and shut the door behind him. But long as she waited and listened, she did not hear him return, and at length she came to the conclusion that he and the policeman must have started in pursuit of the thief, deferring their examination of the bedroom till later. It was a very simple thought of Mary's—helped on, perhaps, by her dread of meeting him, and her fear of leaving Daisy. She did once or twice wonder whether she was quite right not to go out and look after him. Yet, for Daisy's sake, how could she?

Mary would not have had far to go. The shock of his loss was telling rapidly on the old man, and the brief strength of passion was fast dying away. He only managed to

get as far as the garden-path. There he fell to the ground, having no power to rise again; and there, when morning dawned, he was found, still lying prostrate, damp with the night-dews. When they carried him indoors and laid him on his bed, he only stared about him with half-closed eyes, muttering monotonously, "Gone! gone! gone!" like the knell of a passing bell.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A MOTHER'S WORK.

"THINGS are ever so much better than they used to be. Why, it feels like a different house," Janet Humphrey said to Mrs. Simmons, on the afternoon of the same Saturday when old Isaac Meads found his treasure to have vanished. The Humphreys had just been enjoying a good hot dinner, with "father" of course to share it, and Mrs. Simmons had dropped in afterwards, to find Janet, tidy and smiling, with the baby in her arms.

"I'm sure I'm glad to hear it," said Betsy Simmons; "and I hope it'll continue."

"I hope so too," said Janet. "I shouldn't like to go back and live all in a mess again. You haven't been near me in a great while, Mrs. Simmons."

"Well, no; it does seem a good bit," said Mrs. Simmons. "But I haven't had time to spare. Fact is, whenever I can I just go across and sit with little Miss Daisy for an hour, and let Mrs. Davis get out for a bit of fresh air. She ain't a strong woman, and the nursing's been a long pull upon her. And I'm sure nobody knows how much longer it mayn't go on. How's your husband to-day, Mrs. Humphrey?"

"He's quite well," Janet said; "and he's doing a bit of carpentering. It's wonderful how Jem has took to carpentering lately. He always was a good hand at it, but he used to say it wasn't worth while, and I couldn't get him to do anything. And now he's talking of making all sorts of things. Just look here, he's put up these shelves for me in the corner, so as I might have more room on the dresser. And he's just now making a book-case, and we mean to get it full of books too, in time. I don't see why



we shouldn't. And Tommy broke the leg of a chair lately, and Jem got up early next morning and mended it. Why, if I'd asked him a while back——"

"It isn't so very astonishing," said Mrs. Simmons. "Stands to reason, a man don't care to waste his time in ornamenting of a pig-stye."

"O, Mrs. Simmons, it wasn't a pig-stye," said Janet, rather hurt.

"Well no, my dear, it wasn't," said Mrs. Simmons. "Folks don't spend their whole lives in scouring and scrubbing of a pig-stye, and that's what you did, pretty nearly. But for all your scouring and scrubbing you didn't get the place clean, Mrs. Humphrey."

"No, I didn't," assented Janet meekly. "I suppose it was because I hadn't regular times for regular work, and somehow I never seemed to finish anything off."

"Just that exactly," said Mrs. Simmons. "Well, and how are the children? I hope Janey's getting to be a help to you."

"Oh, she's only a child yet," said Janet.

"She isn't too much of a child to be trained into womanly ways," said Mrs. Simmons. "Now, Mrs. Humphrey, don't you give in to being one of them selfish mothers as are always slaving for a lot of idle children, and never making the children do a hand's turn for themselves."

"Selfish!" Janet repeated in astonishment.

"Selfish—yes. Of course it's selfish," said Mrs. Simmons; "and lazy into the bargain. Of course it's a deal less trouble to do a thing yourself than to teach Janey how to do it, more particularly if Janey gets a troublesome fit and won't try. But it isn't a question of just now only, it's a question of by-and-by as well. You've got to prepare Janey for being a woman by-and-by, and one of the first lessons you ought to teach her is how to work. Half the wives and mothers of the present day are pretty nearly useless, because they've never learnt how to work."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Janet.

"Shouldn't wonder! Why, can't you see it for yourself? Children are left to grow up anyhow, and to scramble into any sorts of ways and habits, and then people expect 'em somehow suddenly to change into sensible,

hard-working useful women, with no trouble ever taken to make them so. O yes, they go to school of course. But school can't do what I mean. School can't teach them to be useful and thoughtful and tidy in their own homes. School can't teach them scrubbing and washing and dusting and cooking. Only a mother can teach them all that, or somebody in a mother's place. And mind you, it won't come by nature. Bees gather honey by nature, but girls don't scour and darn by nature."

"Well, I'm sure I never thought about teaching Janey such things," said Janet. "I thought it would all come by-and-by. And she hasn't got much time yet, what with schooling and all. She don't mind nursing the baby for me when she's in."

"I should hope she didn't," said Mrs. Simmons. "Mind helping her mother! A pretty pass things are coming to! You're a deal too fond of thinking what your children 'mind,' Mrs. Humphrey. What is *good* for them is more to the point. Teach them to do their duty in God's sight, never stopping to think about their own fancies, and let them see you doing the same, and there's some hope they'll keep straight."

"I'm not what you may call a religious talker," said Janet.

"So much the better," answered Mrs. Simmons. "What folks call a 'religious talker' is very often a sham sort of specimen. It's more important to ask if you're a religious *doer*, Mrs. Humphrey."

"I've been trying to do better lately," said Janet.

"Yes, I know you have. It's good, so far," said Mrs. Simmons. "And yet that isn't all. Cleanliness and order of themselves aren't religion, though they ought and must go alongside of religion. If you're truly serving God from your heart, and if you sweep your room and cook your dinner the very best you possibly can, just *because* you want to please God, doing it with thoughts in your heart of trying to honour Him, why then your sweeping and cooking are a part of your religion, sure enough. But not else."

"I don't know as I've given much thought that way," said Janet shamefacedly.

"I'd begin," said Mrs. Simmons gravely.

"I wouldn't put off, Mrs. Humphrey. And mind, you've got to train those children of yours for heaven. That's the work that lies ready to your hand. It isn't only a question of training them to be useful men and women by-and-by. It's a question of training them for heaven."

"There don't seem much time," began Janet.

"There's time enough for eating and sleeping, and dressing and seeing friends," said Mrs. Simmons. "Time enough, I suppose, for everything except that. And yet that's the one thing above all that calls most for attention."

"They go to Sunday-school," said Janet.

"That's something, but it isn't enough," said Mrs. Simmons. "It is *mother's* teaching they want, Mrs. Humphrey. It's the teaching that will help their little feet day after day to follow in the steps of the Lord Jesus—teach-

ing that'll make them want to serve Him, and fight against naughty ways. That's what they want. You don't think an hour or two once a week can do everything. No, no—it's home teaching as well as Sunday-school that's needed. God has given them into your hands, for training."

Janet said "But," and paused.

"Yes, there's a 'but,'" said Mrs. Simmons, lowering her full hearty tones, and looking earnestly at Janet. "There's a 'but,' Mrs. Humphrey. I don't quite see, for my part, how you're to manage to bring your children to the feet of the Lord Jesus if you haven't ever come to Him yourself, and asked Him for healing. There were mothers that brought their little ones to Him to be blessed, and He sent none of them away. But I've marked often, in my mind, how those mothers brought the children themselves. They didn't just send them by somebody else."

(To be continued.)

### Our Church Portrait Gallery.



IX. THE REV. CANON RAWLINSON, M.A.: X. THE REV. STANLEY LEATHES, D.D.:  
XI. THE REV. WILLIAM ADAMSON: XII. THE REV. JOHN GURNEY HOARE, M.A.

THE Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A., Canon of Canterbury, and Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, was educated at Ealing School.

He proceeded in 1834 to Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1838. He was elected to a Fellowship at Exeter College in 1840, ordained in 1841, and appointed Tutor and Fellow of his College in 1842. Four years later he married a daughter of Sir R. A. Chermiside, and took the Curacy of Merton. In 1847 he returned to the University, where he has since pursued his learned labours. Amongst his pupils may be named, Dr. Percival, afterwards President of Trinity College, Dr. Jex Blake, Head Master of Rugby, Canon Duckworth, Mr. Horace Davey, M.P., and many others who have made their mark in the world.

In 1861, Mr. Rawlinson was elected without opposition as Camden Professor of Ancient

History, for which he was so well qualified; and in 1872 he was appointed to a Canonry in Canterbury Cathedral.

As a preacher, he has obtained a wide reputation, and his published sermons have had a large circulation. His principal works are, "The History of Herodotus," "The Historical Truth of the Scripture Records," and "The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World." He has also been a contributor to "The Speaker's Commentary," "Smith's Dictionary of the Bible," and "The Bible Educator." Nearly all his works have been republished in America.

The Rev. Stanley Leathes, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, was born in 1830. He was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he obtained the Tyrwhitt Scholarship. After holding two or three curacies, he became in 1863 Professor of Hebrew in King's College, London. He was appointed Boyle Lecturer in 1867, Hulsean Lecturer in 1873,



**THE REV. CANON RAWLINSON, M.A.,  
CANON OF CANTERBURY.**



**THE REV. STANLEY LEATHES, D.D.,  
PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S.**



**THE REV. WILLIAM ADAMSON,  
VICAR OF ST. PAUL'S, OLD FORD, E.**



**THE REV. JOHN GURNEY HOARE, M.A.,  
VICAR OF ST. DUNSTAN'S, CANTERBURY.**

*(Drawn from Photographs, by T. D. SCOTT: Engraved by R. & R. TAYLOR.)*

## **OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

and Bampton Lecturer in 1874. In 1878 the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of D.D.

Prebendary Leathes is one of the Revisers engaged in the new version of the Old Testament, and is one of our most distinguished classical and theological scholars. His works are numerous. Amongst them the most popular are perhaps:—"The Witness of the Old Testament to Christ," "The Witness of St. Paul to Christ," "The Witness of St. John to Christ," and "The Grounds of Christian Hope." His "Commentary on Daniel, the Minor Prophets, and the New Testament," is invaluable.

The Rev. William Adamson, Vicar of St. Paul's, Old Ford, E., stands in the post of honour as one of the East End London Clergy, labouring in a parish with a population of over 11,000 poor. Mr. Adamson originally studied for the Scotch Bar, at Edinburgh, but his mind was directed to the ministry, and he was ordained in 1866, by the late Bishop of Exeter. After holding several curacies, two in Bethnal Green, he was appointed in 1874 to organize and form the new parish of Old Ford (St. Paul's). In a short time he raised £9000 towards the erection of a Church; one anonymous donor sending him £2000. In 1878 the Church was consecrated by the Bishop of London, who remarked that he had never seen so large an amount of pence in any offertory—an indication both of the poverty of the district and the interest which had been aroused. A Vicarage and Parochial Institute have since been erected through Mr. Adamson's exertions.

Those who wish to see what advantages are conferred on a parish by the labours of a devoted pastor, should visit Old Ford. Without noise or excitement a marvellous amount of work is done. There are Mothers' Meetings, Provident Funds, Penny Bank, Boot and Shoe Club, Excursion Clubs, Temperance Societies, Cottage Lectures, and Children's Services. The Missionary Societies are also not forgotten; and the Printing Press is fully at work. There are two Curates, two Scripture Readers, and a Bible woman, aiding the Vicar. Mrs. Adamson also has a large Mothers' Meeting, which has been greatly blessed.

As a preacher Mr. Adamson speaks from the heart to the heart. He is especially happy in winning the children. "Robin Dinners" in Old Ford have now for several years been deeply interesting occasions. In fact, every philanthropic movement receives warm support in Old Ford; which is a thorough Church of England mission station amongst the masses. Mr. Adamson is the author of several works, amongst which are: "Illustrations of the Pentateuch," "Facts and Fragments," "Mentone, or Reflections on the Riviera," "Lights and Shadows," and "My Pagoda Fig Tree," contain most interesting annals of an East End parish.

We only wish some steward of wealth, or some rich suburban congregation, would adopt St. Paul's, Old Ford, as a station for mission work; for it is needless to say that such workers as Mr. Adamson are always ready to argue from what has been done, that much more *might* be done, if funds were available.


The Rev. John Gurney Hoare, M.A., Vicar of St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, is a son of the well-known Canon Hoare, of Tunbridge Wells. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking the B.A. degree in 1869, and proceeding to M.A. in 1872. He was ordained by the Archbishop of York, in 1873, to the Curacy of Christ Church, Sculcoates, Hull, removing after a few months to Sunderland. After two years' active work in the northern seaport, he became Curate to his father, at Holy Trinity, Tunbridge Wells, where his labours were greatly valued.

In 1877 he was preferred to his present charge, as Vicar of one of the most ancient churches in Canterbury. Here his untiring exertions and faithful preaching have attracted a large congregation, which fills the church at the Sunday services. The parish is covered with a network of helpful institutions. The dissemination of pure literature in the homes of the people has a warm friend in Mr. Hoare. He also takes an active interest in Temperance work, and is the President of a flourishing branch of the Church of England Temperance Society. Our portrait is engraved from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

## The Spring-Tide Above.

BY THE REV. G. S. STREATFIELD, M.A., VICAR OF HOLY TRINITY, LOUTH

"We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen."—2 Cor. iv. 18.

WEETLY, so sweetly they sing,  
mother,  
Thro' the wearisome watches  
of night;

Is it the angels that sing, mother,  
Of the Springtide so near and so bright?  
Sing me a song of the Spring, mother,  
Of the Springtime that's coming so fast,—  
Sing of the life and the light, mother,  
That are telling me winter is past."

"Little the need of my voice, darling,  
When the hedges are mantled in green;  
Daffodils down by the stream, darling,  
Bring a message that winter has been.

Silence were seemlier praise, darling,  
When the nightingale comes with a  
psalm;

Herald of sunbeam and life, darling,  
From the land of the myrtle and palm.

Ask not a sonnet from me, darling,  
When the gladness of earth is thy bard;

Soft breathes the South on the moor,  
darling,  
And the dew glistens bright on the  
sward."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Not of the Springtide of earth, mother,  
Was my dream, as in slumber I lay;  
Not of the Springtide of earth, mother,  
Did I ask you to tell me to-day.

Dear is the song of the bird, mother,  
And the daffodil down by the stream;  
Sweet is the breath of the South, mother,  
And the dewdrops, like diamonds, gleam.

Lovely, too lovely to last, mother,  
Upon Earth, where all loveliness dies;—  
'Tis for the Springtide above, mother,  
That my spirit unsatisfied cries.

Sing of the Springtide above, mother,  
Of the Springtide that's coming so  
fast,—

Sing of the light and the life, mother,  
That for ever in Heaven shall last."

## The Stone Rolled Away: Easter Thoughts.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

(Continued from Page 88.)



I have seen how truly in the sinner's Justification in the sight of a holy heart-searching God, the Atoning work of Christ alone can "roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre"—calling the guilty one from the grave of sin and placing him in the home of God, a wanderer restored, a prodigal who "was dead and is alive again." "God is just, and the Justifier of the believer in Jesus."

II. As a second Easter thought the experience of the women at the door of the sepulchre may fitly illustrate the other equally momentous doctrine of the sinner's Sanctification.

The justified need to be sanctified in order that they may be glorified. How often, forgetful that the work of sanctification is as truly God's work of grace as the work of justification—how often struggling believers are perplexed and distressed by the strivings of evil within them! And if words were used by

them, they might give expression to their thoughts in the question, "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" Who shall subdue within us the strivings of evil? Who shall bring into captivity to the law of Christ the thoughts of the heart? Who shall deliver us from this "body of death"?

The asking of the question is, let us be sure, a token for good. No man asks with longing desire, How shall I become holy? who is not the subject of saving grace. That is indeed, as we have said, a perilous state in which the sinner is at peace with his sins, never struggles to overcome his sins, never breathes out the prayer, "Sanctify me wholly." But when that prayer is offered, the answer will not be withheld. The stone shall be removed from the door of the sepulchre.

The power of God in the Gospel of His Son is equal to this. He can bring Lazarus forth from his grave, and restore him in life and health to his home. The bondage, the slavery of sin shall be broken. Sin in us shall no longer rule over us. God working in us, there will be strife and victory over sin; and in His own way and time God will work out that sanctifying process in the heart—often mysterious, always humbling, but ever progressing—which shall make the subject

of it meet for "the inheritance of the saints in light."

To the question, Who shall deliver me from the body of *this* death? the believer in Christ can make reply, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."\*

III. But another Easter thought. There are, in every Christian's experience, seasons of special trial and trouble. How often at such times we discover our weakness of faith, or rather the evidence of the heart of unbelief within us still striving to regain its lost supremacy and power. Brought through former trials, we yet say we can never recover from this. The others were severe enough, but *this* is worse than all. There is nothing to mitigate the trial, no hope of its removal. It is like a "sepulchre" in which all our hopes are buried; and "who shall roll away the stone from the door of this sepulchre?"

Be not surprised at this state of mind; but do not yield to it. God is able to roll away this stone. In His own time He will do it. Perhaps even now the stone is *being* rolled away, though you see not the Hand that is put forth. Perhaps where the stone was, there is an *angel* now—an angel bearing a message of grace and mercy to your soul.

You may be planning to do your best to move the stone, with little hope of any

\* In "*A Reply to the 'Secret Book' of the 'Salvation Army,'*" by the Editor of *Home Words*, which has just been published (*Home Words Office*), this Easter thought is more fully treated, with special reference to the strange and utterly un-Scriptural teaching of the so-called "Salvation Army" on this and other most important points.

The late Dean Close said not a word too much, when, referring to the painful, and, to our mind, profane contents of Mr. Booth's publications, he wrote:—"If it were the last protest I were permitted to make in this world, it should be against impiety and madness in professedly religious worship, against the vulgar and shocking commonplace shouting of the holiest language by this so-called 'Salvation Army.'" Lord Shaftesbury also says:—"The excesses of the 'Army' are producing great irreverence of thought, of expression, and of action, and turning religion into a grotesque play." But the most serious danger arises from the grossly un-Scriptural and outrageous teaching of Mr. Booth as to Sanctification, the Word of God, and the two Sacraments, as well as his own ridiculous spiritual Popedom.

To meet and expose these most serious errors is the object of "*A Reply to the Secret Book.*" It is hoped that the Clergy and others will aid its circulation wherever the "Army" is at work. For this purpose quantities for distribution (over 100 copies) will be supplied at less than cost price, on application to the Publisher, *Home Words Office*, 1, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. Single copies can be obtained at all Booksellers, price 2d., or twelve copies post free from *Home Words Office* for 1s. 6d.



success, for it is very great. But God has a better purpose than you imagine, and when the object of the trial is accomplished—and who would wish trial to depart without leaving its blessing behind?—the removal of it will be as wonderful a surprise as that which filled the minds of the women when the angel said, "Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here, for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

IV. One other Easter thought only I will notice. The way of true, genuine discipleship is ever the way of the cross. "He who taketh not up his cross and followeth after Me is not worthy of Me." We all know this is the law of discipleship. But when the test is applied, and the real sacrifice demanded, there is a shrinking. Even though the spirit be willing, the flesh is weak, and asks, "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

Again let the God of grace give us the answer. He worketh in us both to will and to do. He works all our works in us. He can so quicken the willing spirit that, in spite of obstacles from which the flesh shrinks, we shall "run in the way of His commandments," and testify from our happy experience that they are "not grievous."

Be not surprised if you shrink from Christian duty. If you never thus shrink, you have reason to fear you have never yet understood what Christian duty is. Once set your mind upon serving Christ, and you will find a cross which only grace can enable you to bear. But Grace *can*. Grace can give you a richer harvest of personal joy from the most self-sacrificing life denied to those whose law of action is simply to "please themselves." These remain in the sepulchre, whereas you are called out of the sepulchre; and the stone removed, the life of service becomes the life of privilege, and the secret of a joy

with which self-gratification and self-pleasing can never compare.

Such, then, are some of the Easter thoughts bearing upon leading points in the experience of Christian life which I think we may gather from the question of the women at the Saviour's tomb, "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?"

The sinner seeking to be *justified*, the believer seeking to be *sanctified*, the *tried* disciple when heart and flesh are failing, the disciple taking up the *cross of service*—all may be disposed to ask, and doubtless will ask, often with painful anxiety, the question, "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" but all may find the answer to it in "the glorious Gospel of the grace of God." That grace, in each case, and in all, is "sufficient for us."

And now, going back for one moment to what I said was the great and special lesson of the text, pointing us to Jesus as "The Resurrection and the Life," I would say, in conclusion, Let us keep it before us; let us keep it constantly in mind. Let it not be a subject for Easter meditation only. But let us so grasp it, with a simple, childlike faith, that with our own sepulchres, as it were, before us, we may yet say, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Risen with Christ, realizing by a living faith His power to save, to justify, to sanctify, to comfort, and to strengthen for service—risen with Christ in blissful hope and anticipation—let us *now* seek "the things that are above;" let us *now* live the risen life of faith. Then from the dust of death we shall arise; the stone shall be rolled from the door of our sepulchre; "through the grave and gate of death we shall pass to our joyful resurrection;" we shall see our Risen Lord; we shall be "like Him;" we shall "awake in His likeness" and be eternally satisfied.

## The Home Songster.

### II. THE PRAISE OF GOOD DOCTORS.

BY SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.



HE best of all the pill-box crew,  
Since ever time began,  
Are the doctors who have most  
to do

With the health of a hearty man.

And so I count them up again

And praise them as I can;

There's Dr. Diet,

And Dr. Quiet,

And Dr. Merryman.

There's Dr. Diet, he tries my tongue,

"I know you well," says he:

"Your stomach is poor and your liver is  
sprung:

We must make your food agree."

And Dr. Quiet, he feels my wrist

And he gravely shakes his head,

"Now, now, dear sir, I must insist  
That you go at ten to bed."

But Dr. Merryman for me

Of all the pill-box crew!

For he smiles and says, as he fobs his  
fee:

"Laugh on, whatever you do!"

So now I eat what I ought to eat,

And at ten I go to bed,

And I laugh in the face of cold or heat;

For thus have the doctors said!

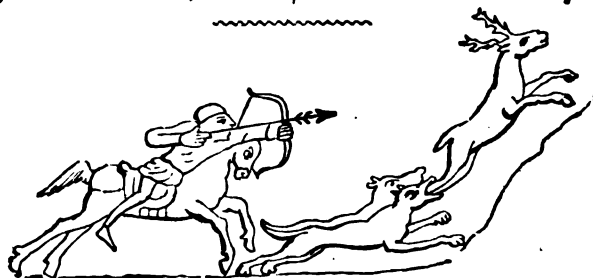
And so I count them up again,

And praise them as I can:

There's Dr. Diet,

And Dr. Quiet,

And Dr. Merryman!



A STAG-HUNT.

## How They Lived in the Olden Times.

BY THE EDITOR.



### III. AMUSEMENTS AND TEACHING.

THE out-of-door amusements  
of the early Norman period  
were rough and boisterous:  
wrestling, boxing, bull-bait-  
ings, and sometimes bear-  
baitings. At Banbury, in  
Oxfordshire, a Roman am-  
phitheatre was known by the title of "The  
Bull Ring" down to a very late period.

The higher ranks were devoted to the  
chase. Every reader of English history  
knows the story of the New Forest, and of  
the death there of William Rufus. William  
the Conqueror made a barbarous law, that  
"whoever killed a hart or a hind should be  
blinded;" and the oppression of the rural  
population was very great. Bows and arrows  
were the weapons generally used. Our cut,  
from the Trinity College Psalter, represents  
a horseman hunting the stag. The noble  
animal is closely followed by a brace of

hounds, and just as he is turning up a hill, the huntsman aims a barbed and fledged or feathered arrow at him.

The same manuscript affords us two other curious illustrations of the manners of the earlier half of the twelfth century. The first

rather favoured above the aristocracy. The latter were instructed in behaviour, in manly exercises, in the use of arms, and in carving at table—then looked upon as a most important accomplishment among gentlemen; but a prince or a baron was frequently



THE STOCKS.

represents two men in the stocks; one held by one leg only, the other by both. The men to the left are hooting and insulting them. The second is the interior of a Norman school. The bench, on which the scholars are seated, forms a circle in the full original picture. The two writers, the teacher—who seems to be lecturing the scholars, and his seat and desk, are all worthy of notice.

It will surprise many to learn that, so far as what we consider school learning went, the middle and even the labouring classes were

unable to read and write. A scholar or secretary would be employed to render these services. On the other hand, from Anglo-Saxon times every parish church was in some measure a kind of public school. In the Ecclesiastical Laws published under King Edgar, there is one which would lead us to suppose that the clergy performed these scholastic duties with considerable zeal; and this system of teaching was kept up during at least several generations after the Norman Conquest.



A NORMAN SCHOOL.

### "Will Spring Return?"

"**W**ILL Spring return,  
And birds and lambs again be  
gay,  
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?"  
Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flower  
Again shall paint your summer bower;

Again the hawthorn shall supply  
The garlands you delight to tie;  
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,  
And wild birds carol to the round;  
And while you frolic light as they,  
Too short shall seem the summer day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.



### Farmer Brown's Second Wooing.

**ALTHOUGH** Farmer Brown had long dreamed of a visit to the metropolis, when he actually found himself there, early last May, he was almost tempted to doubt his own identity. The holiday surroundings were wholly unlike anything to which he was accustomed in his prosy country home at Norton. London sights appealed to his sense of wonder and admiration; and whatever his expectations had been, he was more than satisfied. But somehow his enjoyment did not seem complete. He was finding out that "happiness was born a twin"; and as his heart expanded, the wish crept in that he had asked his wife Jane if she would like to come to London too.

Farmer Brown had resolved to gratify his ears as well as his eyes during this long-anticipated visit. Now and then he had managed to hear some famous speaker in the neighbouring town to the village of Norton, and he knew the May meetings in London would give him a rich treat in this way. So the first evening found him at a crowded gathering in Exeter Hall, prepared to listen with absorbed attention to all that might be said. Presently, however, one of the speakers made a home-thrust by telling a story which sadly hindered Farmer Brown's further interest in what followed. The story was of a man who applied for a divorce, and was advised by his eminent lawyer to try the effect of making love to his wife as he had done before marrying her, instead of resorting to the measure he had proposed. It included also an account of a later visit when the happy husband withdrew his application, and, with irrepressible

glee, assured the lawyer that his experiment had worked like a charm—that "Fanny had become as amiable and affectionate a wife as a man could ask to have."

The speaker told the story well, and it drew forth much applause; but Farmer Brown's interest was of too serious a nature to permit his joining in it. As if unconscious, for the moment, of the multitude about him, he said in an undertone: "I'm quite sure that wouldn't work with Jane! All I have to say is, that man's wife was different from mine!"

It would seem that this course of reasoning did not wholly dismiss from Farmer Brown's mind a train of thoughts and possibilities suggested by the speaker's story. In every treat of the following days, the far-away husband was relentlessly followed by a vision of hard-worked Jane, looking upon him with reproachful eyes. At length he quieted his conscience with the determination to prove that his estimate of his wife was correct. "When I go back," he said to himself, "I'll just show her some little attentions, and I'll see they won't have no more effect on her than they would on the old bay mare. Jane's bound to be sullen and obstinate, and I suppose I may as well make up my mind to it."

On reaching home, the resolution was not easily carried out. When Mr. Brown planned some gallantry towards his wife, the very thought made him feel so unnatural and foolish that postponement resulted; but the next Sunday offered an opportunity so convenient that he improved it.

The farm was a considerable distance from church, yet Farmer Brown had for years been in the habit of driving back alone after the morning service, leaving his wife to attend the afternoon Sunday school and service, and



**THE FIRST LAMB.**  
"Will Spring return,  
And birds and lambs again be gay!"

then walk home as best she could through mud or dust. Great was Mrs. Brown's astonishment, therefore, on the Sunday after her husband's return, to find him waiting for her at the close of the service. The faintest suspicion that he had driven back to the church for her did not cross the good woman's mind. She supposed he had come for some purpose of his own, and was hesitating whether to walk on as usual or to suggest waiting for him, when the farmer called out, "It's just as cheap to ride as to walk." Silently the wife took her seat, and silently they drove home, much to the husband's satisfaction, for it seemed to him a proof of his wife's dull, unappreciative nature. "I knew how it would be," he muttered; "that man's wife was different from mine!"

At the same time Farmer Brown was conscious of having performed a most praiseworthy act, and felt so comfortable that he resolved to repeat the experiment. So, on the following Sunday, Jane again found her husband waiting; and, as she mounted, she ventured to utter a half-audible "thank-you," and to ask if he had been waiting long. To which Farmer Brown replied that he had just reached the church, and didn't know but he might find she had started on foot. This reply seemed to Jane a positive assurance that her husband had really returned for the sole purpose of taking her home; and her chilled heart glowed with a warmth unknown for years. She longed to tell her husband how much she appreciated his trouble, but imagined it would sound "so foolish" that she kept her pleasure to herself.

The third Sunday was rainy, and, as she prepared for church, Mrs. Brown kept thinking, "I wonder if Samuel means to come for me to-day; it would be such a help in the rain; I've half a mind to ask him!" This resolution was soon stifled, however, with the reasoning which had silenced many similar resolves in the past ten years:—"No, I won't ask any favours; if he doesn't think enough of me to come, why he needn't." Although proudly unwilling to seek any attentions, Jane longed for some demonstration of her husband's love and care. She had walked home in the rain too often greatly to dread such exposure, but a week before the wife

had tasted the joy of being considered, and she longed for some new and further proof of her husband's affection.

Mrs. Brown's heart leaped for joy, when, in the afternoon, she saw the old mare's head from the church window. Indeed, her hungering heart suddenly became quite unmanageable, and, entering the carriage, poor melted Jane sobbed out: "I'm sure it's very good of you, Samuel, to come back for me this rainy day:" and then the tears flowed so fast that further words were impossible.

Completely taken by surprise, Farmer Brown exclaimed: "I declare! I hadn't any idea you'd care so much about it!"

"I wouldn't mind the walk," responded the wife; "but—Samuel—I'm so happy to have you—care enough about me to come!"

The strong man was brushing away a tear from his own cheek now; his tenderer, better nature was mastering the hard, selfish spirit which had long possessed him, and, with some coughing and choking, he said: "Jane, I see I've made a sad mistake in our married life; if you've a mind to forgive me, I'll see if I can't treat you from to-day as a woman ought to be treated."

This confession was all too much for the weeping wife, and she answered quickly: "You're not a bit more to blame than I am; I've been proud and obstinate; but I tell you what it is, we'll begin all over again."

The ice was now thoroughly broken, and that evening Farmer Brown and his wife had a long talk over the past and the future. It ended by the now loving husband stooping and kissing his now loving wife, saying, as he did so: "Jane, I've been thinking that married life isn't so very different from farming or any other occupation. Now, I'm not so foolish as to think a field will keep yielding if I only enrich it once and plant it once; I have to go over the same ground every season; and here I supposed you were going always to do as you did when we were courting without my doing my part at all."

"If I hadn't changed any, maybe you would always have been as tender as you used to be," pleaded the happy wife.

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not; but I don't mean to leave you to try any such plan. I tell you what it is, Jane. I feel as if we hadn't even



been really married till to-day. It almost seems as if we ought to take a wedding tour."

"I'm afraid we'll have to wait till next summer for that," was the smiling response.

"I suppose we shall; but we'll take it then, certain; and I'll tell you where we'll go, wife—and that's to London and Exeter Hall!"

B. W. H.

## Our Common Worship.

BY THE REV. C. WARRING BARDSLEY, M.A., VICAR OF ULVERSTON, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE LONDON DIRECTORY."



### I. AGREEMENT BEFORE-HAND.

ONE of the differences between our Church and Nonconformity is this: we use a written form of prayer; they prefer extempore prayer. And yet from the lips of

no writers, no speakers, no preachers, have warmer encomiums on the exquisite simplicity and chastened piety of our English Liturgy proceeded than from those of some of the foremost leaders of Nonconformity. Nay, let me go further. I believe the vast mass of sincere Dissenters love occasionally to join in it. But they do not object to it on doctrinal grounds, saving in the wording of one or two phrases,—they object to it on *practical grounds*. They assert that the reiterated use of a form of prayer, day by day, and Sabbath after Sabbath, tends to a soulless worship.

Now we know that in *private* prayer the Church of England has always encouraged an extempore utterance. She has given no form of prayer in her Liturgy for the secret devotions of her children. The question is therefore at once limited to a single point. What way of conducting service is best when a large body of Christians meet habitually in the House of Prayer to make their common necessities known unto God? I claim that a liturgical form is the best.

I. *I think it best on Scriptural grounds.*

The theory of worship in the Church of England is this: there shall be agreement between minister and people as to the things asked for. Why do we demand this? Because Christ gave a promise, and attached to that promise a condition. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything

that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father who is in heaven." The promise is the fulfilment of our request; the condition is our agreement beforehand in making the request.

How can this agreement be best obtained? Can it be best obtained by the extempore utterances of one, who has given you no means of foreknowing what he shall ask, or by a familiar form of chastened expressions framed for daily use? In the one case you must sift each new petition of the minister, to give your cordial assent to its intention; and while this mental process is going on, he will have passed on to some fresh supplication before you can follow him. In the other, there has been the agreement, framed in a sweet simplicity of words, honoured by the sanction of generations, and familiarised by the frequency of its perusal: so that the soul can readily fasten itself upon the spiritual want that it meets. Therefore a Liturgy fulfils the condition of agreement touching the things we shall ask.

It was in full harmony with this statement that the disciples asked our Lord how they were to pray—in what manner should they ask? His answer was, "When ye pray, say thus: Our Father!" Now notice, the Prayer of all prayers is a form of prayer. It is a form of daily prayer—"Give us this day our daily bread." It is a form framed by our Saviour, Christ Himself. Jesus said, "When ye pray, say thus." Nay more, it is a form authorized by Christ for public use. It is not "my Father." It is not, "give me my daily bread." It is not, "forgive me my trespasses." It is not, "deliver me from evil," but "our Father," "give us," "forgive us," "deliver us." Ah, yes, this prayer was intended for use where two or three shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask. It meets the demand for agreement.

(To be continued.)

## Temperance Arrows.

BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS," ETC.

"O many a shaft, at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer little meant."—Scott.



SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, M.P.,  
has become an abstainer.

"If we could but close public-houses and beer-shops early on Saturday evening and all Sunday, we should put an end to one-half of the crime of the country."—*The Rev. W. Cairns, M.A.*

"Why should you not abstain? You would save money by it. If you save twopence per day for twenty years, you would have £70, and that is like taking it out of the gutter."—*The Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel.*

SIR PETER LAURIN, on one occasion when he had a case before him, said:—"Beer-shops are, in my opinion, the high road to the Old Bailey, especially when they are mixed up with this atrocious betting system, which has ruined so many clerks and other persons in whom the confidence of their employers had been reposed."

THE VERY REV. G. H. CONNOR, Dean of Windsor, says:—"When I started my temperance society, I was the first to take the pledge in public."

LORD PALMERSTON at a civic dinner, in one of his facetious moods, said:—"What! drink my health? Why, gentlemen, my health is very good. Whatever do you mean by wishing to drink my health? To drink health!—how strange! Whatever do my friends mean?"

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States, he had a grand reception at Cincinnati, and his friends offered him some wine. Mr. Lincoln politely declined the proffered cup, and added, "For thirty years I have been a temperance man, and I am too old to change!"

EARL SHAFTESBURY recently declared that, financially, socially, morally, and religiously, the drink traffic was utterly corrupting the people and bringing them into a state of disorder.

JOHN BREEVE, the comedian, was once accosted by an elderly female with a small bottle of gin in her hand. "Pray, sir, I beg your pardon, is this the way to the workhouse?" John gave her a look of great dignity, and, pointing to the bottle, gravely said, "No, ma'am; but that is."

We labour on in faith and love,  
Our weakness here, our strength above:  
Ours is to work and pray;  
To stay the rushing tide of crimes,  
To build the wall in troublous times,  
And bring the brighter day.

"I AM glad," said the Rev. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Ottawas (a Red Indian tribe), "that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah, yes!" replied the chief, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

ON the Parliament Fields Estate in Liverpool there is not a single public-house, and upwards of 85,000 persons inhabit the district.

WHICH is best for a working man—a pint of beer or a pint of water? An abstaining workman would answer, "Give me a pint of pure water;" and a beer drinker would say, "Give me a pint of strong beer." But the question is not fairly put. We will suppose the pint of beer costs threepence; now, against this, place the pint of water, costing nothing; and with it put two pennyworth of bread and a penny rasher of bacon; here you have two three pennyworths—now make your choice.

WINE is a turncoat; first a friend, then an enemy.

WINE, dice, and deceit make wealth small and want great.

INTEMPERANCE is a doctor's wet-nurse.

DRUNKENNESS is an egg from which all vices are hatched.

THOMAS COOK, the well-known excursionist, remarks:—"Many persons when they travel, being told that the water is not pure or safe to drink, and being recommended to drink the wines of the country, foolishly believe this delusion. From my extensive acquaintance with many lands, I unhesitatingly affirm that everywhere God has provided pure water for man, and that the wines drunk are often miserable and dirty. I have found water everywhere that I have travelled—in China and India, Palestine and Egypt—and everywhere water has been my beverage."

"SUPPOSE for a moment that to-morrow's sun were to arise in all its splendour on a Britain devoid of alcohol, need a single human being die in consequence? No, not one need die, but many more might live."—*Dr. Norman Kerr.*

When shall our fair and noble land,  
Stamped with its foul degrading brand,  
Its fetters cast aside?  
Free from the curse which wrought its shame,  
Free from the blot which marred its fame,  
Free—in its honest pride?

—THE REV. JOHN BURSDEN.

"Home Words Temperance Arrows" may be had as Leaflets. Price 1s. per 100.  
The back of the leaflet can be utilised for the announcement of Parish Meetings, etc.  
(London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)

## The Young Folks' Page.



## XIII. I'LL TRY.

WO robin redbreasts built their nests  
Within a hollow tree;  
The hen sat quietly at home,  
The cock sang merrily;  
And all the little young ones said,  
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day the sun was warm and bright,  
And shining in the sky;  
Cock Robin said, "My little dears,  
It's time you learnt to fly;"  
And all the little young ones said,  
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."  
I know a child, and who she is  
I'll tell you by-and-by;  
When mother says "Do this or that,"  
She says "What for?" and "Why?"  
She'd be a better child by far,  
If she would say "I'll try."

## XIV. HOW TO LOVE GOD.

A roving boy lay very sick and drawing near to death.  
"One day," writes his uncle, "I saw he seemed more than  
usually sad and troubled. I sat down by him, took his  
hand, and asked him what made him sad."

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Tell me how  
to love Him."

I said to him: "My boy, you must trust God first, and  
then you will love Him without trying to do so at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed, "What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again. "Well," he slowly  
said, "I never knew that before. I always thought that  
I must love God first before I had any right to trust Him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered. "God wants us to  
trust Him; that is what Jesus always asks us to do first  
of all, and He knows that as soon as we trust Him we  
shall begin to love Him. That is the way to love God, to  
put your trust in Him first of all." Then I spoke to him  
of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent Him that we might  
believe in Him, and how, all through His life, He tried to  
win the trust of men; how grieved He was when men  
would not believe in Him, and how every one who be-  
lieved came to love without trying, because "He first  
loved them."

He drank in the truth, and simply saying, "I will trust  
Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in  
Christ's hands that very hour; and so he came "into the  
peace of God which passeth understanding," and lived in  
it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loving  
friends who watched over him during the remaining  
weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned  
to love God without trying, and that dying he went to  
Him whom, "not having seen, he had loved."

## XV. HOLY CHILDHOOD.

How brightly falls the morning ray  
Along the dewy sod,  
As though it came to light our day  
Fresh from the throne of God.

How sweetly do the wild birds sing  
From out their dewy bowers;  
How pleasant are the scents that spring  
From all earth's opening flowers.

God loves to see the flowers rejoice,  
He loves the wild birds' hymn;  
And yet their worship has no voice,  
Their sweetest strains are dim.

But children's lips sweet strains may learn,  
Of love and meaning too;  
And children's eyes to God may turn,  
Like flowers through morning dew.

God loves the voices low and clear,  
The early offered prayer;  
In truth He is a Father dear  
And hath a Father's care.

There was a Child, whose mortal birth,  
Like morning's rosy light,  
Broke glorious o'er our darkened earth:  
No flower so sweet and bright.

And for that Holy Child's dear love,  
And through His precious blood,  
Are children's voices heard above,  
And children's hearts made good.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. **YIL** means God. Can you find "House of God,"  
"Face of God," "Prince of God," "Asked of God,"  
"God with us"?
2. There are three notices of a timid disciple. Where?
3. Name the father of Alexander and Rufus, the grand-  
son of Lois, and the mistress of Rhoda.
4. There are two quotations in the Acts from the  
prophet Amos. Who made them?
5. Can you see in the 11th chapter of Saint Luke a pass-  
ing implication of the doctrine of original sin?
6. "I fast twice in a week." How often was an Israel-  
ite commanded to fast?
7. How many places are called the "City of David"?
8. "Ye shall drink indeed of My cup." Give two verses  
which show this came true.

9. Three youths, sent by their fathers on seemingly un-  
important errands, meet with most important events.  
Who are they?

10. "He that believeth shall not make haste." How  
does Jacob's history show a contrast to this saying?

## ANSWERS (See MARCH No., p. 71).

I. Five. Four were destroyed. See Gen. xiv. 2; Hos.  
xi. 8. II. 2 Chron. xxi. 20. III. Num. xii. 10; 2 Kings v.  
27. IV. 2 Kings xxiii. 31, with 36. V. Rom. xv. 23; Acts  
xxviii. 16. VI. 2 Kings xxv. 7, with Jer. xxxii. 4 and  
Ezek. xii. 13. VII. Jer. xxxi. 16; and compare 2 Sam. x.  
2, for Samuel lived at Ramah. VIII. Acts vii. 63; Gal.  
iii. 19; Heb. ii. 2. IX. James, Mary, Elias, Jesus. X.  
John iii. 14; viii. 28; xii. 22.

Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but only to local Teachers.

SUN.—1st day.  
Rises 4.34. Sets 7.21.

MAY.

MOON.—New, 6th, A. 2.58.  
Full, 22nd, M. 3.11.

GRACE

LIFE

THE TRINITY OF LOVE.

JOY

PEACE

REVEREND

HOPE

The Father  
Himself loveth you.  
John xvi. 27.

He spared  
not His own Son.  
Rom. viii. 32.

1 Tu St. PHILIP & ST. JAMES. Lord, show us the Father.  
2 W He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.  
3 Th ASCENSION. I ascend unto My Father, and your Father.  
4 F Thou hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me.  
5 S As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you.  
6 S S. Aft. Ascension. Continue ye in My love. John xv. 9.  
7 M If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love. John xv. 10.

8 Tu His love is perfected in us. 1 John iv. 12.  
9 W Perfect love casteth out fear. 1 Jno. iv. 18. [viii. 35.  
10 Th Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Rom.  
11 F The love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.  
12 S The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts. Rom. v. 5.  
13 S Whit-S. By the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.  
14 M Whit-M. Not by might... but by My Spirit. Zech. iv. 6.  
15 Tu Whit-Tu. Changed into the same image by the... Spirit.

IT  
IS GOD THAT

JUSTIFIETH.

Rom. viii. 33.

The love  
of the Spirit.  
Rom. xv. 30.

While...  
sinners, Christ  
died for us.  
Rom. v. 8.

16 W Waiting for the adoption. Rom. viii. 23. [3.  
17 Th With loving-kindness have I drawn thee. Jer. xxxi.  
18 F I drew them with bands of love. Hos. xi. 4.  
19 S They knew not that I healed them. Hos. xi. 3.  
20 S Trinity Sunday. God is love. 1 John iv. 8. [iii. 19.  
21 M The love of Christ which passeth knowledge. Eph.  
22 Tu The Spirit... maketh intercession for the saints.  
23 W He that is our God is the God of Salvation.

24 Th QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. Kings love him that speaketh right.  
25 F God hath power to help and to cast down. 2 Chr. xxv.  
26 S Whom hath saved us and called us with an holy calling.  
27 S 1st S. aft. Trin. He seeketh that which is gone astray.  
28 M He layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. Lk. xv. 6. [8.  
29 Tu Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep. Lk. xv.  
30 W He will joy over thee with singing. Zeph. iii. 17.  
31 Th The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God.

LIKE a river, glorious, is God's perfect peace,  
Over all victorious in its bright increase;  
Perfect, yet it floweth fuller every day,—  
Perfect, yet it groweth deeper all the way.  
Stayed upon Jehovah, hearts are fully blest,  
Finding as He promised, perfect peace and rest.

Hidden in the hollow of His blessed Hand,  
Never foe can follow, never traitor stand:  
Every joy or trial falleth from above,  
Traced upon our dial by the Sun of Love.  
We may trust Him fully, all for us to do: [F. R. H.  
They who trust Him wholly, find Him wholly true,—

Grief for Sin. A Christian grieves over sin because it displeases God, dishonours the Saviour, and grieves the Holy Ghost.—C. B.

A Full Portion. When the heart is full of God, a little of this world's good will go a great way with us.—Rutherford. "My cup runneth over," is the full portion anyone may have.

Love to God. Love to God is His own gift, "shed abroad" in the heart by the Holy Spirit.—C. B.

CHURCH STANDARD. MONTHLY MAGAZINES FOR THE HOME. Weekly Newspaper, Id.

THE FIRESIDE, 6d. THE DAY OF DAYS, 1d. HOME WORDS, 1d.

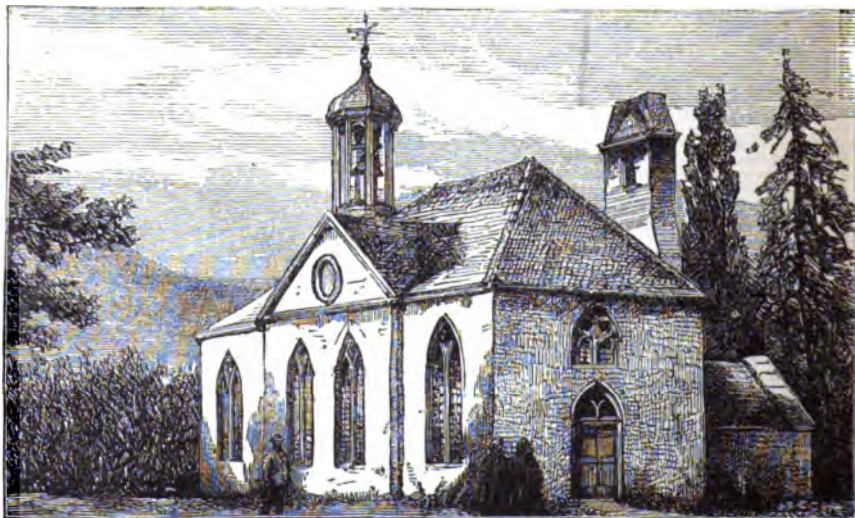






*From a Photograph by  
W. & D. Downey, Pinstico.*

**THE LATE MR. JOHN BROWN, THE QUEEN'S HIGHLANDER SERVANT.**



**CRATHIE CHURCH, BALMORAL, WHERE THE LATE JOHN BROWN WAS BURIED.**





# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

### A Queenly Tribute.

"A GOOD QUEEN'S FAITHFUL FOLLOWER!"

BY THE EDITOR.



THE kindness of relation always existing between the Queen and the Prince Consort and their domestic servants, finds frequent illustration in "The Home Life of the Prince Consort."\*

Especially at Balmoral everything was done to promote what may be termed the unity of family life. The whole household worshipped together in the little parish church of Crathie, two miles distant from the old castle. On the very first Sunday the Royal Family spent at Balmoral, we are told, the Queen and the Prince Consort went to church accompanied by their children and members of the household, and took their seats in the western gallery as quietly as if they had simply been the lord and lady of the neighbouring manor. The Queen and Prince also made it a rule never to have more work done on the Sunday than was necessary. Thus the domestics had every

opportunity of resting as well as their Sovereign.

The Prince Consort once said, at the annual meeting in London of the Servants' Provident and Benevolent Society:—

"Who would not feel the deepest interest in the welfare of their domestic servants? Whose heart would fail to sympathise with those who minister to us in sickness, receive us upon our first appearance in this world, and even extend their cares to our mortal remains—who lie under our roof, form our household, and are part of our family?"

The same appreciation of faithful service is expressed by the Queen in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands." Sir Arthur Helps, writing, as is well understood, on behalf of the Queen, says:—"Her Majesty never takes for granted the services and attentions which are rendered to her, and which we all know would be rendered to her from dutiful respect and regard; but views them

\* "The Home Life of the Prince Consort." Price 2s. 6d. A new edition of "England's Royal Home" is also now ready. Price 5s. (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)

as special kindnesses to herself, and to which she makes no claim whatever from her exalted position as a Sovereign."

The Queen has just lost one of her most faithful and devoted servants, Mr. John Brown. A severe cold, caught in the discharge of duty, resulted in erysipelas, and after a few days' illness he died at Windsor Castle on March 27th. He had been in Her Majesty's service more than thirty years. "Beginning in 1849 as one of the Balmoral gillies, by his careful attention, steadiness, and intelligence, he rose in 1858 to the position of the Queen's personal servant in Scotland, which in 1864 was extended to that of constant personal attendant on all occasions." The Queen mentions him in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands" as being one of four men who rowed her and the late Prince Consort on Lock Muick on Sept. 16th, 1850. Her Majesty adds in a note:—

"John Brown in 1858 became my regular attendant out of doors everywhere in the Highlands. He commenced as gillie in 1849, and was selected by Albert and me to go with my carriage. In 1851 he entered our service permanently, and began in that year leading my pony, and advanced step by step by his good conduct and intelligence. His attention, care, and faithfulness cannot be exceeded; and the state of my health, which of late years has been sorely tried and weakened, renders such qualifications most valuable, and, indeed, most needful in a constant attendant upon all occasions. He has since (in December, 1865) most deservedly been promoted to be an upper servant, and my permanent personal attendant. He has all the independence and elevated feelings peculiar to the Highland race, and is singularly straightforward, simple-minded, kind-hearted, and disinterested. always ready to oblige, and of a discretion rarely to be met with."

The subsequent references to Mr. Brown in her Majesty's Journal are very frequent, pleasant, and characteristic. The Queen speaks of his rare powers as a pedestrian, on long journeys, walking five miles an hour "with that vigorous, light, elastic tread, which is quite astonishing;" of his carefulness in leading her pony over steep places in the mountains, or in crossing a ford; and of her being once carried over a wet place, at the Prince Consort's suggestion, by seating herself in a plaid, the ends of which were held by Brown and Duncan, laid over their shoulders, as they were the two strongest men of the party. Upon one occasion, as they ascended Ben Muich Dhui, in October, 1859, the Queen says:—

"Brown observed to me, in simple Highland phrase, 'It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always "content."' Yesterday, in speaking of dearest Albert's sport, when I observed he never was cross after failure, Brown said, 'Every one on the estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction.' I said they certainly did."

The courage and faithfulness displayed by Mr. Brown were not unrewarded. For his promptitude in defending the person of the Sovereign when attacked by Connor at Buckingham Palace he was decorated with a gold medal by the Queen. He likewise received the silver medal of the Royal Household for meritorious service, and a medal from the King of Greece, as well as other distinctions. He was, it will be remembered, seated in the rumble of the Queen's carriage when Maclean fired at Her Majesty at the Windsor station of the Great Western Railway last March.

He was born in 1826, in the parish of Crathie, Aberdeenshire, in which Balmoral Castle is situated. His father was a small farmer, at the Bush, opposite Balmoral, on the estate of Colonel Farquharson, of Invercauld. He died a few years since,

at the age of eighty-two. John Brown was the second of nine brothers, three of whom, besides himself, were in the employment of the Queen; but one of them, who was valet to Prince Leopold, died some time ago. Four came to their brother's death-bed at Windsor.

After a religious service in Windsor Castle, at which the Queen and Princess Beatrice were present, the body was removed for interment among his kindred at Crathie. The coffin was covered with wreaths of flowers, and every token of esteem was shown at his funeral.

The Queen, in a touching paragraph in the *Court Circular*, thus expressed her sense of "the irreparable loss" she has sustained.

"His death has been a grievous shock to the Queen. He served Her Majesty constantly, and never once absented himself from his duty for a single day. An

honest, faithful, and devoted follower, a trustworthy, discreet, and straightforward man, and possessed of strong sense, he filled a position of great and anxious responsibility, the duties of which he performed with such constant and unceasing care as to secure for himself the real friendship of the Queen."

The tribute, evidently written under the Queen's dictation, will, if possible, increase the honour and reverence felt for Her Majesty as head of her family, as well as head of the State. None, we may be sure, feel more deeply than Sovereigns the truth of those lines of George Herbert: "Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree; Love is a present for a mighty King."

And Queen Victoria is indeed richly and deservedly endowed with the true affection and loyalty of her subjects.

## Wayside Chimes.

### V. THE COMFORTER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DAVIS, M.A., AUTHOR OF "ANNUS SANCTUS."



COME, Holy Spirit, come:  
Mercies revealing;  
Make every heart Thy home;  
Quicken its feeling:  
Then shall our songs ascend,  
Breathing glad love, and blend  
With notes that never end,  
Through heaven pealing.  
Come, like the morning light,  
Tranquilly beaming,  
Chasing the shades of night,  
Waking the dreaming:

So the sweet peace from Theo  
Shall for the spirit free  
Like a calm river be  
Ceaselessly streaming.  
Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
Thou that delightest  
Gladness to give for gloom,  
And all invitest:  
Let every mourner go  
Where healing waters flow,  
And love and pleasure know  
Purest and brightest.

### The "Word" and the Ministry.

THE work of the ministry—the work of the preacher, is not to come *between* the hearer and God's Word written; not to give utterance to human opinions *about* truth; but to preach "the Word"—the Truth itself: and whilst doing this to make constant reference to the Divine Spirit as the alone Interpreter, who can enable us *spiritually* to "understand the Scriptures."

St. Luke xxiv. 45. So each hearer must begin individually with God: "Teach Thou me:" "Help me to hear aright the message of Thy Word." If such prayer prevailed in our congregations, the Gospel would indeed be "received . . . with joy of the Holy Ghost." 1 Thess. i. 6.—From "*The Forgotten Truth: or, the Gospel of the Holy Ghost.*" (London: Home Words Office.)

## Daisy of "Old Meadow."

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW," "OUR FOLKS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XV.

## SORRY AND GLAD.



" 'T'S gone, Daisy, gone! It's all gone! I'm a poor man now. The gold's gone—gone—gone. I haven't anything left, Daisy."

They could do nothing to comfort old Isaac Meads for his loss, so at last they brought Daisy to him. It was now a month since the robbery, and the thief had not been discovered. No one had any hope that he would ever be discovered. Too good a start had been allowed him at the first. Isaac's treasure had irrevocably vanished.

He had been very ill since that evening, so ill that a great part of the month had been passed in unconsciousness or in delirium. But all through his wanderings of mind he had kept up one monotonous cry of "Gone! gone!" and now that he was creeping back to life, the same plaint went on, only more bitterly.

Strange to say, Daisy had taken a sudden turn for the better, at the very time of her father's greatest danger. She could scarcely yet stand quite alone, but she had been able to walk slowly across her room, with the help of Mary's arm, and the doctor spoke hopefully of complete restoration to health. They had hitherto kept her from her father, fearing the effects of excitement and distress upon her. But at length Daisy's own pleadings and the condition of the unhappy old man prevailed. Daisy was carried across the passage in a chair, by Mary Davis and Betsy Simmons, and was set down by her father's bedside.

Daisy looked very small and thin still, after her long illness, but the bright look in her face was in strange contrast with the utterly dismal and gloomy expression of old Isaac's unshaven and fallen visage.

"Oh, poor father, isn't he changed?" she said sorrowfully, her smile clouding over. Then she laid her hand on his and said, "Father, don't you know me?"

Yes, he knew her, that was plain; and the first thing he did was to break into his pitiful cry of "Gone, gone—all gone, Daisy." But suddenly he paused, as if with a new thought, looked round eagerly, and tried to draw Daisy closer, muttering, "Daisy, don't you tell, now don't you tell. I've something to say to you."

The two women kindly moved away, and stood in the window, talking. Daisy bent over him. "Yes, father," she said.

"I durstn't do anything. She'd maybe pay me out," whispered Isaac. "But mind you, Daisy, it's *she* has gone and taken the money. It's *she*. See you look out sharp and get it back, else you'll be a workhouse lass, Daisy."

Isaac's pointing thumb left no doubt as to his meaning.

"O no, no, indeed," said Daisy hurriedly. "No, father. It's nothing of that sort. You mustn't think so for a moment, for it is *quite* untrue."

"Who was it, if it wasn't she?" demanded Isaac.

"It was somebody else," said Daisy; "somebody who got in through your window, and who had man's boots. The police know that, but they can't tell who it was. Nobody can tell. Only it was a man, father, not a woman."

"When ever is the money a-going to be found?" demanded Isaac.

He had asked that question often of Mary Davis during the last month, as she had cared for him and tended him in his helplessness, toiling hard without hope of reward, for love of Daisy, and she had answered often, to soothe him, "Oh, I dare say it won't be long first, Mr. Meads. You must have a bit of patience."

But Daisy laid her hand upon his, and said gently, "I think—perhaps—never, father."

"Never!" echoed Isaac, with a tremulous start.

"I think perhaps not," said Daisy calmly. "I'll tell you why, father. I think you have loved the gold so much that it has kept you

back from caring about God and heaven. And so it has had to be taken away. And I don't much expect it will ever come back, because then you might love it again too much, and that would be so dreadful."

"So dreadful!" repeated Isaac mechanically, not as if he understood.

"Yes, dreadful," echoed Daisy's gentle voice. "It is a dreadful thing, father, to love money more than you love God. I think that must be why the gold has gone."

Isaac caught up the words, and broke anew into his sorrowful cry. "It's gone, Daisy," he moaned, "all gone! I'm a poor man now. I haven't anything left."

She let him say this over and over, as he seemed disposed, but presently she chimed in with—"Yes, father, it's all gone—all gone. You haven't anything left."

The two women looked on curiously, half inclined to remonstrate, yet half disposed to think that Daisy knew well what she was about.

"It's all gone, Daisy," repeated Isaac once more, and he burst into tears.

"Yes, I'm so glad, father," said Daisy.

The old man looked up at her in startled wonderment, and Daisy smiled.

"I'm so glad it is gone, so very glad," she said.

"Why, Daisy—you don't know what you're a-saying," protested Isaac. "Why, Daisy! you'd have been a rich woman one day, with lots of gold, and now there'll be near upon nothing for you. It's all gone," and the last word sounded like a sob.

"I don't want to be rich," said Daisy. "I don't care about riches, father. They wouldn't make me happy. I'd a great great deal rather be poor now for a few years than see you poor, up to the very end."

"See me poor!" said Isaac, perplexed.

"Father, having gold doesn't make a man rich," said Daisy. "You've had gold, but you have been poor. I want to see you free and rich now, able to think of something better."

"Something better!" repeated Isaac helplessly.

"Something better than gold," said Daisy, "that is what I mean. As long as you had the gold you didn't seem able to think of any-

thing else. And, father, the gold wasn't really yours, not yours for always, for ever. You only had it for a little while. And if it hadn't been stolen from you now, you would have had to leave it soon. You couldn't have taken it with you when you died."

"I'm not a-going to die yet. What ever makes you talk about dying?" asked Isaac uneasily.

"I think about it often," said Daisy gently. "You and I have both been so near death lately, father. We are both getting well now, but it won't be for very long, you know. Father, I don't think I should have been afraid to die, should you?"

Isaac's glances wandered about the room uncomfortably.

"I don't know as I'd need," he said. "I haven't been so particular bad, not like some folks. I've never took a thing that wasn't mine, not like that thief that's stolen my money. He deserves to be hanged, he does."

Daisy was looking so pale that the two women came to her side.

"You've been here long enough," Mary said. "It's no use talking too long to him, Daisy. He don't half understand."

"I wanted to say more," Daisy answered sadly. "But I suppose I am too tired. Yes, I'll go back. Only I must come again—every day. Poor father."

## CHAPTER XVI

### ISAAC'S LOSS.

DAISY came to her father again and yet again, day after day, as she had said; and as she grew better able to bear the fatigue, she stayed longer and longer with her father.

The old man's recovery was very tardy. After a while he was able to totter into the parlour, and to spend some hours in his easy-chair every afternoon; but there improvement stood still. He was by no means the man he had been before his illness.

There seemed to be failure of mind, as well as failure of body. Often his brain appeared to be surrounded by such a mist, that he could hardly grasp the sense of what was said to him. One day he would cry and sob like a child over his lost gold, and another

day he would seem almost happy in a sort of childish forgetfulness of his trouble.

As weeks went on one change became visible, which cheered Daisy's heart greatly, and that was that he no longer showed indifference to his little daughter—Daisy was always called "little," despite her seventeen years—but clung to her, and leant upon her, in a way he never had done before.

Was it that the loss of his gold had left his poor old heart free to love?

Daisy thought so, and the thought made her very joyous. She was feeble still, and could do little except sit for hours together by his side; but often, in her new happiness, she broke into soft scraps of singing, and Isaac's face showed that he liked to listen.

Yet this was a time of grave anxiety to Daisy; she could not at all tell how she and her father were to live thenceforward. His money was gone. It seemed an absolute necessity that his house should be sold.

John Davis was now nearly well, and was expected to be out of hospital in a week or ten days. Mary would have to join her husband then, and everything would rest upon Daisy. She looked too small and frail for the coming burden.

"But it will be all right," Daisy said often to Mary. "It will be all right, Nursie. God will take care of us. If only father loved God, I should not mind about anything else."

Friends had been very kind in helping Daisy and her father through their time of trouble. Gifts of food and of money also had come in repeatedly, some known to Daisy, some known only to her faithful nurse. This of course could not be expected to continue always. She had some anxious conversations with Mr. and Mrs. Roper, about her own and her father's future.

One day she was sitting with old Isaac in the parlour, Mary Davis having gone out from the farmhouse for half a day's charring, as she had frequently done of late. Isaac seemed unusually awake and clear-headed this afternoon, and in consequence unusually disposed to lament over his lost gold. Daisy bore for some time with his sorrowful murmurs, and then she drew her chair closer to him, and took one of his aged hands between her own, and said,—

"Father, do you mean to go on always being so unhappy about the money?"

Isaac repeated the word "always," as he was given to doing. "It's gone, Daisy,—gone!" he added.

"Yes, it has *quite* gone, father,—every bit of it," said Daisy firmly. "I think God has taken it from you because you loved it too much."

"Too much?" echoed Isaac plaintively.

"Yes,—oh, a great deal too much," said Daisy, earnest in voice and look. "You loved that bag of gold more than me, father,—more than everything—more than God."

Isaac's attention seem arrested. He repeated "More than God!" not in his usual dreamy manner, but as if almost awe-struck.

"Yes, more than you loved God," said Daisy, calmly and clearly. "And, father, that means that you did not love God at all, for if you had you must have loved Him best. And it means that you didn't think about the Lord Jesus, or have Him for your Saviour. And that means that if you had died, you would have had no heaven to go to. For the gold was your god and your heaven and your everything,—and, O father, if you had died, you must have left that behind, and then you would have had nothing left—nothing at all."

Isaac gazed steadfastly at Daisy's flushed and eager face.

"Nothing left?" he said.

"No, nothing—nothing!" said Daisy, almost passionately, yet she spoke slowly still that he might understand. "O father, it is like the verse that I read to you yesterday out of Proverbs,—'*THERE IS THAT MAKETH HIMSELF RICH, YET HATH NOTHING; THERE IS THAT MAKETH HIMSELF POOR, YET HATH GREAT RICHES.*' Say the words after me, father dear."

Isaac obeyed in his half childish way, but before finishing he stopped. "Yes, I made myself rich, sure enough," he said, with a momentary gleam of satisfaction. "I toiled and I saved, and I did it all. But I didn't make myself poor. It was that wretched thief, Daisy,—as deserves to be hung too."

"We needn't think about him," said Daisy gently. "He will be punished some day, one way or another. People always are, if



they go on in wrong-doing. I like better to think of it the other way,—that God took away your money, so that you might be free to think about Him. O father, I do so want you to learn to serve God."

Isaac was silent for some seconds, and when he spoke it was with a recurrence to Daisy's text. "Makes himself rich—yet has nothing," he muttered. "That wasn't me, Daisy. I'd got lots,—only it's all gone now—all gone."

"You had lots of gold, father, but that was nothing. It couldn't make you happy. It couldn't keep you from dying. It couldn't take you to heaven. You had the gold and you were poor, and now the gold is gone I want you to be rich—really rich. I want you to be rich in the love of the Lord Jesus. Father dear, won't you try to come to Him, and tell Him you are sorry you haven't thought more about Him, and ask Him to forgive you everything and to make you His very own for ever."

"I don't know that I durst," said Isaac tremblingly. "I don't know that I durst, Daisy. And I don't know how."

But when Daisy knelt beside him, and prayed aloud for him, in low pleading words which presently ended in a burst of weeping, Isaac was strangely moved. He bent his head low, and tried to join in, saying the words after her, and when she broke down he said hurriedly, "Don't you—now don't you, Daisy. I'll never speak about the gold any more, Daisy."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### MONEY AGAIN.

THAT Isaac should never again allude to his lost gold was hardly to be expected, more especially with his infirm memory. But from that day it became apparent that a marked change was passing over the poor old man. He clung yet more to Daisy, and evidently liked to hear her voice reading from the Bible or speaking to him of the things of God, so long left utterly out of his life. And though at times he broke out into his old moanings, he would frequently check himself, saying, with sudden recollection,—“No, no, I'm not a-going to cry for the gold,—am I,

Daisy?” And later on he began sometimes to add,—“It was God took the gold, wasn't it, Daisy?”

He was very feeble in mind, and very ignorant also. Daisy was often sorely disappointed to find how little he could understand, how rapidly the impression made upon him one hour would fade away the next. But Mr. Roper, to whom she one day confided her distress, warned her not to expect too much.

"Your father is like a child in many ways," he said, "only with less sense than a child, Daisy, and with no memory. It is of no use to attempt to teach him as you would teach a man in full vigour. All we can do is to lead him on gently, by very short steps, and in very simple paths. If he can take in the two great truths, first that he is a helpless sinner, and secondly that Christ is able and willing to save him, it is as much as we can hope for." And Daisy was comforted.

John Davis was by this time out of hospital, but instead of his wife going to him, he had joined his wife at the farm. The girl, Bess, had been dismissed, and Mary did all the house-work and cooking, besides attending to the wants of Daisy and her father, and besides taking many a half-day's charing. John was by no means so capable a man bodily as he had once been, but he found work without difficulty, much interest being felt in his case. And as he had now signed the pledge, and as he kept it, he worked more steadily than of old, and thereby actually made more money than when his bodily strength had been greater. He and his wife thenceforward had their abode in the kitchen regions of the old farmhouse, having house-room free, but costing Isaac nothing in the way of food, and saving him the expense of a servant.

The arrangement was a happy one. As months went on, however, it became apparent that a change was inevitable. Old Meadow would have to be sold. Daisy could see no loophole of escape from this conclusion. Through the gifts of kind friends, and the disposal of certain useless articles of furniture, she had managed to keep on for a while, but she knew that to keep on thus much longer was a simple impossibility.

The thought of leaving her old home was a

Daisy, and she could not for a long while to tell her father what was in her mind.

When she did, he was terribly distressed like a child. He was angry and spoke to Daisy as he had not spoken long while. Daisy was firm, though grieved, and she told him that it would have to be. They had nothing to live upon, and the farm would bring in a nice sum of money.

Isaac seized upon this idea suddenly as if it were quite new to him. "Bring in money! Why, it'll bring in lots," he said eagerly. "Lots of gold, Daisy!" and the old greedy glitter showed in his eyes.

"Father, are you going to love the gold again?" asked Daisy sorrowfully. "You can't love money and love God as well."

But Isaac did not attend to what she said. He was strangely absent and restless, all that evening and all the next day. And instead of his former dislike to parting with the old farm, he now seemed quite eager to get rid of it as fast as possible. Daisy found the whole thing suddenly taken out of her hands.

The selling of the house was a matter of no difficulty. Mr. Marriott, a wealthy gentleman to whom most of the land in and around Lea belonged, had long wished to add to his possessions Old Meadow and the ground upon which it stood. As soon as he heard of Isaac's intentions, he offered a fair and liberal sum. Isaac Meads closed with the offer immediately, and the affair was quickly settled. Isaac's stipulation, that the full amount should be paid over into his own hands the day before that on which he and Daisy would quit Old Meadow, met with no opposition.

Daisy awaited that day in fear and trembling. A small low-rented cottage was found, and some of the farmhouse furniture was removed thither. John and Mary Davis would still reside under Isaac's roof, as before. Daisy was becoming quite reconciled to the thought of the move, and she even looked forward with positive pleasure to the tidy bright little cottage, in place of the rambling and gloomy old farm.

But how if the old money-greed were to seize anew upon Isaac, shadowing their lives again?

Isaac's restlessness and abstraction increased day by day. He often refused now to let Daisy read to him out of the Bible, and checked her when she would have spoken of God. His manner quite ceased to be affectionate, and the eager unhappy look, of late absent from his face, was creeping over it once more.

Daisy could do little except pray for him. She had no power to meet the threatening evil.

The day of the money-payment at length came.

All through the night before Isaac had not slept. Daisy knew this, for his bed was undisturbed. He had not taken off his clothes or lain down at all. The old slavery to gold was tugging at his heart-strings, and he could not rest. At breakfast he seemed fractions and miserable.

Mrs. Roper appeared afterwards for a few minutes. She knew how things were, and she and her husband were very sorry for Daisy's new anxiety. Mrs. Roper hoped to have a few words with Isaac about investing the money that was coming to him; but when she spoke, she found his mind to be in a hopelessly stolid and dense condition. He either could not or would not understand a word that she uttered.

Then Mrs. Roper went away, and Mr. Marriott's agent and attorney came in. The business was very soon completed. Old Meadow belonged no more to Isaac Meads; but Isaac sat in the parlour, a bundle of bank-notes clasped in one withered hand, a small bag of gold pieces hugged to him by the other, and an expression of stealthy satisfaction in his face.

"Father, we must put this into the Bank for you," said Daisy.

Isaac looked up at her, chuckling. "Gold—gold, Daisy," he said exultingly. "Fifty pieces of gold in here, and lots more when I've changed all the bank-notes. Gold, Daisy!"

"Father, we must put all this money into the Bank at once, or it will be stolen," said Daisy steadily. "Then we can think what to do with it. Mr. Roper will advise us."

"I'm not a-going to have one penny of it in a bank," retorted Isaac loudly. "The banks are always a-failing. I'll keep it myself, so that no one shall get at it. I'll change



DEER ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

"Like crested leader, proud and high, tossed his beamed frontlets to the sky."—SCOTT.

all the notes for gold as soon as ever I can, and I'll lock it up safe—safe, Daisy."

"But the last was not safe," said Daisy. "It was stolen, in spite of all you could do. And there will be no secret places in our new home, father. And if the money is invested, Mr. Roper says it will bring in enough for you and me to live on; but if we keep it locked up and use it bit by bit, it will by-and-by be all gone."

"I'm not a-going to use it," said Isaac, "nor to spend it. I'm going to lock it up safe, so that nobody shall get at it."

"But, father, we have nothing else to live upon," said Daisy.

She could make no impression on him. He hugged his newly-gotten treasure tightly, and refused to answer her. All day he sat thus, gloating over it, seeming to care for nothing else.

Was gold once more to usurp dominion over his whole being, as the idol of his aged heart?

Daisy sorrowfully considered what to do, and consulted with Mary. They took care that he should be alone all day, fearing that a report might get about of the money in the house. Old Isaac, generally so drowsy, did not sleep; neither did he show any inclination to eat. But this could not continue. Towards evening they found that he was becoming irresistibly drowsy; and at length, as he nodded in his easy-chair, the bundle of notes almost slipped from his grasp. Daisy gently took hold of it, and tried to draw it away. But Isaac in a moment was awake, and he struck at her savagely. Daisy narrowly escaped a severe blow.

A few minutes later Mr. Roper came in, and was made acquainted with the state of affairs. "This will never do," he said. "The money will be stolen, to a certainty. I think you had better let me have some conversation with your father, Daisy. I will try to make him understand the danger of keeping so large a sum lying about."

"I am afraid it will be of no use," Daisy said sadly. "But do *please* try."

Mr. Roper went alone to the parlour, and the interview following was a very long one. A less kind and patient man would have given up the attempt in half the time. But Mr. Roper persevered, going over and over the same ground, repeating the same arguments, bearing with the old man's dulness and obstinacy; and at length his efforts met with partial success.

The parlour door opened, and Mr. Roper said, "Daisy!"

Daisy quickly answered the call, and found her father tottering towards the front door.

"Daisy, your father is going to pay his notes into the Bank at once, for greater safety. He wishes to do it himself, so I will accompany him. I think he will manage that little distance, with the help of my arm. Where is his great-coat?"

"Oh, thank you!" Daisy said almost breathlessly.

"I have promised not to interfere about the bag of gold," Mr. Roper added in a lower voice. "It is not safe, his keeping that about him; but the chief part of the money will be secured. You and I will have some conversation another day, as to the investment of it."

Daisy could only repeat her, "Oh, thank you," marvelling at his success. She brought her father's shabby hat and tindery great-coat, and watched him totter feebly down the road, leaning on Mr. Roper's strong arm, and muttering to himself.

The Bank was not three minutes' quick walk distant; but a good half-hour went by before the two came back. Isaac said nothing to Daisy. He reached his easy-chair, and sank into it with a groan. Then he drew out from under his great-coat the little bag of gold pieces.

"He has that still," said Daisy in a low voice.

"Yes. I must leave that to you. Here is the bank-book, Daisy. It is best in *your* charge. Put it safely away; and I do not think your father will remember to ask you for it. He seems content with the gold."

[The last chapter of "DAISY OF 'OLD MEADOW,'" will be given in our next number, when

A NEW TALE will also commence.

Will our Readers kindly make this known. If each Reader would gain another, "HOME WORDS" would—well, would do twice as much good as it does now: just as "If each one would mend one, all be mended." EDITOR "HOME WORDS."]

## Light, the Spirit's Gift.

### A LESSON FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE FORGOTTEN TRUTH," ETC.

"Open Thou mine eyes."—Ps. cxix. 18.



HO is not deeply conscious of the want of Light—light revealing religious truth? What are the speculations and theories and dreams of men—

"enquirers after truth" as they even term themselves—but so many confessions that they lack the truth! Light to tell us what we are and what God is! Light to unravel the mysterious dealings of Providence! Light to kindle in the soul "a good hope through grace" as we travel on our pilgrim way—light to reveal the unknown futurity, so that death shall not be a "leap in the dark," "the king of terrors" to the troubled soul: but one of whom, as God's messenger to take us home, we may say when we see him we see as it were "the face of an angel!" Light to scatter the mists and the clouds which ever are seen to float between us and things Divine when we are really *anxious* to know the truth! Oh how such light as this is needed by us all!

Now, let us mark how this Light is to be found. All who read their Bible do not find it. The Bible alone will not convey it. The Bible needs an Interpreter. Not indeed an Interpreter for the head. As a Revelation it is a plain Book, and certainly no human teacher ever made its fundamental truths plainer than they are. But it needs an Interpreter for the *heart*, for the *conscience*, for the *soul*. Religious truth alone is not all we need. I may know there is a God: I may know all that the Bible tells me about God: and yet know nothing as I ought to know. The

truth may have no hold upon me, no influence over me. The full influence of the simple truth, "There is a God," would and must be marvellous when really felt. But we feel it not, until the spiritual discernment is granted to us which alone can enable us in the true sense of the words to "discern spiritual things."

"Now mine eye seeth Thee," said Job. And what a spirit of humility and penitence and self-aborrence came over him:—"I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." "Woe is me," cried the prophet Isaiah, "for I am a man of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." "Depart from me," said Peter, amazed at the vision of Christ's glory, "for I am a sinful man, O Lord." This is the experimental teaching and knowledge that alone should satisfy us that the light we need is ours; and this experience the Holy Ghost alone can work or impart to us.

If the Light has never humbled us, the Bible may have told us all about God, but the Spirit failing to "shine upon the Word" we really know nothing about God. He is to us "an unknown God"—as unknown to us for all practical purposes as the true God is to the blind idolater. Our fitting place in that case is on our knees, with an open Bible before us: the light there, but hidden, because we lack spiritual discernment: and the prayer on our lips, "O Spirit of the living God, shine upon the Word and bring the truth to light; anoint mine eyes with spiritual eye-salve that I may see."

But this searching and solemn lesson is a lesson for all. For those who do see,



often see spiritual things very imperfectly. Those who have light need more light; and more light we shall assuredly possess if we are more earnest and constant in the prayerful study of the Word of God. Let us remember more constantly our need of the Spirit as the Interpreter of the Word; our need of the anointing of the Spirit that

our eyes may be opened; and then we shall indeed behold "wondrous things" in God's Word. Its reception, its entrance into the mind, will bring Light: and in the Light thus brought we shall indeed rejoice—"rejoice in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost"—rejoice with "joy of the Holy Ghost."

## Pictures Abroad.

BY A TRAVELLER.

### III. THROUGH SIBERIA.



THE Rev. Henry Lansdell, D.D., is certainly one of the most famous of modern travellers. He has accomplished marvellous journeys in remarkably brief periods, and penetrated to regions hitherto untraversed even by Englishmen. The story of his travels is given in a most interesting work entitled, "Through Siberia." We wish it could be placed in all Parish libraries. We are sure it would be in great demand, especially if the clergyman of the parish first made it the subject of a lecture, and so introduced it to notice.\*

We give a specimen illustration, which will convey to our readers an idea of some of the strange people to be met with in Siberia.

The Goldi and the Gilyaks are the most thorough heathens Dr. Lansdell saw in this far-distant land. They are short in stature, below rather than above five feet; their skin is tawny, and their hair black; but they shave off the hair, with the exception of a tail, which they wear on the top of the head. They have few children; six is thought a very large family. They strap their babies in wooden cradles, very much like a butcher's tray, and suspend them from the roof, where the poor little creatures are unable to move hand or foot. Each house has only one room, and is built of posts or stakes, plastered with mud. They subsist almost entirely on fish,

but sometimes eat animals taken in the chase, and also their dogs when they die.

The winter dress is made of dogs' skins, or of fox or wolf skin. In summer they wear fish skin, prepared from two kinds of salmon. This skin is waterproof, and sometimes they embroider and colour it on the back. The winter cap is made by sewing together squirrels' tails, making a round fur like a "boa." The summer cap is made of birch-tree bark, ornamented on the top by strips of coloured wood.

They are a very dirty people. It is said they never wash. When a piece of soap was one day given to a Gilyak he put it in his mouth, and after chewing it to a lather, pronounced it "very good." Fathers buy brides for their infant sons, a rich Goldi paying from £5 to £20 for a girl five years old, who is thus betrothed. Sometimes the payment is in dogs, a sledge, and two cases of brandy. If the bride has "a good nose" she fetches rather more.

The only foreigners the Goldi know are Russians and Chinese. Dr. Lansdell says, when they asked him who he was it was exceedingly difficult to make them understand, as they had never seen an Englishman before. "Perhaps," he writes, "it was as well that I had no malformation about me: for it is related that an Englishman having lost one of his legs and meeting one of the Goldi, the man of the desert came to the conclusion that all the Englishmen had wooden legs."

\* A new edition of "Through Siberia" can now be had, in one volume, at the price of 10s. 6d. (London: Sampson Low & Co.)





### GOLDI IN WINTER DRESS.

The Rev. Henry Lansdell, D.D., Author of "Through Siberia," has recently returned to England, having accomplished another journey of upwards of eleven thousand miles. He visited many of the prisons and hospitals in Siberia, and distributed a large number of the Four Gospels, the Psalms, and the New Testament. A narrative of his journey will shortly be published.

The Goldi are in a very degraded state, but they are gradually becoming Russianized. They worship in a superstitious way idols in the form of tigers, bears, fish, etc. On festivals a bear is often killed as a kind of sacrifice. Attempts have been made to reach them by Russian missionaries; but the mis-

sionaries themselves are very unenlightened, and seem to think that a mere formal profession is enough. Dr. Lansdell hopes to get a translation of the Gospels printed by the Bible Society, and in this way his journey "through Siberia" may result in a true work of evangelization amongst the Goldi and the Gilyaks.

## Home Songster.

### III. THE OAK AND THE IVY.



IN the depth of the forest an old Oak grew,  
The pride of the greenwood there:  
O'er his branches the Ivy her mantle threw  
When the forest boughs were bare;  
She clung like a bride to his sturdy side  
With her shining leaves so green:  
Made him blithe and gay through the livelong day,  
In the midst of the wintry scene.  
Then long may the Oak and the Ivy stand,  
The pride and the boast of our native land.

O the Oak of the forest told me true  
And I echo the tale in my song:  
The Ivy his branches made fair to view,  
While the Oak made the Ivy strong.  
'Twas a union good in the old deep wood—  
Had each for itself grown there,  
The plant alone no beauty had shown  
And the boughs of the tree been bare.  
Then long may the Oak and the Ivy stand,  
The pride and the boast of our native land.

May we copy the Oak and the Ivy green,  
And like Britons go hand in hand:  
As firm as the Oak may our sons be seen  
In the cause of our native land;  
May our daughters fair like the Ivy share  
The arms of the parent tree,  
While we all unite in our strength and our might  
For our homes and our liberty.  
Then long may the Oak and the Ivy stand,  
The pride and the boast of our native land.

ANON.



## Thomas Edward: THE SCOTCH NATURALIST.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

#### A PERILOUS FALL.



AFTER his first exhibition at Banff, Edward became a general referee as to all natural and unnatural objects found in the district. People of all sorts brought "things" to him, to ascertain what they were. Sometimes they were rare objects, sometimes they were monstrosities. His decision did not always satisfy the inquirers; and then they sent the objects to some other person, who, they thought, knew better. They always found, however, that Edward had been right in his decisions. When he knew with certainty, he gave his opinion. When he did not know the object, he said he could not give an opinion. And this was, doubtless, the best course to adopt.

Several of his friends told him that he ought to extend his investigations into Aberdeen, and even into Elgin. He might well have replied, "A little help is worth a deal of counsel." They did not offer to help him, but they advised him to go. He had now a family of eight, and his wages, allowing for extra work, only amounted to about fifteen or sixteen shillings a week. To range the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Elgin, in search of objects in Natural History, while he was maintaining his family on such slender wages, was an altogether impossible task.

His wife was his best helper. She bound all his upper leathers, and also for other workmen. Very often, instead of spending her earnings on clothes, or bringing the money home, she would buy for her husband bottles for his insects, wood for his bird-cases, or powder and shot for his gun. None of his advising friends ever helped him in this way.

And yet Edward did extend his investigations farther into Banffshire, and even into Aberdeenshire; after obtaining a certificate, drawn up by the Clerk of the Peace, and

signed by sixteen Justices of the Peace, enabling him to go over the country with his gun, in search of birds and other things, without being treated as a poacher.

He was now in the prime of life, yet he was drawing very heavily upon his constitutional powers. Sleeping out of doors nightly, whether the weather was fair or foul, subjected him to many attacks of cold and rheumatism. Yet he had no sooner recovered, than he was out again at his nightly work. He was still as wild a bird-nester as he had ever been in his youth. He would go to any distance or to any place, to find a bird or a bird's nest that was new to him. He would run up a tree like a squirrel, and come down again with the birds or the nest.

He would also walk or climb up a precipice when a nest was to be had. Of course he had many falls. But what of that, if the object was gained? The most dangerous fall that he ever had was at Tarlair. The circumstance is fully described by Mr. Smiles in his biography, and as a specimen of the dangers which Edward ran in his pursuit of Natural History, we introduce it here. Mr. Smiles says he went to see the place, and was "afraid to look down into the chasm amongst the rocks into which the Naturalist had fallen."

The account is thus given:—

"The little valley of Tarlair is about three miles east of Banff. The road to Tarlair is along the bare bluff coast; and when you reach the top of a lofty point, you see beneath you a green grassy valley indenting the rocks. At the inner end of the valley is a little well-house, where inland people come during the summer-time, to drink the mineral waters. Eastward of Tarlair the rocky cliffs ascend higher and higher—rising to their loftiest height in the almost perpendicular cliff of Gamrie Mohr.

"The place at which Edward met with his accident, occurred at the projecting point of the valley where the rocks begin to ascend. Not far from the mouth of the valley there is, in the face of the rock, a very large, high,

and wide-mouthed cave or chasm, fronting the sea. The back wall of the cave, as well as the sides, contain a number of strange-like openings and fantastical projections, one of which is called 'the pulpit.' Edward often sat in the cave, and also slept in it; but he never preached in it, though he several times brought down sea-gulls and hoodie-crows with his gun. The bottom of the cave is thickly covered with stones and boulders thrown in by the sea, which, in storms, dashes with great fury into its innermost recesses.

"In the roof, and near the front of the cave, a few martens build their nests every season. As Edward was coming home one morning from his night's work, and while he was walking under the cliff, intending to come out at Tarlair, he observed one of the martens flying out of the cave, and shot it. Instead of dropping at his feet, it fell on the top of the cliff. How was he to get at the bird? He might have gone round a considerable way, and thus reached the top of the rock. But this would have involved the loss of considerable time; and he was anxious to get home to his work.

"There was another way of getting at the bird, and that was by scrambling directly up the face of the cliff. He determined on adopting the latter course. Usually, when ascending rocks, he tied his gun to his back, as both hands were required to grip and clutch the edges of the rock above him. But, on this occasion, not wishing to lose further time by buckling on his gun, he determined, dangerous though it was, to ascend the precipice gun in hand. By grasping the stones above him with his hands and nails, and putting the tips of his shoes into the crevices of the rocks, or sometimes only on to a little tuft of grass, he contrived to haul himself up. He managed very well until he reached about the middle of the ascent, where a bend occurs in the rocks. There he became fixed. To come down, unless headlong, was impossible; and to go up seemed equally impracticable. In that case he would have had to drop his gun, and smash it to bits on the rocks below. This he could not afford to do. Still, he could not stay there. With bated breath and

steady eye, he clutched a little projection of rock standing out far above him. He caught it, clambered a little way up, then secured a firmer footing, and at last reached the summit in safety.

"His troubles were not over. They were only beginning. He looked about for the bird. It lay only a few yards from him. It was on the edge of the cliff, and seemed apparently dead. On stooping to pick it up it fluttered, raised one of its wings, and went over the precipice. In his eagerness to catch it, or perhaps from the excited state in which he was from mounting the cliff, Edward grasped at the bird, missed it, lost his footing on the smooth rock, and fell over the precipice. His gun fell out of his hand and lodged across two rocks jutting out from the beach below. Edward fell upon his gun and smashed it to pieces, but it broke the force of the blow, and probably saved his life.

"A fall of at least forty feet on rocks and stones would certainly have killed most men, or at least broken many of their bones. When afterwards endeavouring to recall his feeling on the occasion, Edward said, 'I remember that, on losing my balance, my gun slipped from my hand, and I uttered the exclamation, "O God!" Then my breath seemed to be cut by a strong wind, which made me compress my lips. I shut my eyes, and felt a strange-like sensation of a rushing sound in my ears, and then of coming suddenly and violently, with a tremendous thud, upon the stony rock.'

"His breath was gone, and it was long before he could recover it. He was for a time utterly senseless. On slightly recovering consciousness he thought he was under the influence of nightmare.

"At length two ploughmen, who had been working in the adjoining field, and seen Edward fall over the cliff, came forward to its edge, and looked down upon him wedged among the rocks. 'Ye're no dead yet, are ye?' said one of the men. Edward was unable to make any answer. 'Fa is't?' said the other man. 'Ou! it's that feel chiel\* that's aye gaun aboot wi' his gun and his wallet!'

"The men looked down again in consterna-

\* *Feel chiel*—foolish fellow.

tion, with eyes that seemed about to leap from their sockets. Edward at length began to feel about him. He felt himself wedged, as in a vice, between two long and oval pieces of rock, and quite unable to set himself free. The two countrymen went round by the Tarlair pathway, in order to get Edward out of his fixure. It seemed to him an age before they arrived.

"They at first took him by the shoulder and tried to lift him out. But this was so painful to him, that at last they desisted. They then tried to remove one of the rocks between which he lay clasped. This also proved fruitless. Edward then observed that the other rock, which they had not yet tried to remove, consisted of a loose shale. It had either dropped from the cliff or been tossed inshore by the sea. Edward desired them to try and move it a little. But their joint efforts proved unavailing. Many attempts were made to no purpose. A stout fisherman then appeared on the scene. He put his shoulder to the rock, and the block was at last moved sufficiently far, so as to enable Edward to be dragged out of the vice.

"He sat down and felt himself all over. His left shoulder and left side were extremely sore. The back of his head was also very painful. But he was thankful to find that neither his arms nor his legs were broken. He was not so sure about his left ribs. He was very much bruised and cut on that side. One of the splinters of the gun-stock was found sticking through his coat. An old copper powder-flask which he had in his left pocket was as flat as a flounder; all its contents were dashed out.

"Edward entreated the men to help him to get to the cave. He thought that, if left there for a time, he would soon recover. He got upon his feet with difficulty, and found that his spine had been hurt. With the help of two of the men he was at last able to walk very slowly to the cave. They urged him to allow them to carry him to the cottage near the Mineral Well. But he preferred to rest in the cave. They prepared a bed of seaweed for him, on which he lay down. His protectors then left him, and, spite of his pain,

he fell asleep. He must have slept some time, for he was awakened by the murmuring of the sea, which was fast approaching the cave.

"Feeling that his sickly feeling had left him, and that he was on the whole much better, although his left side and shoulder were still very painful, he gathered himself together and rose to his feet. He staggered about a little at first, but he was at last able to return in search of his gun. He found it in a woeful plight. The stock was broken to bits, and the barrel and lock were laid in the hollow. He gathered up the fragments of the companion of his travels for so many years; and, divesting himself of the heaviest of his wallets, he left them in a corner of the cave. Then, keeping hold of the rocks, he contrived to reach the inner side of the Tarlair valley. From thence he had a weary walk to Banff. He took many rests by the way, and at length reached home in the afternoon, sore, sick, and weary, and went to bed. His wounds were then looked to. It was found that none of his ribs were broken, and that he had only sustained some severe contusions. It was, however, nearly a fortnight before he could do any work. A month elapsed before he could walk to Tarlair for the wallets and remains of his gun which he had left in the hollow of the cave."

To support his family during the illness which resulted from this accident, he was forced to sell a considerable portion of the collection which he had made during the last few years. Although it was not so large as that which he had exhibited at Aberdeen, it contained many rarer birds, insects, crustacea, zoophytes, and plants; and it was on the whole much better got up.

It was a great blow to him to sell this portion of his second collection. But he had no help for it. It was his only savings bank. When other means failed him he could only rely upon it. He had no friends in his neighbourhood to help him. His specimens went to many places, far and near. A considerable portion of them went to Haslar, near Southampton, where one of the hospital surgeons was making a collection of objects in natural history.

(To be continued.)

## Temperance Arrows.

BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS," ETC.

"O many a shaft, at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer little meant."—Scott.



THE late Recorder of Birmingham, Mr. M. D. Hill, Q.C., was of the opinion "that whatever step we take, and in whatever direction we may strike, for the elevation of the people, the drink demon starts up before us and blocks

the way."

LORD CLARENDON asks:—"Cannot he that wisely declines walking upon the ice for fear of falling, though possibly it might carry him sooner to his journey's end, as wisely forbear drinking more wine than is necessary, for fear of being drunk, and the ill consequences thereof?"

"I AM convinced that if a man be a drunkard, the only way to cure him is to make him a total abstainer. We have to look at drunkenness as a sin in the sight of God, and as doing evil in the church and the land."—*The Bishop of Sodor and Man.*

MR. GLYN, of the North-Western Railway, says:—"It is not when a man is drunk upon the train that he does the mischief, for he is seen and taken off; but it is when he gets a glass in his head that he becomes reckless and venturesome."

A DESTROYER.—During the last thirty years all the wars in Europe and America have destroyed two million five hundred thousand lives, and have cost three thousand millions sterling. During these thirty years, in England, Scotland, and Ireland alone, strong drink has caused the death of at least one million eight hundred thousand persons, and perhaps of many more, and the cost of those drinks has been about three thousand millions of money.—*The Rev. R. H. Brennan, M.A., in "Hand and Heart."*

"If alcohol were unknown, half the sin and a large part of the poverty and unhappiness in the world would disappear."—*The late Dr. Parkes.*

THE French Consul asked the Queen of Madagascar that the French traders might be paid for the loss they suffered from her forbidding the sale of spirits in her dominions. "Yes," she replied, "we will give you compensation, provided you will also compensate us and our subjects for the incalculable mischief your poison has done."

Manfully may I fight,  
Strengthened with other might,  
Self sacrificed.  
May I my vows renew,  
Sin and the flesh subdue,  
Daily my course pursue,  
Putting on Christ.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY's advice to young men was:—"Neither drink nor smoke. There are old men who have done both and enjoyed perfect health: but ten suffer where one escapes."

SENTINEL, in the "*Church Temperance Chronicle*," says:—"All the hard work on the Metropolitan 'Inner Circle Completion Line' is done without alcohol. The 'navvies' are working from seventy to one hundred hours per week, and yet no intoxicant is allowed 'to be consumed on the premises.' This fact is even more 'telling' than the oft-quoted Great Western experiment of Mr. Brassey's gang."

In the time of Oliver Cromwell, the magistrates in the north of England punished drunkenness by making the drunkard carry what was called the "drunkard's cloak." This was a large barrel, with one head out, and a hole in the other, through which the offender was made to put his head, while his hands were drawn through two small holes, one on each side. With this he was compelled to march along the public streets.

"So far as its physical action is concerned, I do not know that we can say anything good of alcohol at all."—*Dr. E. Lankester, F.R.S.*

MR. WILLIAM HOYLE declares:—"If the 142 millions spent in drink were expended on manufactured goods, instead of employing 250,000,—including publicans,—it would employ from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 people. No wonder so many are out of work."

"PERSONS in my position must be tired of saying what is the veriest truism in the world, that if they could make England sober they could shut up nine-tenths of the prisons. All should, therefore, do everything in their power to stay the evil."—*Lord Coleridge at Bristol Assizes.*

"OH! I do feel in my heart that instead of doing less to diminish this great evil we must more and more rise up as one man. Oh! I do thank God for the zeal that seems to be more and more rising in the country. I pray God it may be a wise and a temperate zeal."—*The Bishop of Rochester.*

Then firm through weal or woe,  
In this world's ebb and flow  
My cross I'll bear.  
When this short life is o'er,  
Hoping for evermore  
On an eternal shore  
A crown to wear.

THE REV. H. E. LEECH, M.A.

"Home Words Temperance Arrows" may be had as Leaflets. Price 1s. per 100. The back of the leaflet can be utilised for the announcement of Parish Meetings, etc. (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)



## Our Common Worship.

BY THE REV. C. WAREING BARDSLEY, M.A., VICAR OF ULVERSTON.

(Continued from Page 117.)



## II. OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

UT some one says, Yes, but a form of prayer is wearisome; it is deadening.

Well, all I can say is, the Bible is a form of words. Is the story of the prodigal, is the narrative of the Cross, wearisome to you through constant association? Every Nonconformist hymn-book is a form of words. Did you ever tire of "Just as I am," or "Rock of Ages," or "Abide with me"? You say, Yes, but we get variety in our hymns, and as for the Word of God it stands on a different footing. *It is* the Word of God. Very well; did you ever analyse our Sabbath service? Did you ever realize that over two-thirds of our service is composed of extracts from the Scriptures, and that a constant variety is maintained by the fact that every Sunday there are five or six fresh Psalms to be sung, four fresh Lessons to be read, and an Epistle and Gospel apportioned to that particular day?

I ask you in all honesty, with all confidence, and in no spirit of triumph, will the Nonconformist service compare as favourably? Will even the extempore prayer bear the same test? Is it not a fact that where the Nonconformist gets a pint from this Divine well-spring of living water of the Word of God, the Churchman gets a pailful?

But another says, Christ said, "Use not vain repetition." That is exactly the teaching of the Church of England. Note, it does not say, "God loves not repetition," but "God loves not *vain* repetition." The point lies in the qualifying adjective. If you said, "I don't like *bad* singing," it doesn't follow that you don't like singing. What does the word *vain* mean? I turn to my dictionary,

and my eye instantly lights on vain: "without efficacy," "unavailing." What makes prayer "unavailing"? What makes our prayers come back to us unefficacious? Inattention, trifling, heedlessness, assenting with the lip, while there has been no response in the heart! How can God love such *vain* repetition? It is a mockery to His Majesty.

No, it is not repetition, but *vain* repetition God abhors. And, oh, that you Churchmen and you Churchwomen would take the warning therein conveyed to heart; that you would be more determined, by the help of God, to keep your petitions, and your repetitions, from being but vain utterances. As a living Churchman, highly placed, has said: Without this heart-assent, "the most beautiful liturgy in the world will soon degenerate into a dreary, formal recitation."

I have only to add in passing from this point that a repetition need not be vain. In the great, terrible, sweating agony of our Lord and Saviour, recorded by St. Matthew, He used these wondrously solemn, beautifully resigned words, "O My Father, if this cup may not pass from Me except I drink it, Thy will be done." What does the next verse but one add? "And He left them, and went away again, and prayed the *third time*, saying the *same words*." Yet He it was who said, "Use not *vain* repetitions." He Himself proved by the spirit of His devotion that all repetition need not be vain, and by the comfort He received, that repetition in itself is not unefficacious. No, is it not a truth, that the complaint that our Liturgy becomes by reiteration stale, flat, and unprofitable, arises from the lips of Nonconformists, and not from Church people? Many of us, at least, can say with a full heart, "Thank God, I know better."

## A FAITHFUL SERVANT.



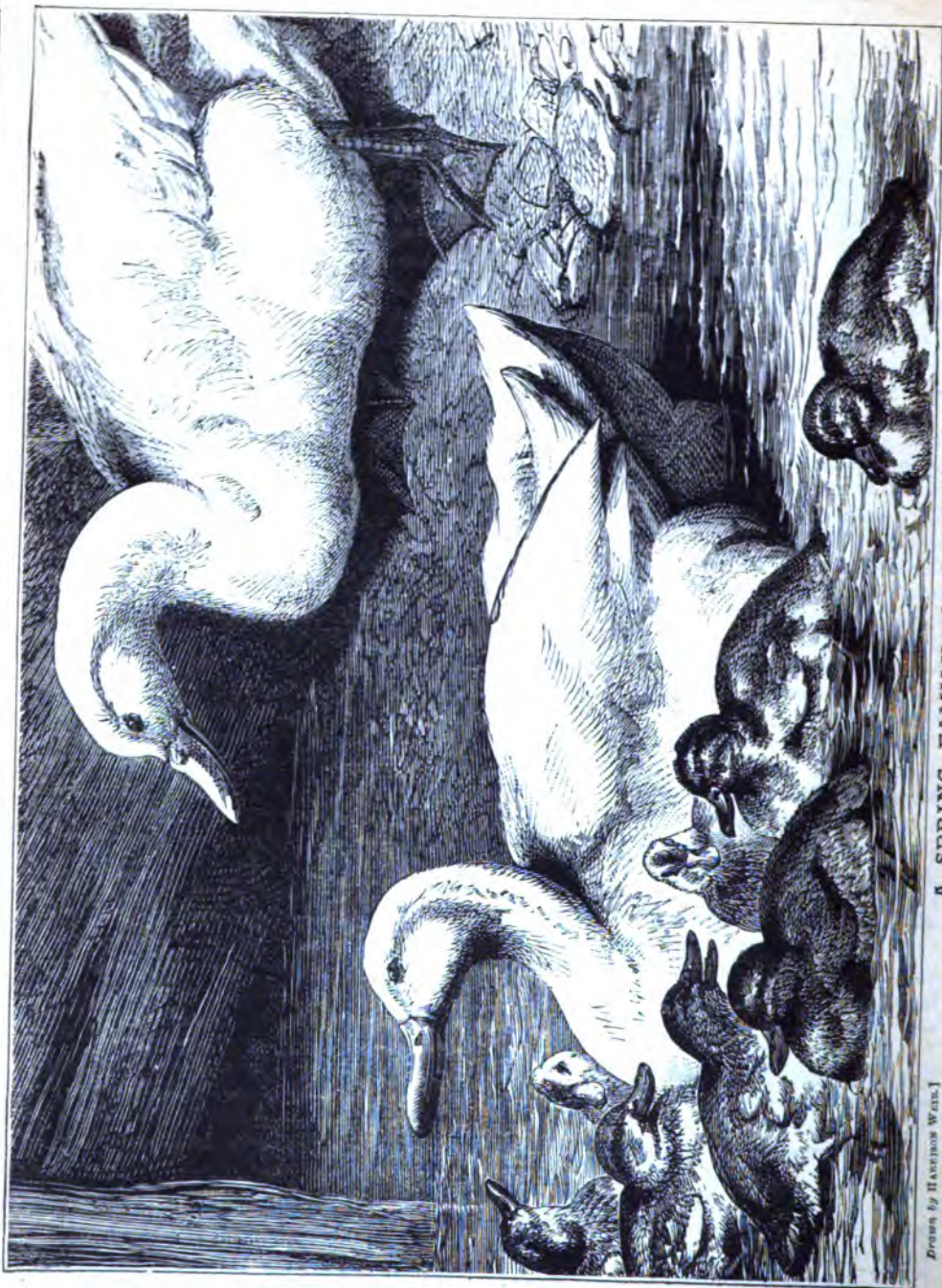
MONUMENT, with the following inscription, has lately been erected in Brompton Cemetery:

"In memory of Elizabeth Jones, who died May 13, 1881, for 14 years the faithful servant

and friend of Alexandra, Princess of Wales, by whom this monument is erected.

"Life's race well run, life's work well done,  
Life's crown well won;—Now comes rest.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."



*Drawn by HASTON WELLS.*

**A SPRING FAMILY: An Artist's Study.**

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XVI. BUSY WORKERS.



WEET wind, fair wind, where have you been?  
 "I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of  
 the sky;  
 I've been a-grinding grist in the mill hard  
 by;  
 I've been laughing at work while others  
 sigh;

Let those laugh who win!"

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing?  
 "I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells;  
 I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;  
 I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells;  
 Is that worth pursuing!"

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?  
 "I've been watching the nest where my fledgelings lie;  
 I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby;  
 By-and-by I shall teach them to fly,  
 Up and away, every one!"

Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going?  
 "To toil for my neighbour as well as myself;  
 To find out the sweetest flower that grows,  
 Be it a thistle or be it a rose,—  
 A secret worth the knowing!"

Each content with the work to be done,  
 Ever the same from sun to sun;  
 Shall you and I be taught to work  
 By the bee and the bird, that scorn to shirk?

Wind and rain fulfilling His word!  
 Tell me, was ever a legend heard  
 Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred;  
 Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, demurred?

MARY N. BENCOR.

## XVII. HEROIC SHIP-BOY.

In the churchyard of a lonely hamlet in Brittany an inscription has been engraved on a simple stone slab, recording the name of "PIERRE BOIXO, ship-boy," who lost his life in saving the crew of a Spanish vessel wrecked on the coast. The circumstances under which this

humble and youthful hero died in saving eight Breton sailors are singularly touching.

The lad, an orphan, embarked on a small trading vessel, the captain and crew of which generally ill-treated him. A few months ago the little craft was in danger of breaking up on the rocks in the neighbourhood of Corsan (Finistère). All the men were on deck, with the captain, who, foreseeing the wreck, told those about him to be prepared for the worst. A hundred yards off was the coast, and a group of fishermen were visible through the driving rain, planning how to render assistance to the distressed vessel. As a last hope the captain took a rope, made a slip-knot in it, and asked who would swim to shore through the breakers? The answer was promptly given by the lad Pierre, who said that he was the right one to run the risk, having no relatives or parents to regret him if he perished. His offer was accepted; the brave boy started on his perilous mission, and after a while a ringing shout told that he had reached the land. The boat was saved, with its human freight, but the lad was lost! Just as he reached the shore the waves threw him with violence against a sharp-pointed rock, and when the fishermen drew up the rope it was to find a mangled corpse attached to it.

The crew of the Spanish vessel, smitten with remorse for their former brutality towards the heroic lad, and with admiration for his courage, have perpetuated the memory of his brave deed on the stone tablet which now marks the spot where he was interred.

## XVIII. THE LOVE OF GOD.

"God is love."—1 John iv. 10.

THE following lines are said to have been composed by a lunatic, and were found written on the wall of his room after his death.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
 And were the skies of parchment made;  
 Were every stalk on earth a quill,  
 And every man a scribe by trade;—  
 To write the love of God above  
 Would drain the ocean dry;  
 Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
 Though stretched from sky to sky."

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. CAN you give the names of the five cities which were called the "five lords of the Philistines"?
2. Two examples of an accusation of drunkenness brought falsely; find one in the Old Testament and one in the New.
3. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." What parable illustrates this proverb?
4. To what two evil things is leaven compared? and to what good thing?
5. What is the only parable peculiar to Saint Mark?
6. "Money is the root of all evil." Is that in the Bible?
7. What names do we find for the Christian Sabbath in the New Testament?

8. Three names occur twice in the list of the Apostles. Which?

9. And there are three pairs of brothers?
10. And one Apostle bore three names?

## ANSWERS (See APRIL No., p. 95).

I. Gen. xxii. 14; Exod. xvii. 15; Jud. vi. 24; Jer. xxiii. 6; Ezek. xlviii. 35. II. Luke vii. 1; xxiii. 47; Acts x. 1; xxvii. 3. III. Luke xxiii. 34; xxiii. 43; John xix. 28; Matt. xxvii. 46 (Mark xv. 34); John xix. 28; xix. 30; Luke xxiii. 46. IV. Matt. xxvi. 30; xxvii. 46; Luke xxiii. 46. V. Jude 9. VI. Bedan; 1 Sam. xii. 11. VII. Gen. xxxv. 18; John xvii. 12 (of Judas); Acts iv. 36. VIII. John. IX. Lev. ix. 24; 1 Chron. xxi. 26; 2 Chron. vii. 1; 1 Kings xviii. 28; and compare Judg. vi. 21. X. Margin of Isa. xvi. 4.

Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but only to local Teachers.



SUN.—1st day.  
Rises 3.51. Sets 8.4.

JUNE.

MOON.—New, 5th, M. 6.12.  
Full, 20th, A. 4.31.

LIGHT  
FAITH  
HOME  
GRACE  
IN

JOY  
PEACE  
LOVE  
HOPE

JOY AND PEACE IN BELIEVING.



God hath  
called us to peace.

1 Cor. vii. 15.

Rejoice  
in Christ Jesus.

Phil. iii. 2.

1 F The path of the just is as the shining light, Prov. iv. 18.  
2 S If we walk in the light, we have fellowship. 1 Jn. i. 7.  
3 S 2nd S. aft. Trin. I will come again and receive you.  
4 M Unto you shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, Mal.  
iv. 2. [viii. 8.  
5 Tu Then shall thy light break forth as the morning. Is.  
6 W The effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance.  
7 Th My people shall dwell in quiet resting places. Is. xxxii.

8 F Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound. Ps.  
9 S There shall no evil befall thee. Ps. xci. 10. [lxxxix. 15.  
10 S 3rd S. aft. Trin. Thou wilt ordain peace for us.  
11 M St. BARNABAS. The comfort of the Holy Ghost. Acts ix. 31.  
12 Tu A stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy. Pr. xiv.  
13 W Your joy no man taketh from you. John xvi. 22. [10.  
14 Th These are written that ye might believe. John xx. 31.  
15 F Thy words were found, and I did eat them. Jer. xv. 16.

I HAVE  
CALLED THEE BY  
THY NAME.

Isa. xlii. 1.

He shall  
appear to your joy.

Isa. lxvi. 5.

Great  
is your  
reward in heaven.

Matt. v. 12.

16 S Thy Word was unto me the joy of my heart. Jer. xv. 16.  
17 S 4th S. aft. Trin. He will speak peace unto His people.  
18 M All her paths are peace. Prov. iii. 17. [Ps. lxxxv. 9.  
19 Tu Let the peace of God rule in your hearts. Col. iii. 15.  
20 W QUEEN'S ACCESSION. The King's heart is in the hand  
of the Lord. Prov. xxi. 1.  
21 Th All my ways are before Thee. Ps. cxix. 163.  
22 F I am come a Light into the world. John xii. 46.

23 S That was the true Light. John i. 9.  
24 S 5th S. aft. T. S. JOHN BAPT. John bare witness of Him.  
25 M He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness. Jno.  
26 Tu In Thy light shall we see light. Ps. xxxvi. 9. [viii. 12.  
27 W Thy blessing is upon Thy people. Ps. iii. 8.  
28 Th CORONATION. The throne is established by righteousness.  
29 F St. PETER. A partaker of the glory that shall be revealed.  
30 S The joy of the Lord is your strength. Neh. viii. 10.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free:  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me.  
A heart in every thought renewed  
And full of love Divine,

Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.  
Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart:  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of love.—C. Wesley.

Faith's Presence. See that you never hold a consultation unless faith be present, yea, and president too: else all will be in disorder at once.—E. Coles.

A Thought of God. How blessed to think that each separate occurrence is "a thought of God." "The Lord thinketh upon me." (Ps. xl. 17.)







**MEMORIAL STATUE OF WILLIAM TYNDALE :**

(TO BE ERECTED ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT :)

Who first translated the New Testament from Greek into English, and was burned near Brussels, A.D. 1536.





# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Health.

### Wayside Chimes.

#### VI. "SUNDAY, FULL OF HOLY GLORY."



ALLELUIA! Fairest morning!  
Fairer than our words can  
say!

Down we lay the heavy burden  
Of life's toil and care to-day;  
While this morn of joy and love  
Brings fresh vigour from above.  
Sunday, full of holy glory!  
Sweetest Rest Day of the soul!  
Light upon a world of darkness  
From thy blessed moments roll!  
Holy, happy, heavenly Day,  
Thou canst charm our grief away.

In the gladness of His worship  
We will seek our joy to-day:  
It is then we learn the fulness  
Of the grace for which we pray,  
When the Word of Life is given,  
Like the Saviour's voice from Heaven.  
Let the Day with thee be ended,  
As with Thee it has begun;  
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,  
Till earth's days and weeks are done;  
That at last Thy servants may  
Keep eternal Sabbath Day.

W. CHATTERTON DIX.

### Who gave us "The Book"?

#### OR, ENGLAND'S DEBT TO WILLIAM TYNDALE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE MEMORIAL STATUE.—ENGLAND FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—TYNDALE'S EARLY LIFE.—A SCENE IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—"TIME TRIETH."



It may truly be said that William Tyndale gave us our English Bible at the cost of his life; a life of devoted labour, ending in a death of cruel martyrdom.

It was, indeed, to him a

costly price; but the gift was worthy of it; and England's debt of gratitude to the giver only found fitting expression when our Queen, pointing the African chief to the English Bible, told him he saw in that Book "the secret of England's greatness."

The Tyndale Memorial Statue, about to be placed on the Thames Embankment, may be regarded as a national response to the Queen's impressive words. We are enabled to give a fine engraving of the statue, from a photograph; and we are sure the memorial, as a work of art, will be pronounced by all to be

a magnificent production, a triumph of sculpture unsurpassed in the metropolis, reflecting the greatest credit on the distinguished artist, Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A. Tyndale is represented in his Doctor's robes, as seen in the portrait at Oxford, which was evidently taken from life. His right hand lies on an open New Testament, resting on a printing-press, copied from the contemporary one at the Musée Plantin in Antwerp. His left hand grasps his cloak, and holds a manuscript, while he is earnestly saying: "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou doest." Upon the press are some printed sheets, to indicate that he did that part of the work himself.

Hearty congratulations are due to J. MacGregor, Esq., M.A. (Rob Roy), and the committee which has acted with him, on the most successful completion of this noble monument to the memory of the great "Reformer, Scholar, and Martyr." But workers and givers in this case need no thanks. Archbishop Sumner, we remember, was once thanked at a Bible meeting for honouring the Society by his presence. The good Archbishop, naturally enough, replied that no higher honour could be conferred on himself than the privilege he enjoyed in being allowed in any way to take part in the circulation of God's Word. So all who have taken part in the erection of this memorial have regarded it as a privilege indeed thus to recognise the work and labours of the great and good man who instrumentally, under God, gave us the Book to which we turn as the source and the guide and the stay of our spiritual life. The statue will not merely be an added ornament to the metropolis; but it is the statue of one who will thus, as it were, become to untold thousands "a living epistle" of the truths of that Book which Newton accounted "the most sublime philosophy," and Boyle "a matchless volume which it is impossible we can study too much or esteem too highly," and Selden declared to be "the only Book in the universe upon which we can rest our souls in a dying moment."

Our readers will, we are sure, be glad to possess a record of Tyndale's biography and

work; and although the sources of information are very limited, enough can happily be gathered to present a life portraiture which none can fail to admire, and which each will do well to imitate. Tyndale's special work, it is true, we cannot do; but his love of the Word of God, and his devoted efforts to give and commend that Word to others may well prompt each of us to "go and do likewise."

Tyndale was born, most probably in the county of Gloucester, and somewhere between 1480 and 1490. The English people at this time had no Bible in their own language. Blind and ignorant superstition prevailed everywhere. The priests, for the most part, did not read the Scriptures in the Latin or Greek manuscripts themselves, and visited any who dared to do so with the severest penalties. Only the rich, however, could possibly pay the price of the costly manuscripts, and few had the desire to make the purchase. The people kissed their thumbs before engaging in prayer: and in rural districts, where they greatly depended upon the produce of the dairy, they had a special saint to watch over churns, cream, and dairy-maids. This saint was called St. White, and was propitiated by the offering of a large cheese. Pardons for sin were bought from the priests, and masses paid for to get souls out of purgatory. The monasteries and nunneries witnessed scenes of self-indulgence on the one hand, and terrible suffering, scanty food, and long watches of vigils and prayers on the other.

All these things Tyndale witnessed from his childhood with growing disgust and repugnance. At length he was sent to Oxford as a student. Here, with a few others, he closely studied the Scriptures in the original languages, and soon became famous as a scholar, as well as respected and esteemed by all.

He afterwards acted as a tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh, at Little Sodbury, in Gloucestershire; and here he began to preach Reformation truths in the villages round, and even in Gloucester and Bristol.

Mrs. Marshall, in her recent work entitled "Dayspring: a Story of the Time of William Tyndale,"\* thus describes a scene in Glouc-

\* "Dayspring." (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings.) Price 5s.

rester, which must often have been witnessed at this period of his life.

"The public action of Tyndale had excited a general outcry from the priests, and he was summoned to appear before the Chancellor of the diocese.

"The city was in a commotion when he entered at the South Gate, and there was a goodly crowd collected by the Cross, which stood at the point where the four streets branched off at right angles to the town gates.

"William Tyndale lingered here purposely, wishing to know what the people were discussing. The Chancellor's procession had just passed towards the Cathedral and Abbot's Palace, and some of the grey and black friars came out from their convent at the South Gate to watch it, and listen to the reason assigned for the Chancellor's visitation.

"He comes to look into the matters touching one Tyndale, I hear," said one.

"Ay, and time, too—a ranting, raving fellow, cutting himself out after the pattern of Martin Luther, who, but for the clemency of his Holiness, would have been roasted like a stubborn pig long ago."

"Will Tyndale is not after the German's fashion," said a young, pale-faced man, who was near. "He has no railing ways; and when my sister's son lay sick at Cambridge of a fearsome pestilence, Will Tyndale was the only soul who cared whether he lived or died. He nursed him with his own hands, and pulled him through."

"Pulled him down to hell, most like, with his heresy," said a snarling voice. "What profit to kill the soul, though the body be saved?"

"Good people," said a clear, musical voice, "you speak of a man who is present among you. I am William Tyndale, nor am I ashamed of my name. It is true, as you say, I am summoned hither to answer charges before the Chancellor; but yon babe in his mother's arms knows as well what these charges are. See now," and holding out his hands, he took a little rosy boy from his mother's arms, saying—"There was One who said that we must all be as a little child if we would enter into the kingdom. I take it not

one of you but hopes to enter in there, and you would fain know the road thitherward. As this little one is content to be borne by his mother whither she will, nor questions not, nor pines, so must we be content to be borne by the will of the Lord and not our own. He has set this forth in His Holy Gospels, which, ere I lie down to die, I purpose to give every one of you in his own tongue. Mind you not, brethren, how at the day of Pentecost the tongues were all such as could be understood, each man for himself? What if I speak to the babe in the Greek tongue I love well? what if I tell him I have for him a thousand gold pieces?—he understandeth me not. So I say, that your treasure in heaven must be held forth to you in words you can comprehend. Brethren, I go to be arraigned before many great and learned men down yonder; but I fear not. If my work is of God, no man can stop it—and *time trieth*."

"Instead of resisting or showing dissatisfaction at his position in Tyndale's arms, the child stroked his beard softly, and seemed pleased at his exalted position above the heads of his mother and many others in the crowd.

"As Tyndale returned the boy to his mother, he blessed him and said, 'When he be grown to manhood, perchance he may read his Testament in his own tongue; if it be so, mind him that William Tyndale held him in his arms one April day, in the year of grace 1523.'"

After the trial at Gloucester, Tyndale was, with much threatening, ordered to depart from the city, and on pain of imprisonment to appear a second time when the charges had been more fully set forth.

The great work he was to accomplish now filled his mind more than ever. On one occasion, "Communing and disputing with a certain learned man, in whose company he happened to be, the learned man said: 'We were better to be without God's laws than the Pope's.' Master Tyndale hearing that, answered him: 'I defy the Pope and all his laws!' and said, 'If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scriptures than thou doest.'"

(To be continued.)

## The Risk which saved the Riser.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," "LOYALLY LOVED," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.



#### ON BOARD THE SARAH BELL.

AS a boy more than forty years ago I learnt a lesson which has lasted me through life, and which I have often been thankful I learnt so early, for it is a lesson which seems to me at the bottom of many others. What a broad one it is! The best and holiest of men know it most thoroughly by heart, and most promptly act upon it, and yet it is one which the youngest can early acquire. It is just this: "Risk for others in the long run is safety to ourselves." Self-denial goes forth with empty hands, but returns home again with them filled with blessings.

Once when we were in port and Sunday came, I strolled with Harry Benton into a church. An old clergyman was preaching; he had white hair and a calm face, and even now it seems I can hear his trembling voice as he said:—

"There are but three steps in all true lives: out of self, into Christ, into glory:" and I looked at Harry and thought, "Anyhow he's out of self." Since that day my shipmate has trod the other two, and I expect soon my weather-beaten hulk will be hailed by Harry from the everlasting shore, and we shall rest in port together—a port from which we shall never need to sail again.

Yes! that was why Harry Benton was such a favourite with us all on board the *Sarah Bell*.

From the captain down through all the thirty-eight men who formed our crew to little Tibbins, the cabin boy, every one had a bright look for Harry, and he a helping hand for them. On our outward voyage we had a long spell of bad weather, and it was so cold that our hands were torn by the ropes. Harry's were as bad as any one's; yet, instead of grumbling, many was the rope he hauled, and many was the time he took

in a reef for Portsmouth Bill, whose hand had gathered through the frost getting into a cut: and Bill did not forget the good turn, though he seemed at the time not to notice it.

Forty years ago were the days of long voyages, and when we left London docks we knew it would be two years before we saw them again. The *Sarah Bell* was a fine three-masted vessel. We had been to Australia, and now at the time that my story begins, were returning homewards in a sort of zigzaggy way, for we had to touch at San Francisco, or F'risco as we call it, and then doubling Cape Horn were to look in at Buenos Ayres, before we really could feel ourselves bound direct for old England.

Already we had been more than a year from home, and on the whole had passed a pleasant time. To be sure the biscuit was hard enough. We used to take a piece in our hand and bang it against the corner of the mess table before we could break a bit off; everything indeed became hard. We had to chop pieces off the cheese with a hatchet, and likewise on many a day, when the salt junk happened to be cut against the grain of the meat, it set even our strong young teeth at defiance. Yet, on the other hand, we were all healthy, merry lads; even little Tibbins, who came so small and pale that his grandmother who brought him said he was "only a poor hap'orth of honey," was now a strong, brisk little chap.

Included in the crew were four apprentices besides myself. Three of these, of whom Harry Benton was one, were jolly lads; the fourth was anything but a favourite on board the *Sarah Bell*. His name was John Royston, a silent youth, with dark hair and a sallow skin, and heavy in feature and movement. Often Mr. Green, the first officer, would sing out, "Look alive, Royston; you haven't a bit of smartness in you." He hung back and went reluctantly whenever it was his duty to go up amongst the rigging, and though the rest of us would often in sport, like a set of young squirrels, run races aloft, he never joined us. We all soon voted him a sulky

fellow. At first we had tried to interest him in "our larks," but being always coldly met, we grew half-unconsciously to shun him. If two of us were fishing for a porpoise, or flying fish, and he came and watched, the laughter died down; and I have seen even Harry pull up his line with his bit of salt pork bait with a jerk, and turn away, and yet Harry was the kindest and brightest of us all.

One evening Harry and I were standing together on the stern, watching the beautiful phosphorescent trail the ship left behind her, and throwing bits of things into it to make a fiery fountain spring up, and see it fall again in a shower of mimic stars. Portsmouth Bill, as we called him, from the port he hailed from, was splicing a brace and whistling "Black-eyed Susan" as he sat at work near us.

"I say, Lee," said Harry, "let us drop this and get a yarn out of Portsmouth Bill."

So perching ourselves on a rail, Harry began:—

"Bill, have you ever seen a mermaid?"

"Surely," Bill returned seriously; "surely, sir, I saw one onst! but it wasn't a mermaid, but a merman; its hair were short to its head. I were out in the early morning in father's boat after the sill, and up one came right close and looked me in the face, and brother Ben saw him too."

"Most likely it was a seal!"

"None so," said Bill indignantly; "seals don't come Portsmouth, leastways Weymouth way—not at that season nowhow. Depend on it, sirs, there's all regular under the seas like what there is above it. Men, women, maids, and little uns—all right—only see you, they're bound to be half fish, or how could they get about?"

"Well, I shan't believe till I see one," said Harry laughing.

"Or know some one that has," I added.

"Would you believe it then?" asked Bill earnestly.

"Perhaps."

"Then hearken, sir! My aunt, leastways my great aunt, lives up at a place in the

North, and once when I was a lad I was there, and she told me this herself. One morning, just at sunrise, comes she home along the shore with the bait, and there sees she left on the wet sand a bonny maid, with a tail like a salmon, only longer, and this maid were a crying bitter, and says she:—"Good woman, take my hand, and give me a help to the sea. I shall die here. I fell asleep, and the waters left me. Help me, good woman!" And my great aunt took hold of her hand and pulled her along into the waves, and that maid called out: "Thank you, good woman! none belonging to you shall ever drown." And see you, sir, not one on 'em ever has from that day to this, and they're all fishermen, and I can tell you they've fearsome storms on that German Ocean.\*

We listened, half laughing, half believing. Looking up I saw John Royston near, his dark face lighted up with keen interest.

"I wish I'd been one of that woman's sons!" he exclaimed.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"Because I know I shall be drowned one day."

"Then why did you come to sea?"

"Because I could not help it; they *made* me come," he burst out passionately; "but I hate it! I fear it!"

His face grew quite white, and he shuddered as he turned away, apparently ashamed of what he had told: and for some days afterwards we noticed he was more reserved than ever.

"So that's what makes him so queer," said I. "Poor chap!"

"It seems a comical thing, though, not to like being a sailor!" said Harry. "Now, I say, if we only had the same grub we get at home, nothing would be half so jolly. That reminds me, Lee; haven't you some raisins left?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, come along; we'll soak some more biscuit and make a pudding. Cook will boil it; and that last one wasn't half bad, was it?"

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\* However absurd this superstitious belief in "mermaids" may seem, it is only too true that to some extent it prevails still. "The schoolmaster is abroad," and he might very well take a trip to sea, though we are quite aware he has not yet done his work on shore.—THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE CAPTAIN AND WE BOYS.

It was very hot. We were out in the South Pacific Ocean. When the night came, strange stars burnt above our heads, and the bright southern cross stood sentinel in the midnight sky.

"I'd rather see the old pole star, even though, as one may say, the nor'-easter were a cutting like knives," remarked Portsmouth Bill. "Somehow, even out in the Arctic, one doesn't feel so far from old England; it's more natural like to be froze than baked to death."

And yet it was a wonderfully beautiful voyage, I thought: for the *Sarah Bell* often threaded her way amongst groups of islands, coral islands, with white glittering reefs, and bright green vegetation. We used to borrow the captain's glass, and gaze longingly at the distant shores. Sometimes we saw little dusky figures moving about too, and gladly indeed would we have visited these fairy islands, but the captain never would allow it, for he said the natives were not friendly.

"We shall soon be clear of the Marquesas," said he one day kindly, "and then we shall pass more than one solitary island, which is believed to be uninhabited, and if I can I will let you go ashore."

We crossed the Equator, and had a right jolly day, and now the ship was sailing northwards, making direct for Frisco.

Three days afterwards the *Sarah Bell* was lying motionless, "like a painted ship upon a painted ocean:" and indeed the skies were painted, and the sea reflected on its still surface with such glowing tints as few artists would dare to use. There becalmed we lay, and the blazing tropical sun beat down till the boards of the deck glowed too hot for our naked feet to bear their touch; and the most provoking part of it all was that we were within sight of an island whose promontories running out into the waters were clothed with bushes of the brightest green, and feathered by many stately palm-trees. The captain, glass in hand, surveyed the shore, and presently we heard him say to the mate:—

"Mr. Green, do you not think that is a stream falling into the cove there?"

"It looks like it, captain."

"Send a boat then; we might as well have some fresh water, and no breeze can spring up until sunset."

So off the boat laden with water casks went, and in two hours returned, and another crew took the men's places.

"Is it a nice island?" asked Harry longingly.

"Yes, sir; there are plenty of cocoa-nut trees. Bo'sen wouldn't let we go far in, but I got these off two that grew close to the creek. We might hev got a wild pig if we'd had a bit more time; but Bo'sen wouldn't let us go to look for one. I'm sertain if we'd had Snap we could ha' found one."

"Have you ever seen a wild pig? Are they in such places?"

"That hev I. They're as thick in New Zealand as blackberries is at home!"

"We *must* go! Come along, Lee; let us go to the captain; it's too bad of Green. He let the twins go with the first boat, but those fellows always are in luck."

We always called the other two apprentices "the twins," for they were inseparable companions, and now were very busy wrapping up beautiful shells they had brought back with them, and packing them away in their lockers.

We went to the cabin, for none of us were afraid of our kind captain, but found we were not the first to be there. John Royston, with his dull face all alive for once, was standing just within the door, twisting his cap round in his hands, and pleading eagerly.

"Please do let me go, sir! I do so want to stand on land."

"And I suppose you two are coming with the same request?"

"Yes, sir," we both replied together.

"Well, well," said the captain kindly, "I'll see what can be done. By the bye, I gave you a half promise, did I not, Harry?"

"Not half a one, sir; a whole one, please."

The captain laughed, and patted his shoulder as he passed us to go on deck, whither we closely followed him. Our spirits fell as we reached it, and a bitter pang of disappointment made us look blankly on each other's faces. The second boat's crew, as eager as we boys to reach the land, had made greater expedition in taking their places than



we had thought possible, and already she was half way between the ship and the shore. I daresay we looked almost as miserable as we felt. The captain smiled; then he turned to Mr. Green, and we heard him say:—

"We can spare two men—so let the three lads go ashore for an hour or two; they can have the smallest boat, but send two steady men with them, and they must be told the time."

"Yes, sir; the night falls so suddenly. I will send old Jack and Portsmouth Bill; they will see all's right."

How willingly we helped! how hard we worked! Even John Royston threw himself heart and soul into it. Just as she touched the water, Harry whispered eagerly to me:—

"I am going to get Snap; we'll have a pig hunt, or anyhow we'll hunt something."

"You can't; Mr. Green won't lend him."

"I shall just borrow him though."

"But Mr. Green will watch us off, see if he does not!"

Harry shook his head, and I watched him slip away and spring down the companion. He whistled to Snap as he did so, and the dog disappeared after him. Already old Jack and Portsmouth Bill grasped their oars, and John and myself were in our seats. Mr. Green, leaning over the taffrail, watched us.

"Where is that lad?" he exclaimed.

"Here, sir!" replied Harry, hastening forwards with a bag in his arms, which he carefully handed down to me, quickly following it into the boat.

"Push off," he cried. I felt Snap wriggle in his confinement, and muttered "Lie still," as I stowed him under the seat. Another minute, and we were off; but neither Harry nor myself felt safe for some time. Snap would whine, and in spite of Harry's loud conversation and my constant pats and kicks, a distinct and pitiful yelp at length betrayed our secret.

"And now what's to be done, masters?" said old Jack, resting on his oar and looking solemnly into his shipmate's face as Harry released Snap, to his great joy. "Mr. Green's uncommon set upon that dog! Seems to me we ought to take him back."

"So us should," returned Bill.

"Oh, don't; we'll take care of him."

"You can't, sir. He'll be off after them long-legged rabbits there is in these parts as sure as he's a born dog."

"Oh, Bill, stand our friend; let us go on."

Bill smiled. "Look you here, shipmate, we're close on yon island, and we're half a mile from the *Sarah Bell*."

"So we be! Well, I expect we shall hev to let him be;" and without another word, resuming their oars, we swept through the waters, and rounding a rocky promontory, the boat shot into a lovely creek. The men laughed—and almost before the keel touched the white sand of the cove, we all three were out, and Snap with us, joyfully jumping and barking.

(To be continued.)

## The Home Songster.

### IV. TRUE BEAUTY.



HERE is a beauty all may have,  
 'Tis deeper than the skin;  
 A cheerful, tender, loving heart,  
 Both rich and poor may win.

'Tis like the sunshine and the rain,  
 And fragrance of the flowers;  
 Where'er it glows a blessing flows,  
 And joy's own fruitful showers.

'Mid summer's heat and winter's snow,  
 'Tis like the ivy green;

Brighton.

Where'er a cheerful heart abides,  
 A bright sweet face is seen.

O beauty of the lowly heart!  
 O joy of all the meek!  
 The brightness of faith's laughing eye,  
 Life's bloom upon her cheek.

O gift of love the poor man's wealth,  
 The rich man's truest friend;  
 O clothe our path with all thy grace,  
 And crown our journey's end.

W. POOLE BALFERN.

## Our Church Portrait Gallery.



XIII. THE REV. BURMAN CASSIN, M.A.: XIV. THE REV. CHARLES H. BANNING, M.A.:  
 XV. THE REV. CANON W. SAUMAREZ SMITH, B.D.: XVI. THE REV. W. E. LIGHT, M.A.

THE Rev. Burman Cassin, M.A., Rector of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, is one of the best known clergymen working in South London. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1858. His first curacy was at Merton, Surrey. In 1860 he was appointed Vicar of St. George's, Battersea. Two years later he moved to the important vicarage of St. Paul's, Bolton-le-Moors, where he remained until 1877. During this period his services were in great request throughout Lancashire and Yorkshire as a mission preacher; his forcible, plain-spoken, and manly appeals to large congregations of working men in mills, workshops, and in the open air, as well as in churches, being especially valued. His return to London in 1877 was greatly regretted by his attached congregation, who presented him with several valuable testimonials.

Of Mr. Cassin's work in Southwark it is impossible to speak too highly. The fine old church, which has enjoyed a long succession of able preachers, is often crowded to the doors, while the various parochial agencies, such as Sunday-schools, Bible classes, Dorcas Society, and Young Men's meetings, are in a high state of efficiency.

Notwithstanding the claims of his large parish, Mr. Cassin manages to spare time for deputational work,—more especially in connection with the Church Missionary Society, Bible Society, and Sunday-school Institute. He also takes a deep interest in young men, and has frequently placed his services at the disposal of the Young Men's Christian Association. His wide experience and special gifts as a speaker make him a great favourite with the working classes of the Borough, who have learnt to look upon the parish rector as a personal friend.

The Rev. Charles Henry Banning, M.A.,  
 ar of Strood, near Rochester, is a graduate

of Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1861. He was ordained by the late Bishop Baring in 1857, and was curate of Gateshead-on-Tyne for two years. In 1859 he became curate of St. Thomas's, Newcastle, which post he resigned in 1862 upon his appointment as an Association Secretary of the Jews' Society. For about eleven years he worked with great enthusiasm in the interests of this valued Society, and became widely known as one of its most eloquent and able advocates. On resigning the Secretaryship in 1873, when he was appointed Vicar of Christ Church, Greenwich, he was placed upon the London Committee, which has still the benefit of his experience and counsel.

After a year's work at Greenwich, Mr. Banning was preferred to the Vicarage of Strood, where he has been instrumental in practically solving the grave problem, how to reach the non-church-going masses. Temperance work has been one of the levers which he has found extremely useful. As a secretary of the Diocesan Temperance Society, he wisely acted upon the principle that "charity begins at home," and his parochial branch has enlisted upwards of a thousand members. His staff of helpers is over one hundred strong; all are communicants; and some short while ago, we were assured that in Strood parish "there is rarely an unfilled vacancy in the list of school teachers, district visitors, or choir!"

Mr. Banning's services are in great request for deputational work, and although he justly considers his own people have the first claim upon his time and energy, he somehow contrives to "lend a helping hand" to less favoured parishes.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Palmer, of Ramsgate.

The Rev. Canon William Saumarez Smith, B.D., Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained a Fellowship. He was ordained in 1859 by the Bishop of Ely



**THE REV. BURMAN CASSIN, M.A.,  
RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE THE MARTYR, SOUTHWARK.**



**THE REV. CHARLES H. BANNING, M.A.;  
VICAR OF STROOD.**



**THE REV. CANON W. SAUMAREZ SMITH, B.D.,  
PRINCIPAL OF ST. AIDAN'S COLLEGE, BIRKENHEAD.**



**THE REV. W. E. LIGHT, M.A.,  
RECTOR OF ST. JAMES'S, DOVER.**

**OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

to the curacy of St. Paul's, Cambridge. In 1861 he became chaplain to the Bishop of Madras, an office which he held for nearly five years. In 1866 he returned to Cambridge as curate of Holy Trinity, and a year later was promoted to the Vicarage of Trumpington. In 1869, he succeeded Dr. Baylee as Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead.

His work in this important sphere of usefulness has been eminently successful. The College is now in a most flourishing condition. One permanent result of his labours has been the erection of a handsome chapel, which was recently opened by the Dean of Chester, who takes great interest in the work of the College. In 1880 Mr. Smith was made an Honorary Canon of Chester. •

Canon Smith's personal influence over young men is most marked, and the annual reunions held at the College are invariably attended by a large number of old students, who are only too glad to avail themselves of an opportunity of revisiting St. Aidan's.

Canon Smith is a frequent contributor to the religious press, and he is also the author of several works which have been widely circulated. Among the best known are "Obstacles to Missionary Success" (the Maitland Prize Essay for 1867), and "Christian Faith." He is also a contributor to "The Encyclopædia Britannica."

Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Robinson & Thompson, of Liverpool.

The Rev. William Edward Light, M.A., Rector of St. James's, Dover, was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he


gained several distinctions. He was ordained in 1842 by the Bishop of London, and after holding curacies at Margate, Southborough, and Tunbridge Wells, became an Association Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in 1852. In 1857 he was appointed Rector of St. James's, Dover. In his pastoral address for the current year, he draws an interesting picture of the parish as he found it, from which we take the following extract:—

"To me this new year will be specially interesting, because before it has far advanced I shall have completed twenty-five years of ministry here. This is a long time to look back upon; and thank God I can see a material improvement in the parish, at least outwardly, during this quarter of a century. In that time we have erected a handsome new Parish Church, costing about £12,000, and seating nearly 1,500 worshippers; we have restored the Old Church; we have built a Rectory House and a Boys' School; and we have a small Mission House in East Cliff. All this has given quite a new aspect both to the parish and its ministry. It is most cheering and delightful now to see both churches filled from Sunday to Sunday, and to know moreover that two Curates, a Scripture Reader, 20 District Visitors, and 50 Sunday School Teachers are all zealously working together with me, for the spiritual welfare of the flock committed to my care."

Mr. Light has published:—"The Days of Old; or, Lessons from the Book," and other interesting works.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Lambert Weston & Son, Dover.

### "Not Yet."

 **W**HAT a splendid crop of wheat!" said a young rook to an old one, as he balanced himself on a twig of an elm-tree.

"Yes, I think it promises fairly," said the old one.

"*'Promises!'* why what would you have? there isn't a bare place in the whole field; it's green all over."

"Ah—just so," said the old rook; "but

it must be *golden* all over before it's good for anything."

"Well, a few weeks of sunshine will soon do that," said the young rook.

"Yes, I know they will," said the old one.

"And there isn't a field about where the blade looks so strong and healthy."

"True," said the old rook, "but you must remember that wheat is not gathered in the blade but in the ear."

ELEANOR PROSSER.

## Readings from the Book.

## I. THE VOICE HEARD.

BY THE REV. JAMES VAUGHAN, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BRIGHTON.

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."—1 Sam. iii. 9.



WHEN you are listening to a sermon, do not criticise, do not see the man, but sit and feel, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

When you open your Bible, before you open it, feel, "I am come to an oracle to get an answer;" and say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

When you are alone, take occasion of the solitude; when you go to your room, feel, as you shut the door, "Now I am alone for this very purpose, that God may say something to me."

If you take a walk among God's handiworks, begin your walk with the expectation—"May the voice of nature speak!" "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

When you lie down on your bed, remember that the day may require some voice from God to close it; and do not shut your eyes till you have asked it. And

when you wake in the morning to a new life, vocal with God's presence, and all-eloquent of His will, make it a first thought, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

If your mind is perplexed about any matter—if you have some hard judgment before you—recognise exclusively and cast yourself absolutely upon that attribute of Christ; hush yourself into a silent listening for a guiding whisper; believe in it: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Never let an affliction fall but you feel it, nor a joy but you sing it. For every joy and every affliction is an angel that brings a message. Let each fulfil its mission: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

And then, when that short night comes, that you will lie down in the consecrated bed where "the Holy Child Jesus" lay, you will not have to fear what voice it will be which will meet you waking.

## II. THE SPIRIT PROMPTING TO WORK.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

"Ever following that which is good."—1 Thess. v. 15.

UNDER the ministry of the Word of God, the true servants of God are often prompted to think of some plan for doing good, engaging in some active work for Christ. It is scarcely possible to come to the house of God and not hear some precept, feel the admonition of some opportunity of usefulness, bidding us "Go and do." But, alas! how often we go and forget.

Mark here the true explanation of the fruitfulness in good works of some Christians as compared with others. Some are full of faith and love and devotedness.

Those around them cannot but take note of them that they have "been with Jesus," and imbibed somewhat of His Spirit, "the mind that dwelt in Him." Not long since, passing through a churchyard, I read on the tombstone of one whose body rested there, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life," the testimony—"He loved little children." The children of the poor were the objects of his Christian interest; and he himself thus became an "epistle of Christ," known and read by all who knew him. In various branches of

Christian work we all of us meet with such "living epistles;" but how many who name the Name of Christ seem to present scarcely any practical evidences of the life of godliness, the life of Christ-likeness!

Much if not all of this difference depends on the way in which we deal with the Holy Spirit's suggestions and impulses to

active service. We may be sure if we fail to *nourish* and *make use* of these, they will soon die away. The lamp or the fire will soon expire unless fed and replenished with the needed fuel. We must nourish these impulses, or neglect will unquestionably quench the Spirit—the Spirit prompting to active service.

### The Gospel of Old Age.

[THE following lines were suggested to their author by hearing of a tombstone in a country churchyard in Wales, on which was inscribed the name of a man who had lived to some years above eighty, yet was said to be (alluding to his conversion to Christ) only "four years old when he died." The incident recalls a message sent by the late beloved and venerated Dr. Marsh, to an aged man—over one hundred—in the writer's parish, named "Hope": "Tell him I trust he has a 'good *hope* through grace:' but if he has not give him the verse:—

"Youth is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time to ensure the great reward;  
But whilst the lamp holds out to burn,  
The *oldest* sinner may return."

The message to my old parishioner at Worcester, may still prove "a word in season" to some of the readers of *Home Words* who are passing down the vale of years.—EDITOR.]



If you ask me how long I have been in the world, I'm old, I'm very old;  
If you ask me how many years I've lived, it'll very soon be told:  
Past eighty years of age, yet only four years old!

Eighty years and more astray upon the mountains high,  
In a land that's full of pits and snares, and that's desolate and dry,  
I've oft been weary, oft been cold, and oft been like to die;  
And there I'd have wandered, wandered still, as I wandered many a day;  
I'd lose the track-marks of the flock, I'd got so far away,  
If Jesus had not met me, that seeks for them that stray.

He's God Himself come down from Heaven to raise us when we fall;  
He's come to heal us when we're sick, to hear us when we call;  
If He hadn't come to do us good, He wouldn't have come at all.

And "Ask," He says, "and I will give, and knock, and I to you  
Will open," Jesus says to us—and I know that it is true;  
It isn't Him would say the things he doesn't mean to do.

He didn't come to judge the world, He didn't come to blame,  
He didn't only come to seek, it was to save He came:  
And when we call Him Saviour, then we call Him by His Name.

He sought for me when I was lost, He brought me to His fold;  
He doesn't look for much from me, for He doesn't need be told  
I'm past eighty years of age, and yet but four years old.

DORA GREENWELL.



## Daisy of "Old Meadow."

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE NAMELESS SHADOW," "OUR FOLKS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## OUT OF DANGER.



CONTENT with the gold." That described Isaac's present state. He had gone back to the worship of his old idol.

Next day the move took place. Neither Isaac nor Daisy could walk so far as to their new home; and indeed poor old Isaac seemed quite spent with his unwonted exertion of the evening before. So a fly conveyed them together; Isaac hugging his bag of gold under his great-coat, caring for nothing else. He hardly spoke to Daisy, hardly looked at her. He seemed to want only to be alone, that he might enjoy his treasure. His former caution had forsaken him, and he was no longer willing to wait for the evening. The moment he was by himself, out came the little wash-leather bag.

Matters went on thus for two or three days. Isaac was sinking back into his old state.

Daisy could not be happy to leave him thus. Though the chief part of the purchase money was safe, Isaac himself was not safe. She knew her poor old father to be in real and terrible peril. Daisy thought much and prayed much about her own mode of action. She feared greatly to take a wrong step; and the right opportunity for speech could not easily be found.

Every evening, before going to bed, Daisy read some verses to Isaac from the Bible. He had not refused to hear her the last few nights, but he had paid no manner of attention. She might almost as well have read to a stone wall.

The third night in the new home had come, and Daisy read as usual, old Isaac sitting opposite, with an air of stolid indifference, while his fingers felt for the string of his bag.

Daisy suddenly put the Bible down, and said slowly,—

"Father, *'there is that maketh himself rich, yet hath NOTHING!'*"

"Eh?" said Isaac, his attention caught by her change of voice.

Daisy repeated the words distinctly, and a stirred look passed over his face.

"I've been poor," he muttered. "It was all gone—all. But I'm rich again now. I've got gold—gold, Daisy."

"No, no: it is just the other way," said Daisy. "You have been getting rich lately, and now you are poor again." She came near, and laid her hands on his. "O father, can't you see? It is a real great danger. If you keep this money, you'll love it again as much as ever, and then you will not care to hear about God, or to do His will. And when you die you will have no Saviour—no heaven. Think, how dreadful!"

"No—heaven!" repeated Isaac.

"Not if you love this money best, father. It will come between you and God, and cut you off from heaven. Oh, you had much much better put it behind the fire."

"Why, Daisy!" Isaac said in amaze, quite roused up. "Why, Daisy, you're mad. You wouldn't have me throw it into the fire. It's gold, Daisy—gold."

"Yes, poor miserable gold," said Daisy. "It is gold, father, real gold. I know that. You love those gold pieces dearly; more than you love me."

"No, no, I don't know as I'd say that, Daisy," put in the old man, with a gleam of his late affection for her.

"More than you love God, father."

Isaac was silent.

"And yet they can't give you back any love—they can't help you—and when you die you will have to leave them all behind. What will you do then? O father, think, is it worth while?" asked Daisy, and tears streamed from her eyes.

Isaac looked uneasily at her.

"I think it is like that text," said Daisy. "'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his

soul?' The bag of gold is 'the whole world' to you just now, father."

"What 'ud you have me do, Daisy?" asked Isaac, with a perplexed air, and Daisy's heart sprang.

"I'd have you give up the gold, father," she cried eagerly. "It isn't safe for you to keep. It shall be taken care of for you; and we shall have plenty of money coming in every quarter to keep us going; plenty, for I mean to be very careful. And Mr. Roper will arrange it all for us. But if you keep that gold and love it so, father, you'll never be really happy. It will hang on you like a weight, and drag you back from serving God. Won't you give it up?"

There came a long pause. Isaac seemed to be thinking, with his head sunk on his chest. Daisy's hand lay still upon his.

"Father, the Lord Jesus loved you and died for you," she said softly, after a while. "And He wants you to love Him and serve Him. But I don't see how you can, if you keep that gold and love it best of all."

"No, I don't see how I can," echoed old Isaac. Then, quite suddenly, quite unexpectedly, he pulled out the wash-leather bag, and held it with both hands towards Daisy.

"Take it all, Daisy—quick—quick," he said. "And don't you ever let me set eyes on it again."

Daisy caught the bag from him, and fled out of the room, as if she had been carrying a very serpent from his path. She ran to the kitchen, and then and there she sent Mary Davis straight off to the Bank, to pay in the fifty pounds, not being able to walk so far herself. Daisy knew she could thoroughly depend on the faithful Mary.

Coming back then to the tiny parlour, she found Isaac crying and sobbing in his childish fashion, with his old moan of "Gone—gone—gone!"

"Yes, it's gone, father, gone to the Bank," said Daisy brightly. "Quite safe there, till we want it. And the danger is gone, too, thank God."

"Danger gone!" repeated Isaac in his dreamy fashion, and he added, "But it *do* go against the grain, Daisy."

"It won't in a little while," said Daisy. "It will be all right soon."

She began singing softly one of her favourite hymns, and Isaac presently fell sound asleep. When he awoke, an hour later, strange to say the longing for his bag of gold seemed for the time to have left him. He was quiet and affectionate towards Daisy once more, as he had been before it came into his possession.

As weeks and months passed by, this quiet content increased; and gradually the hunger after gold appeared to die quite out of Isaac's heart.

For a new heavenly treasure was taking the place of the old earthly treasure, and thus all sense of craving was stilled.

Isaac did not know much, could not understand much. But the aged eyes which had once glittered at the chink of coin, might now be seen to shine with happiness when Daisy read to him holy words from the Book of Life. A marked change passed over the old man. He ceased to be peevish and ill-tempered and untidy. Daisy made it her delight to attend to his needs, and he was at last willing to leave everything in her hands.

"In fact, he's like another man," Mrs. Simmons said. "I wouldn't know him for Mr. Meads, if I met him in another place. Dressed so decent and respectable, and ready to give a civil answer to anybody that comes near him. I declare I never could have thought it! And Miss Daisy seems *that* happy, she can scarce contain herself."

THE END.\*

#### "TIRESOME PEOPLE."

REGARD them as first-rate teachers of patience, and pay them well; for patience is a valuable acquisition. This is true philosophy, and

very difficult Christianity. It would be a serious loss to lose all the "tiresome people." We can't afford it yet.

\* Our readers will be glad to hear that a New Tale by Miss Giberne, entitled "The Nameless Shadow," has been published at Home Words Office. It is a large book, and the price is 6s.



"The flowers are blooming everywhere,  
On every hill and dale."—*Mary Howitt.*



LIKE everything else, the greatest difficulty a village Flower Show has to contend against is the difficulty of starting it. Once it is started, the passing years and their experiences will supply materials of growth and expansion. One village, unless it be very populous indeed, is not enough; there should be a district, named after its chief village.

Then, as it appears to us, a club feast, servants' prizes, and other matters might be added to bring grist to the Flower-Show mill. A big tent is soon hired or loaned, neighbours will soon subscribe towards prizes (which should begin by being rather high and tempting), and cottagers will soon see the honour and "fun" of winning prizes and

distinctions. If the squire or clergyman has any allotment tenants, he might be induced to lower the prize-winners' rent for that year, perhaps.

We write in face of a huge yellow bill, sent us by post, of a village bazaar for a village organ in a village church; and we observe not only that "a refreshment stall will be supplied," not only that "a conveyance will be provided to meet the several trains," (both of which provisions should give hints to enterprising people,) but also that—

"A stall will be held for the sale of agricultural produce, and contributions to this stall are received by——"

Now that would also be a useful addition. We think flower and fruit shows, when fairly, impartially, and discreetly administered, might prove most useful in country places. The

mischief is that managers become ambitious, and do not confine such things within reasonable limits.

There should be, if possible, a village band, some village flags, and other enlivening influences; and visitors should show that they really take interest in the produce of honest toil and talent. Yes, talent; for there is far more talent in "raising" a handsome potato, mangold wurzel, carrot, rose, or dahlia, than in—say, writing a letter to the newspaper.

We have been requested to give an opinion on the feasibility or otherwise of a village Flower Show, and we do so with real interest and pleasure. Moreover, we should be pleased to receive any communication as to how to set about and most successfully carry on such a useful and pleasurable agency as that of country flower and fruit shows.

THE EDITOR.

### THE MISSION OF THE FLOWERS.

**G**OD might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small;  
The oak tree and the cedar tree,  
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough  
For every want of ours;  
For medicine, luxury and food,  
And yet have made no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
All dyed in rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supreme grace,  
Up-springing day and night?

To comfort man, and whisper hope,  
Whene'er his faith is dim;  
For God, who careth for the flowers,  
Will much more care for him!

MARY HOWITT.

## Confirmation.



BY THE REV. GEORGE EVERARD, M.A., AUTHOR OF "BRIGHT AND FAIR," ETC.

**REGARD** Confirmation, when rightly understood, as affording real assistance in deciding for Christ. In many cases serious impressions have been received or deepened, and not a few can look back to this season as one when they yielded themselves entirely to Him.

Value this ordinance, and use it thoughtfully and prayerfully. If you have not been confirmed already, come forward when you have opportunity, and give yourself to a careful use of the precious preparation time. Study to gain a clear and distinct knowledge of Christian doctrine. Look backward on the path you have already trodden, and see where you have failed. Seek the assurance of complete forgiveness in Christ. Wait upon

God for the great gift of the Holy Ghost to teach, strengthen, and sanctify you. You will find the prayer in the Confirmation Service, which is offered for you by the Bishop, one you may well employ for yourself:—

"Defend, O Lord, me Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that I may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until I come to Thine everlasting kingdom."

Especially be very real and true in the solemn "I do," which each candidate gives as an answer to the question which the Bishop puts to them. What does it mean? Is it not your acceptance of His grace and your public testimony to a desire to live for Him? Let it be the language of your heart, and you will find in days to come that it helps you to abide faithful to His service.

## Strawberry Picking.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE STREETS."

"And then the fruit, the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!  
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on the bright green leaves!  
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,  
The wild wood fruit my eager eye is seeking everywhere!"

MARY HOWITT.



**M**ANY people have no idea that there are in Kent, not many miles from London, acres and acres given up to the cultivation of strawberries and raspberries, to say nothing of the fields of currant trees and gooseberry bushes. The fields are not divided by hedges, but are quite open to the public, who can walk through them, and can see the plains stretching for miles on each side, with here and there a cornfield.

Down into these districts, toward the end of June, come men, women, and children, to find employment. Women are principally employed; and they take their

families with them into the fields, where the smallest girl sits under a tree, and nurses the baby, while her bigger brothers and sisters help in gathering the fruit. Children of the tender age of eight earn three or four shillings a-day. It is a pretty sight to see the women in their flop-hats—which they sensibly wear to protect them from the burning sun—with their tall baskets tied round their waists, going up and down the rows, or standing at the sheds.

In the season there are men with guns who shoot the birds, and watch the fields night and day, so that no one dare leave the public way for the green paths that run around and across the fields. These are for the pickers, that they may go up to the black sheds, which are generally placed between two





STRAWBERRY GATHERING IN KENT.

fields, and in and around which are sieves (large round baskets), and barrels, into which the fruit is turned.

In the sheds men pack the baskets for the London market, while others with their shirt-sleeves rolled up to their shoulders, plunge their hands and arms into the tubs in which is the fruit picked for preserving. It is not very nice to see these rough men holding up their hands streaming with juice, which rises

higher up their arms as they press deeper; but, to quote an old saying, "What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve after;" and perhaps it is as well not to inquire too particularly into the mysteries of cooking, or the art of jam-making. The smell of the fruit is delicious, the whole land being scented during the season: and as to the taste—well we hardly know how to describe it, but we hope every reader will enjoy it.

## Our Common Worship.

BY THE REV. C. WAREING BARDSLEY, M.A., VICAR OF ULVERSTON.

(Continued from Page 141.)



### III. PRACTICAL REASONS.

HAVE so far advanced *Scriptural* reasons. I further add that for *practical* reasons I think a Liturgy the best.

We are always talking of a form of prayer in relation to the people. Did you ever consider it in relation to the minister, his gifts, his health, his age, his bias, his errors?

(a) Look at the question of health.

It is a serious matter for any pastor to be unfit for his work on the Sabbath morn. He will try to be at his best—at his best physically, at his best mentally, at his best spiritually. He will have prepared in a threefold manner: he will have rested his body; he will have braced his mind; he will have composed his spirit. Still he is subject to all human chances. He may wake on the Sabbath morn with some great pain in mind, body, or estate. He is weighed down, yet he must be in his place. Both the Churchman and the Nonconformist must preach a sermon, and there neither has any advantage. But it is widely different in the prayers. The chapel minister is on a rack from the commencement to the close. The strain is too severe; the tension is too stretched; it is the whipping of a jaded steed. He cannot lift his people while himself is depressed, and he goes home, saddened, feeling, it may be, his work to-day has been a failure. The clergyman has no

mental strain like this. The words come to his lips with all their sweet familiarity. The little intervals of congregational response are to him as quiet resting-places. The people, not aware, it may be, of his indisposition, can by their heartiness of worship lift him up with themselves.

Therefore, I say, with a Liturgy a congregation are never at the mercy of their minister's passing moods. And is that nothing?

(b) Look at the question of *negligence*.

This, too, is not lightly to be despised. How sorry one feels sometimes at church or prayer-meeting that one had forgotten some particular request. There *was* a friend in spiritual darkness: it had slipped our attention. A *father* has died: the widow and orphans have gone unremembered. *That woman* in the corner has a son at sea: we never thought of him. There will be a thunder-storm next week! How should we be expected to remember remote possibilities? It all comes to us afterwards: the omission, how was it? How could it have happened? We feel sad, and can only say, "Somehow I forgot." With a Liturgy we cannot forget! Look at our Litany, used once every Sunday in every Church in the land. Who is left out? None! What is omitted? Nothing! No, there is no accident that can befall, no loss that can injure, no smart that can pain, no change that can sadden, for which there is not a sweet and tender cordial in our Church's Liturgy. And is that nothing?

(To be continued.)





## Hug and Mug.

(See Illustration, Page 166.)

HUG and Mug made their first appearance in this wise. They had the happiness to be born in a comfortable kennel at the old Manor House, Walton, where Farmer Mayne, his good wife, and their bonny son and daughter showed equal kindness to man and beast. I say "equal" kindness; and only that it would exhaust the reader's patience, I might give many instances to prove that all sorts and conditions of animals—horses and dogs in particular—have repeatedly established good claims to be treated with kindness by every man who is a man, and by every boy who hopes to be a man some day.

Bounce, a royal mastiff, was the mother of Hug and Mug. While her baby pets were fast asleep, she gently left the kennel for a quiet run round the farmyard, and a trot through the orchard, by way of a little healthy exercise. When Hug and Mug awoke, and found their mother gone, they scrambled to the front of the kennel, where young Charlie Mayne discovered them, speaking in looks, not words, as plainly as possible:—"Don't you see we have lost her? Don't you see we have lost her? Oh, bring dear mother back again!"

What wise doggies they were too! Looking out on the fair world for the first time, they seemed to feel that although it was so beautiful and inviting, to "stay at home was best," at any rate until mother

came back! "How 'knowledgeable' they be, for sure and sartain," said Joe Miggs, the stable-boy. "Right you are, Joe," replied Charlie; "they are 'knowledgeable' without a doubt. Why I read the other day that the favourite mastiff of Sir Henry Lee cleverly protected him from the swords of the enemy, as he lay helpless and wounded on the field of Agincourt. Then, too, when Montdidier was murdered, no one in Paris knew who was the criminal, until suspicion fell upon Macaire; for whenever Montdidier's mastiff met him, the sagacious dog showed the strongest signs of dislike. In the end Macaire was arrested, and confessed his guilt. "Then again—oh, but here she comes; Bounce! Bounce!" And she did come too, with leaps and bounds, putting an end to Charlie's "dog's tales," and giving such joy to Hug and Mug that they handsomely wagged their thanks in splendid tails of their own!

Without at all forcing a moral, we may jump on twelve months in the life-story of Bounce, when Hug and Mug will have kennels of their own, and Bounce will be sighing for them with as much deep feeling as the poet has put into the words of a human mother:—

"We are so dull and thankless, and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away;  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,  
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,  
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly  
The little babes that brought me only good."

FREDERICK SHERLOCK.

## A SINGLE HAUL OF HERRINGS.

**S**OMETIMES a single haul will give such a large quantity of fish that the boat at once sets sail for her port. In 1882, the *Snaefell*, of Yarmouth, made such a haul, taking 18½ lasts, or 247,000 herrings. The largest

number landed, during the same season, as the fruit of a single voyage, was brought in by the *Corisande*, which landed 27½ lasts, or 363,000 herrings; but such takes are quite exceptional.—*The Silvery Hosts of the North Sea.* (Home Words Office.) Price 1s.



HUG AND MUG.

"Don't you see we have lost her? Oh, bring dear mother back again!"—Page 165.

# The Young Folks' Page.

## XIX. THE DIFFERENCE.



ENGLISH boys may learn a lesson from the following story, which comes to us from America.

Thirty years ago, Mr. H., a nurseryman in New York State, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather and not the season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and found his way to the kitchen of the farm-house, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. H. at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest son, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Don't know, sir. Maybe not for a week."

The other boy, Jem, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner, that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped, followed him through the nursery, examined the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had for this season, Jem," said his father, greatly pleased, on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, sullenly, "I'm as willing to help as Jem, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterwards these two boys were left by their father's failure and death with but two or three hundred dollars each. Joe bought with them an acre or two near home. The land was poor, the crops scanty, the market low. He has worked hard and faithfully, but is still a poor, discontented man. Jem bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado; hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years; with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre; built himself a house and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in the State.

## XX. EVENING PRAYER.

Now the light has gone away,  
Saviour, listen while I pray,  
Asking Thee to watch and keep,  
And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Saviour, wash away  
All that has been wrong to day;  
Help me ev'ry day to be  
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

Let my near and dear ones be  
Always near and dear to Thee;  
Oh, bring me and all I love,  
To Thy happy home above.

Now my evening praise I give;  
Thou didst die that I might live;  
All my blessings come from Thee,  
Oh, how good Thou art to me!

Thou my best and kindest Friend;  
Thou wilt love me to the end!  
Let me love Thee more and more,  
Always better than before.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

## XXI. THE HEART'S SUNSHINE.

I REMEMBER once a tiny little girl, whose father was in sore trouble. She was only between three and four years old; but she was very anxious to comfort her father. He took her on his knee, and asked her how she thought such a little girl could help or comfort him. "Oh I with loving," she answered. And she was right. We may call Love "the sunshine of the heart." Ask God that you may have the sunshine of His love in your own heart; and then that you may be able to have always a loving heart to all around. That is the way to be a sunbeam at home. —"Drops and Rocks," by Dr. Conder.

## XXII. "HE COULD NOT."

A boy who was fond of apples one day saw a tree loaded with rich, ripe, rosy fruit, and felt sorely tempted to shake some down and eat them. Somebody asked him afterwards, "Why didn't you steal a few? Nobody was near to see you." "Yea," said the boy, "I should have seen myself." And God would have seen him. And so, much as he longed for the fruit, he could not take it.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. ~~X~~ I. L. Job's possessions were restored to him in double measure but one. Why not that?
2. There are three occasions when we are told the Lord wept. What are they?
3. Where is the passover called "Easter"?
4. Two places were called Meribah. Why?
5. In what did Hezekiah, and in what did Josiah excel the kings before and after them?
6. Whence did the Jews get the name of Beelzebub for the evil one?
7. What two names were borne by kings of Israel and Judah at about the same time?
8. How many different lines or houses filled the throne

of Israel, as against the one line of David on Judah's throne?

9. Three times it seemed that David's line might be broken, and the fourth crisis did break it. Which were the three occasions?

10. Name the three prophets of the captivity, and the three of the restoration.

### ANSWERS (See Max No., p. 119).

I. Gen. xxviii. 19; xxxii. 30; xxxiii. 28; 1 Sam. i. 20; Matt. i. 23. II. John iii. 1; vii. 50; xix. 39. III. Mark xv. 31; 2 Tim. i. 5; Acts xii. 12. IV. Acts vii. 42, 43; xv. 16, 17. V. Luke xi. 13; "Being evil." VI. Lev. xvi. 29. VII. Luke ii. 11 (Bethlehem); 2 Sam. v. 9 (Zion). VIII. Acts xii. 2; Rev. i. 9. IX. Joseph, Saul, David. X. Gen. xiv. 31; xvii. 10.



Sun.—1st day.  
Rises 3.49. Sets 8.17.

JULY.

MOON.—New, 4th, A. 3.5.  
Full, 20th, M. 3.30.

# NEWNESS OF LIFE.



Love  
worketh no ill,  
Rom. xlii. 10.

Walk  
in Love,  
Eph. v. 2.

1 S 6th S. aft. Trin. In Christ... a new creature. 2 Cor. v. 17.  
2 M Created in Christ Jesus unto good works. Eph. ii.  
3 Tu Old things are passed away. 2 Cor. v. 17. [10].  
4 W All things are become new. 2 Cor. v. 17.  
5 Th They that deal truly are His delight. Prov. xii. 22.  
6 F Let us not be weary in well-doing. Gal. vi. 9.  
7 S To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath. Exod. xvi.  
8 S 7th S. aft. Trin. Ye shall keep My Sabbaths. Lev. xix. 30.

9 M Draw me: we will run after Thee. Cant. i. 4. [32].  
10 Tu I will run the way of Thy commandments. Ps. cxix.  
11 W Let me not wander from Thy commandments. Ps.  
12 Th Thou hast left thy first love. Rev. ii. 4. [cxix. 10].  
13 F Repent, and do the first works. Rev. ii. 5. [cxix. 25].  
14 S My soul cleaveth to the dust: quicken Thou me. Ps.  
15 S 8th S. aft. Trin. Thou hast pleasure in uprightness.  
16 M In Thine hand it is to give strength. 1 Chron. xxix. 12.

## So RUN THAT YE MAY

I am  
crucified with Christ.  
Gal. ii. 20.

OBTAIN.  
1 Cor. ix. 24.

Follow  
His steps.  
1 Pet. ii. 21.

17 Tu Strengthen that which Thou hast wrought for us. Ps.  
18 W He established my goings. Ps. xl. 2. [lxviii. 28].  
19 Th Strengthen ye the weak hands. Isa. xxxv. 3. [xxxv. 4].  
20 F Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong. Isa.  
21 S Let not your hands be weak. 2 Chron. xv. 7.  
22 S 9th S. aft. Trin. For your work shall be rewarded.  
Jer. xxxi. 16. [sacrifice. Rom. xii. 1].  
23 M I beseech you that ye present your bodies a living

24 Tu Be not conformed to this world. Rom. xii. 2.  
25 W ST. JAMES. Be ye transformed. Rom. xii. 2.  
26 Th He that doeth the will of God abideth. 1 John ii. 17.  
27 F Let Thy loving-kindness continually preserve me.  
28 S Incline not my heart to any evil thing. Ps. cxli. 4.  
29 S 10th S. aft. Trin. See if there be any wicked way in me.  
30 M Lead me in the way everlasting. Ps. cxxxix. 24.  
31 Tu The Lord shall keep thy foot from being taken.

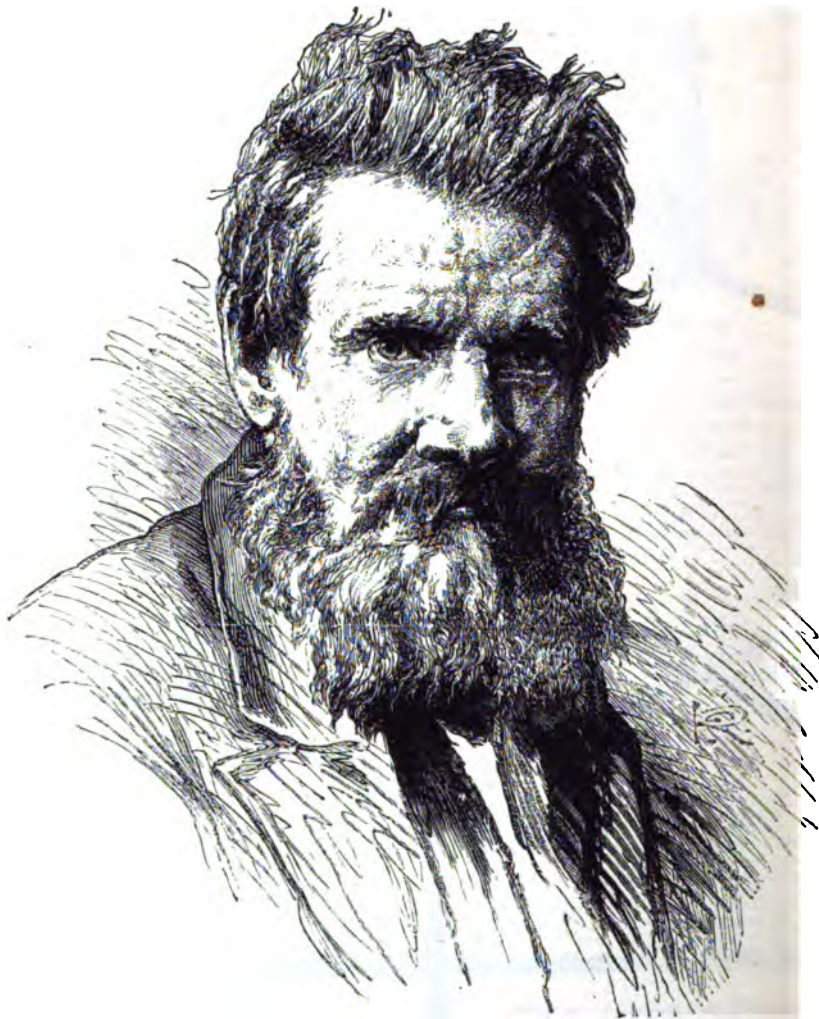
THE blood of Christ has washed away my sin,  
And through that blood I am at peace with Thee:  
My will is Thine—no controversy now,  
Thy peace which passeth knowledge keepeth me.

Thus may I live and walk from day to day,  
Contented, trustful, satisfied, and still:  
What life so shielded, or what life so free,  
As that within the centre of Thy will.—Anon.

**Parental Influence.** That a parent may be as God's representative to his child, he must first be as a child to his God. He must be "a new creature in Christ Jesus," and know by happy experience what it is to cry Abba, Father. To teach he must be taught, and receive that he may give.—Anon.

**Gospel Holiness.** Gospel holiness includes a heart broken for sin, a heart broken off from sin, and a perpetual conflict with sin.—Medley.





*Engraved by CHARLES ROBERTS.*

*[After a drawing by GEORGE REID, F.R.A.]*

**THOMAS EDWARD:  
THE SCOTCH NATURALIST.**

**"I learnt at my ain fireside, where everything good should be learnt. My teachers were, first, Necessity, and secondly, Will." (Home Words for March, Page 66.)**





# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

### Wayside Chimes.

#### VII. OUR DAILY WORK.

BY THE REV. CANON STOWELL, M.A., RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, SALFORD.

"Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening."—Ps. civ. 23.



**W**HILE the sun is shining  
Brightly in the sky,  
Ere his rays declining  
Tell that night is nigh;  
Ere the shadows falling  
Lengthen on thy way,  
Hark! a Voice is calling—  
Work while it is day.  
Work for God in Heaven,  
Seek the Saviour's Face:  
Plead to be forgiven,  
Strive to grow in grace;  
Watch against temptation,  
Watch and fight and pray;  
Each in his own station—  
Work while it is day.  
Say not that the morning  
Is for work too soon:  
We have many a warning,  
Night may come ere noon;

There are vacant places  
In our ranks, which say—  
"Where the missing faces?—  
Work while it is day."

Work, but not in sadness,  
For our Lord above;  
He will make it gladness  
With His smile of love:  
When that Lord returning  
Knocketh at the gate,  
Let your lights be burning;  
Be like men who wait.

Happy then the meeting,  
When we see His Face;  
Welcome then the greeting  
From the Throne of Grace:  
"Good and faithful servants  
Of my Father blest,  
Now your work is ended,  
Enter into rest."

#### GOLD FROM THE MINE.

**T**HINK little of self, and much of Christ.  
Christ is all, and all is in Christ.  
Self-conceit is self-deceit.  
A grain of grace is better than a mint of gold.  
Kindness conquers.

#### LESSON FROM AN ARTIST.

**S**IR PETER LELY made it a rule never to  
look at a bad picture, having found by ex-  
perience that whenever he did so his pencil took  
a taint from it. Apply this," adds Bishop Horne,  
"to bad books and bad company."

## The Risk which saved the Risker.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," "LOYALLY LOVED," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.



WHEREIN WE HUNT AND  
ARE HUNTED.

"REMEMBER, sirs, to be back in an hour, and don't go too far inland and lose your bearings."

"All right, Bill," and off we were, scrambling over the

rocks, rushing towards the palm woods which covered the island inland. John Royston's face brightened; the heavy cloud which always weighed upon him seemed lifted: and three happier, merrier boys that afternoon were not to be found anywhere.

We hardly noticed the feathery grasses, the bushes laden with gaudy blossoms; and we even resisted the temptations which the tall palm-trees offered with their crowns of broad leaves and cocoa-nuts. "A pig! a wild pig!" was our one thought, our one desire; and as we plunged through the matted vegetation, a sharp bark from Snap and a squeak in front of us announced that our wishes were to be realized. Helter-skelter onwards we scrambled. Many a time our feet were caught in the trailing creepers; and so thick was the undergrowth that though we traced our course by the sharp yelps of Snap, which sounded only just ahead, it was quite a quarter of an hour before we caught sight of him. John Royston, bigger and heavier than either of us, crushed down bushes and pushed a way through thickets with a spirit and life we had never seen him display before. At length we were up with our game.

Every now and then we had come on a little clean space, and in one of these we at length beheld the pig, lean and strong, standing at bay. Snap had him fast by the ear. We dashed forward with a shout, and Harry raised a thick stick he had armed himself with, whilst John and I threw ourselves bodily upon him. The sudden shock of such a wild

onslaught roused the creature to frenzy, and with a violent struggle he broke away from the dog, and rushing past us, disappeared down the path which we had trodden. As soon as John Royston and myself had picked ourselves up, and Harry had finished laughing, we turned and followed Snap, whose bark was already becoming faint in the distance. Again the chase began, but the pig gained upon us, for he could dodge along where it was impossible for us to pass. At length, tired and breathless, we came to a larger clearing and flung ourselves down to rest.

"It's no use; we never shall come up with him," Harry exclaimed. "Just see those bushes; why, they are like a wall, and there's Snap yelping at the other side already."

"Let's call him in," said I, "or we shall lose him, and then Mr. Green will not be very pleasant to meet."

"Snap! Snap!" cried John, and I whistled vigorously, and presently the dog came unwillingly in, and settled down panting beside us. We lay on our backs, and watched the levelling sunbeams glitter through the leaves, and the brilliant insects whose wings made a whirring sound, dart about, and listened to the harsh cries of unknown birds: and then we talked of home, and rabbit shooting, and dogs, and ponies. Snap, with his nose on his paws, lay gravely considering many matters, when suddenly he jumped up and growled.

John looked at his watch, for he alone of the three possessed one, and remarked,—

"We are over time already; it's ten minutes past the hour!"

"Oh, bother! Well, I suppose we must go; but what on earth is the matter with Snap?" I replied.

We had risen to our feet lazily. The dog, with his hair standing up in a frill round his neck, stood stiffly growling, with his eyes fixed on the other side of the cover where half an hour before he had lost the pig. We looked where he did, and saw to our horror something which for a moment

chilled us with fear, and compelled us to gaze at it. From the leafy framework of the bushes a dusky face and two wild eyes glared at us. The body was hidden from our view; but the sharp point of a spear stuck out above the face. Without one word, we turned and ran for our lives.

A savage war cry rang through the trees. We heard it answered again and again in the distance behind us; and as we flew along presently came the thud, thud, of many naked footsteps pursuing us.

We were racing for our lives, and we knew it. We tore onwards as quickly as possible. The dense undergrowth and matted creepers impeded our progress; but heeding not torn clothes and cruel scratches, we struggled madly on, our terror fearfully increased by the savage war cries which drew nearer and nearer. It seemed impossible to clear the wood; but at last our pathway turned, and we saw the clear gleam of the evening light between the tall palm-tree trunks, and rushed onwards with renewed speed. A few more desperate minutes passed, and only a rocky promontory rose between us and the cove where the boat we knew awaited us, though we could not see her. We could not, however, get on more quickly even now, for stones were lying about half imbedded in springy moss and sand, and just at this moment John Royston suddenly stumbled and fell violently to the ground. He was up again in a moment; but even this short delay was horrible, for as we looked back we saw the savages gathering in a mass at the edge of the wood, and only a narrow valley lay between us and our pursuers.

"Run, Lee! run!" Harry shouted to me, for I was some distance ahead. Instinctively obeying him, I flew down the hill-side and reached the boat. Portsmouth Bill and Jack sprang into her and prepared to push off; then I turned to look back, never doubting that my messmates were close to me, but this was not the case.

John was running slowly towards us, certainly, but Harry was standing erect at the top of the hill, Snap by him, and in the distance a crowd of dusky savages armed with spears, were uttering loud cries. Yes!

surely they were moving now—were coming towards him. Then, he was lost! I sprang back into the water and ran to the shore as John Royston came up and was helped into the boat by Jack; but my gaze never left Harry. Twice I saw him look over his shoulder to see how near the boat John had got; and then, as he saw him near it, and just as I reached land again, he turned and ran rushing towards us. Now the savages no longer hesitated, but came bounding onward. At sight of the boat, however, they paused once more, and their spears came whizzing through the air: but they did not reach their mark, for Harry had got to the cove more dead than alive. So exhausted was he, that though we pulled him in, he could not regain his breath for some time. A few vigorous oar strokes drew us out of reach of the spears.

"You risked your life for mine," said John Royston, with an ashy face. "I can't think why you did it."

"Shut up! If you'd not sprained your foot, you'd have done as much for me," said Harry.

"I don't know," our shipmate answered.

It seemed strange, after such an adventure, so shared together, that John Royston should fall back into his sullen and unfriendly habits when our voyage was resumed; but so it was.

We had not been an hour on board when a catspaw sprang up, which freshened as the night wore on, and next day we were far from the Island, and the very remembrance of our danger there seemed to have departed from John's mind. I felt hurt at this, and expatiated on every possible occasion upon our chase by the savages. Perhaps I did it even sometimes when there was no need: for I loved to exalt my friend, and enjoyed doing so not the less because I saw my words bring a darker shade over John's silent face. It seemed to give him positive pain to hear me dilate, and this Harry pointed out to me.

"I say, old man, shut up about that Island, will you? It makes me feel very small, and Royston can't bear it."

"More shame for him," said I; "he's the most ungrateful fellow I know. Never even said 'Thank you' yet."

But all the same I *did* "shut up;" for a wish of Harry's was a command to me. I had always loved him, but now I felt a respect for him which, boy-like, I was ashamed to show. I used to look at him secretly, as he was joking and larking with the twins, and say to myself,—

"Yes, but I've seen you stand still in the face of a lot of savages to save another's life, and never budge an inch till you had done it!"

"Bill," I asked one day, "why do you think those blacks did not rush after us right away? or, anyhow, why were they not quicker in coming at Harry when he stood all alone?"

"I think, sir, they were afraid of the dog. They'd most like never seen such a beast afore; but they'd ha' done it as sure as a bowline if Mr. Harry hadn't stood; for you see, when he did run Snap got first to the boat, and then them niggers came on oncommon sharp."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### HOMEWARD BOUND.

A WEEK after our adventure we were on shore again in "the garden of the world," lovely Frisco: and there we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, eating grapes and peaches, bananas and figs, under the striped awnings which shaded the baking white walls. We rode bony horses with big saddles and tasselled bridles, and smoked cigars until we were sick.

Rough weather is to be expected doubling Cape Horn, and we had it, shivering in the icy blasts which met us; but the *Sarah Bell* flew before the piercing winds, and soon again she rode in summer seas. Buenos Ayres gleamed upon us; but the sense of enjoyment was gone. From the captain down to young Tibbins we were all possessed by the spirit of hurry and restless longing to be again off. For every hastened moment brought us nearer home. We all worked with a will. No time for pleasure-taking or dawdling now. The cargo was completed, and in a wonderfully short time stowed away, and then we were off again. Really off! on the Atlantic, and the next port we should rest in would be on the sea coast of old England, "Our right, right little island!"

Away we sailed with joyful hearts from sunshine and flowers to dull skies and autumn blasts. What cared we? The sunshine and the flowers were foreign. The dull skies we longed for looked down upon those we loved, and the cold winds blew free over green English fields! The spirits of the crew rose; every one was busy; many of the sailors had collected little presents for their mothers, sweethearts, and sisters, such as feathers, flowers, and bits of carving; and more than one possessed a parrot, to whose education every spare minute was devoted. We apprentices had almost more plunder than we could stow away.

Only one of the men had not indulged in some useless purchase or another, and that one was Portsmouth Bill. Harry remarked this one day to me, and added,—

"I should like to know more about Bill. Let us see if we can get him to talk to-night about himself when he's at the wheel."

"Agreed;" and that evening, buttoning our pilot jackets close for a nor'-easter blow, we went on deck.

"It's too cloudy to-night to see your north star, Bill."

"Aye, sir; but she's there right enough," and he pointed upwards with a smile; "and I know by the compass we're fair for old Britain."

"She's running ten knots," I remarked. "It's something like racing."

"None of us will be sorry, however fast she does it," said Harry. "Even John Royston looks awake now."

"No wonder, when we're all going home."

"Have you *many* folks to go to, Bill?"

"No, sir. I'd as comely and pleasant a maid to my wife as ever you see, but she's where that north star is—overhead, as one may say." He looked out to sea, and we heard a low sob. Harry put his hand on Bill's jersey."

"I'm sorry, old chap, I asked you."

"I'm glad you did, sir. I like to speak on her, only I can't begin, as one may say; but I'm not quite alone, sir. I have a little maid as like her mother in the face as one little cherry is like a big one."

"How glad she'll be to see you!"

"Not so, sir; she can't see me; she's blind."

"Blind!"

"Yes, sir. I have her in a blind school. They're very kind to her, and I thought she'd be happier with other little blind ones than lodging out, for I've no near relations; and besides, if aught happened to me, she'd be safe there."

"It must cost you a lot."

"Yes, sir; but I never spend a useless penny."

"Then, is that why you don't have a pipe? I thought you didn't like it."

"Like a smoke! I do, sir, and a chaw too—leastways did; but one gets from less to more, so I knocked 'em off."

"But surely it does not take all your wages to keep one little girl?"

"No, she costs me no more at the school than lodging of her out would; but, you see, she's like her mother, a wonderful one for music. Her mother sang sweeter nor a bird; and so can Polly. But Polly can play the piany astonishing too. So yer see, sir, I'm planning it out for us to go and live in some part, and I'll get work in the harbour, and have a nice house, and a girl to do the house-work, and Polly could maybe play a horgan in a church, or summat o' that sort, and her and me would have a home again."

"And when are you going to do all this?"

"After this voyage. Polly is nighly sixteen now. I expect she'll be grown grandly now; but she'll know father, bless yer, sir. My maid can tell my step out of a hundred if I've never seen her, no, not for two or three year."

"Does she know you are coming home?"

"Yes; I sent a letter from Buenos Ayres."

"Where are we now, Bill? Surely near the Channel."

"Not so nigh as that, sir; but the cap'n said we was in a line, as one may say, off the Spanish coast, and it looks dirty weather for the Bay; but, please God, we'll soon be through she."

As we turned in that night, we talked of Bill and his Polly, and planned how we would get him help—I from my father, who was harbour-master in a Channel port, and Harry from a clergyman uncle in the same town.

The next day the weather was considerably dirtier than the night before, and rain-clouds

hung low over the waters through which the *Sarah Bell* was flying. She could not carry her canvas, and bit by bit it was taken in and braced till she raced along under bare masts. The fact was, we were in for a storm, yet not one of us was afraid. The captain certainly had an anxious face, but the rest of us were cheerful, nay, merry, for the gale was blowing us home. Stop! I am wrong there. There was one who was stricken with terror, and that one was John Royston. The captain sang out for the mainsail to be furled, and I sprang forwards, when Mr. Green laid a hand on my arm.

"Stop, Lee; let Royston take a turn. Up with you, Royston."

John, if possible, turned more deadly pale than before. He moved forwards, but his hands were so nerveless that when he had gone up a few feet Mr. Green ordered him down again, seeing, if he did not do so, the lad would certainly fall. Already the sail was being braced by other hands when he came on deck again.

"Royston, you're a coward," said Mr. Green contemptuously, as he turned away.

"I'm not," said John fiercely to me. "I dare face anything on land, but I cannot help it—all power goes out of me when I see those curling waves. When I go up aloft even in calm weather I always feel as if I were going to fall off into them. I hate the mast."

"You're wrong there though, sir," said Portsmouth Bill, who was near us. "I've known more nor one man's life saved by the mast."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I've seen chaps lash themselves on to it when the vessel was like to be lost, and then they've floated off on it and been picked up next day."

"Will a mast only carry one then?"

"Oh yes, a whole mast; but it's seldom a whole one gets into the sea."

On the storm raged. All night we were hard at work at the pumps. The next morning the wind was blowing as furiously as ever, but the rain had ceased and we were wrapped in a heavy fog. Every one of the crew now knew that the *Sarah Bell* was in the greatest danger. During the night the helm had been torn away, and two of the masts were gone

though the main-mast still stood : the others with all their rigging we had cleared away during the night. The captain called us together aft.

"My lads," said he, "the *Sarah Bell* is all but a wreck: yet I should not even now despair of bringing her into port: but the wind has chopped so often—during the night it has been to every point of the compass—that it has been impossible to keep any calculation of where we are. As near as I can guess, we are somewhere off the nor'-west coast of France, and if the gale settles and the fog clears off we shall be all right yet; if not, we must be ready for the worst. The two big boats will hold us all. Mr. Green will take charge of one, and the third second officer of the other. Don't forget, lads, we are in the Lord's hands—let us turn to Him."

And taking off his cap, his example being followed by all present, our captain, in a prayer which came from his heart, poured out our cry for help before God. Our captain knew to whom he was speaking, and came as a helpless child to a well loved and well trusted Father. Then he assigned by name to each one of the crew his place in one or other of the boats. None was forgotten, but the first to be thought of was little Tibbins the cabin boy.

The captain was right. The fog grew thicker, until at last we could not see our hand before us. We could hear the rush and grind of the water, but could not see the waves. So we waited, each crew by its own boat which was ready to be lowered, and the ropes in the men's hands for hours. Suddenly

(To be continued.)

the wind veered round, and for the space of a couple of minutes a rift broke in the fog, and we all saw distinctly a rocky coast with high cliffs and broken boulders ahead of us: we were rushing on to certain death, for on those rocks in a short time the *Sarah Bell* must go to pieces. That rift in the fog seemed like a glance into the future—quickly passed, yet telling us clearly what was coming.

In a calm clear tone rang the captain's order:—"Lower the boats! Mr. Green's boat will leave first. Are the crew all there?"

"Aye, sir! aye, sir!" sounded in muffled voices through the fog.

It was a difficult matter to reach the boat when she was on the water, but it was successfully accomplished, and in a wonderfully short time I found myself with the rest safely in the other. The last man to leave the *Sarah Bell* was the captain. He shouted several times before he took his place, asking if any one was still on the wreck: and when no reply came, and he was sure all were off, he joined us and we rowed away in the opposite direction to where we heard the crashing of the billows, as they were breaking against those savage cliffs. For hours we were lost in the fog, but the wind had settled, so it was not difficult to keep out to sea. With the sunrise the mist cleared away, and our boat was picked up by a French smack, and weary and exhausted we were landed at Audierne where we rejoiced to find our shipmates had already been brought in—all save two. So came an answer to our captain's prayer. The two who were missing were John Royston and my friend Harry Benton.



## The Silvery Hosts of the North Sea.\*

"Of all the fish of the sea, Herring is king."

THE International Fisheries Exhibition will make Mr. Stacy-Watson's charming volume, bearing this attractive title, quite a book of the season. "Something about Herrings" will arrest the attention of

everybody. Many years ago it was our privilege to acquaint ourselves with Yarmouth herrings on the spot, and to see a good deal of the processes connected with the catching, curing, and preparation of this delicious breakfast luxury; and knowing what we do of the author of this book, we feel we can

\*The Silvery Hosts of the North Sea: With a sketch of 'Quaint Old Yarmouth.' By C. Stacy-Watson. on: Home Words Office, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.). Price, cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.; bronze paper, 1s.



fairly guarantee his special fitness to be a guide and teacher of those who desire to become more fully acquainted with "The Silvery Hosts of the North Sea."

Anything more romantic than the story of these wonderful inhabitants of the sea, could scarcely be imagined; and if the Fisheries

Two or three brief paragraphs from Mr. Stacy-Watson's book will tempt our readers to make it their own:—

#### THE ARMY.

The word herring is said to be derived from the German "Heer," or in modern spell-



LANDING HERRINGS AT YARMOUTH: OLD STYLE.

Exhibition only prompts Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Welshmen, to acquaint themselves with the history and mystery of "The Silvery Host," the Prince of Wales' hope that "the Exhibition will not be one merely to gratify curiosity, but that it will have great and beneficial results," will certainly be realized.

ing "Heer," an army, great number, multitude; with the idea also of unity. This derivation gives a very appropriate description of the habit of the fish: for it swims the waters like a vast and well-appointed army, in orderly array marching to its destination. If, for any reason, the leaders turn, the army makes the same movement. When they

move swiftly in large masses, a peculiar glitter is produced upon the surface of the water, called by fishermen "herring-light."

#### A HERRING CALCULATION.

Frank Buckland gives some wonderful figures, which convey a marvellous impression of the "innumerable" tenants of "the great and wide sea."

"In round numbers, 3,500,000, cod, ling, and hake are taken yearly off the coasts of Scotland. Even assuming that one out of every twenty in the sea is thus taken, it follows that 70,000,000 of these three fishes must exist off Scotland. Allowing only two herrings each day for seven months in the year, as the food of each cod, ling, and hake, no less than 29,400,000,000 herrings are required, or twelve times more than all the herrings caught by Scotch, English, Irish, Dutch, French, and Norwegian fishermen put together; and nearly thirty-seven times as many herrings as are taken by Scotch fishermen alone.

The same method of calculation shows that

the gannet on the Scotch coasts alone requires for food 1,110,000,000 herrings.

But if we include the coasts of Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the numbers become still more bewildering. The Norwegian cod alone would seem to feed on no less than 243,000,000,000 herrings.

Thus we arrive at the total result:—

Herrings destroyed by	
cod, ling, and hake	
off Scotch coasts	29,400,000,000
By gannets	1,110,000,000
Norwegian cod	243,000,000,000

Total . 273,510,000,000

A total which, if translated into bullocks, would make a herd numbering nearly one hundred and ninety millions. In addition to these are the dog-fish, the whale, coal-fish, porpoise, seal, pollack, cuttlefish, salmon, and shark, with myriad clouds of wild birds not included, all of them mainly fed by the prolific herring. Happily the supply is equal to the demand—the eggs of the female ranging between 22,000 and 51,000—or the herring would long ago have become a relic of the past.

### "Bonnie Scotland" for a Summer Trip.

(See Illustration, Page 179.)



If we could only manage to see our own country, there would be little need to travel abroad for grander or more lovely scenery.

Sutherland is certainly a long way off; but those who are able to get there are amply rewarded. Nothing, indeed, could well exceed the magnificent and wild views of lochs and rugged mountains and marvellous coast cliffs and precipices presented to the tourist's delighted eye.

But perhaps for a quiet and lovely panorama, Badcall Bay, with its wonderful group

of islands, is more attractive still; and, as far as photographic artist and engraver can convey an idea of this scene of beauty, our illustration is a most successful effort.

Some of our readers, who have ceased to visit "The Red Lion," or "The Blue Dragon," may possibly be even tempted to aim at a visit to Sutherland. Why not? The cost of such a summer trip would not, after all, be likely to exceed, or rather to approach, the yearly total of what "Boniface's" bills used to mount up to; and the gain in health of body and enlargement and cultivation of mind would be a fair and profitable return for the investment.

A TOURIST.

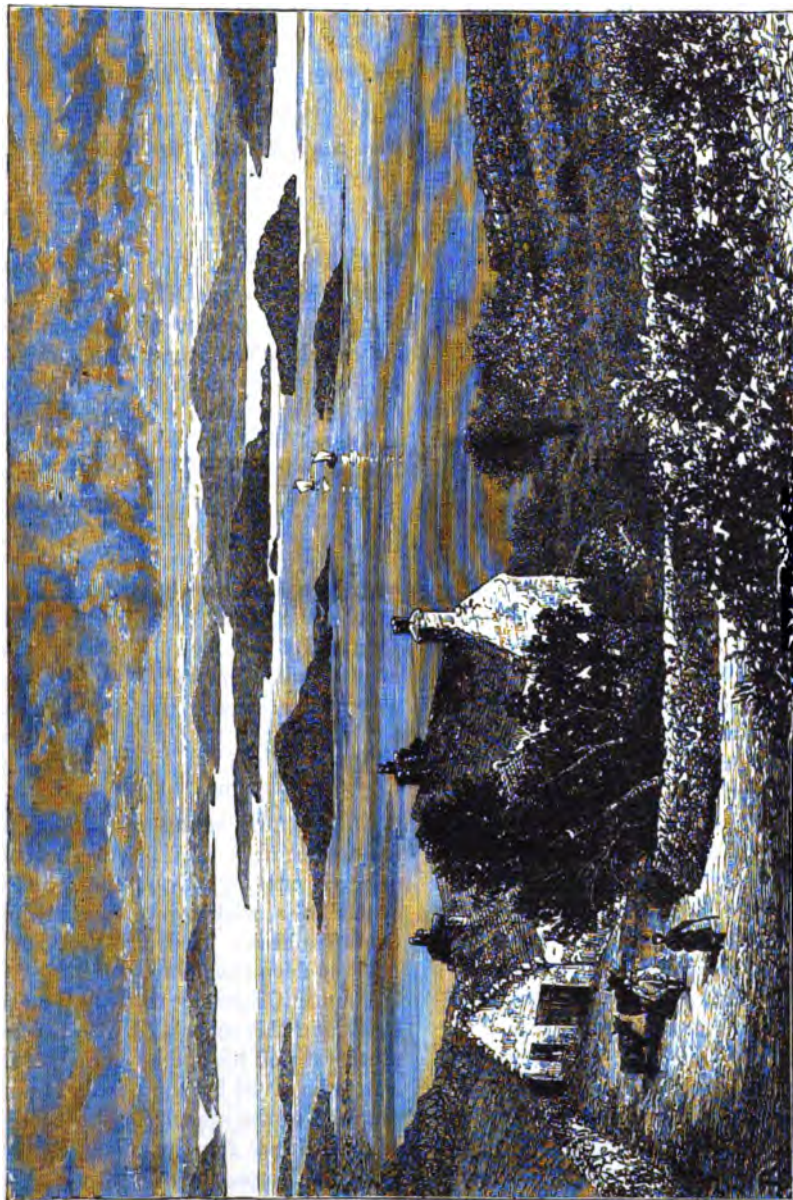
#### Little Duties.

**E**XACTNESS in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness; we must look out for opportunities of giving way to others, for that brings with it softness of heart and a spirit of prayer.

#### Thankfulness.

**W**HEN thou hast thanked thy God for every blessing sent,  
What time will then remain for murmurs or lament?"

Archbishop Trench.



BADCALL BAY, EDRACHILLES, SUTHERLAND.

[See Page 178.]

## Readings from the Book.

### III. THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BIBLE IMAGES."

"The law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ."—*Gal. iii. 24.*



LL Christ's scholars speak well of the Law. Two old women once heard a sermon on the terrors of the Law. On the way home one wished she had heard more of the Gospel that day. "Oh," replied her neighbour, "I like to hear again the voice of my old schoolmaster."

I once walked from a meeting with two shepherds, who, along with many more in their valley, had lately been brought under this Divine schooling. I remember yet how their well-chosen words gave life and reality to Divine things. One of them told how the Law had overmastered him, and led him on in spite of himself and shut him up to Christ. Their dogs were dancing around us on the snow and worrying each other in sport. When the one had ended his story, the other quietly added, "Well, you may be glad that you were worried in any way."

When a sheep breaks away and is obstinate, the dog frightens and then worries the stupid thing back into the fold; and so the Law had driven the shepherd into the fold of Christ. The Law and the Gospel work to one another's hands. The Law, friendly at heart, is not against us, as it is not against the promises. The sternest commands are like the thorns around a bird's nest, which guard without wounding. Both the Law and the Gospel come from one God, and work together for our good. The terrors of the one and the sweet mercies of the other conspire to bring the abundance of grace into our souls.

Martin Luther had a sad time of it at

first. The Law, he says, stood over him like a giant and beat him with a club. Why? Because he was so unwilling to go to the right school that he might be justified by faith. He wanted to be justified by the Church, by his own doings, his prayers, his tears, or by climbing the holy stairs at Rome. He was like a self-willed truant-boy, who has to be dragged by main force to the school. But he was taken at last, and then he wondered why he had not gone sooner. He made it the darling work of his life to declare and explain to all men the words, "justified by faith."

John Bunyan was taught in the same way. In the first pages of the "Pilgrim's Progress," you see him on his way to God's school. The law was very severe and stern with him, for he was a wayward scholar. He turned aside from the highway of the gospel to the village of Morality, the home of Legality and his son Civility. But the thunderings and lightnings of Mount Sinai drove him back, and shut him up to the one way pointed out by Evangelist. Goodwill opened the wicket-gate, and before the Cross his heavy burden fell off and rolled into the deep sepulchre.

Thomas Chalmers was another scholar famous in this school. Up to the twenty-ninth year of his age he believed that he was to be saved by the Law. He mistook the road to the school for the school; the school-bringer for the school-teacher: he mistook Moses for Christ. But he lay for several weeks upon a sick-bed under the shadow of death. He then found out his mistake, and the Law led him on to Jesus Christ. When justified by faith,

he found that he could keep the Law as he had never done before. His heart was full of gratitude to the God of his salvation, and out of the fulness of a grateful heart he began a life of new obedience. He then began to feel what he called "the expulsive power of a new affection." The new affection of love to God drove out the love of the world.

And that new affection had an impulsive as well as an expulsive power, and so with heart enlarged he ran in the way of God's commandments.

The Law is "holy, just, and good." Let us come gladly then to this grand school of the soul and of eternity, where Christ welcomes us, and the Spirit guides us into all truth.

### "Ordered and Sure."

#### PRAISE IN PAIN, AND PAINLESS PRAISE.

(Suggested by the expression, "Nothing but pain!")

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.



NLY this pain to bear,  
No thought of trouble else!  
All in Thy loving care,  
"Ordered and sure!"

Every sharp, aching throb,  
Findeth its mission, blest,  
Whispering of perfect rest—  
"Ordered and sure!"

"Soon and for ever," Lord,  
"There shall be no more pain"—  
Thus reads the faithful Word,  
"Ordered and sure."

Sins Thou hast pardoned all,  
Grace, Thou hast promised free,  
Now, and eternally—  
"Ordered and sure."

Lifting the tear-blind eye,  
Hope's rainbow spans the sky,  
Christ's pledge of victory—  
"Ordered and sure."

Soon from "the dust of death,"  
I shall arise and sing  
Painless praise to my King—  
"Ordered and sure."

### "My Own Happy Experience."

"**S**PEAK to young men feelingly. I was a young man, a clerk in a London office, about five-and-thirty years ago; and I can commend from *my own happy experience* my blessed Master Jesus. I can "speak good of His Name." I have often, indeed, been unfaithful to Him; He has had a feeble, fickle, weak, foolish follower often; but He has never been unfaithful to His promises. Oh! how tender His compassion! how rich His forgiving love! how abounding His goodness to those that trust in Him—to those that call upon His Name.

"I entreat you, join yourselves heartily unto the Lord. 'His ways are ways of

pleasantness, and all His paths are peace. Oh, give yourselves 'first to Jesus, and then to us, according to the will of God.' I entreat you, be decided on the Lord's side. Do not 'halt between two opinions,' be fixed, be determined for God your Saviour."

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know;  
Shalt bless the earth; while, in the world above,  
The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
In many a branching stream and wider grow.  
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours  
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits Divine in Heaven's immortal bowers."

EDWARD BICKERSTETH.





## The New Zealand Caterpillar :

### A LESSON FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.

VERY ONE, I suppose, knows that moths and butterflies lay little eggs, and that these eggs hatch in the sun, and out of them come tiny caterpillars, that grow bigger and bigger by feeding, till they become large caterpillars : and then they change into grubs or chrysalises, and lie still and sleepy, till they are gradually changed again into beautiful moths or butterflies—perfect insects—when they break their way out of their chrysalis-shell to fly high and enjoy the sun, and sip the honey from flower to flower, showing their beautiful colours and their happiness to man, as God's good gifts to them : thus reminding him that God has better sweets and brighter glory in store for him, if he seeks them in God's way.

But many, I think, do not know that there is a particular caterpillar in New Zealand which very seldom is able to get into a moth. Instead of reaching this highest condition of its order, it retrogrades (that is, it *goes back*), till it even ceases to be an animal at all, and becomes a mere *vegetable*. It is not its own fault, poor creature ! For just when it is sickly, and has gone a few inches underground, to lie snugly and sleep itself into its chrysalis state which is to turn it into a large, lovely moth, an ugly, mischievous fungus comes and drops one of its tiny seeds into the nape of its neck : and this grows and grows, sucking up all the life-

juices of the caterpillar, till it occupies the whole of its skin, taking complete possession of its body, so that only the form of the caterpillar remains.\*

We all, I am sure, feel pity for the caterpillar ; and so we well may, for it napped only because its right time for napping had come, and it knew not of the cruel tormentor that was lying in wait to take advantage of its repose, to devour and degrade it.

But I want to ask a question which concerns ourselves. Do not *we* nap, alas ! very often when we should be on our watch-tower : and when we do so are we not undeserving of pity for whatever happens to us, since *we know* how many unseen foes are lurking around to make us their prey ?

When we get careless and slumbering, and take no pains to watch and pray against these enemies of our souls, a naughty little wish borne noiselessly through the air alights in some corner of our hearts, where the soil suits it well, and it finds nourishment there and gets more and more hold of us, till it occupies our whole soul. For the sake of getting our wish accomplished, we sacrifice everything : truth, temperance, self-respect, honour, justice, charity, humility, faith, and all that helps to these virtues—prayer, Bible-reading, church-going, and all that belongs to the life of a Christian. And so we allow ourselves to be robbed of our high dignity as men and women, made in God's image, and capable of

\* By the courtesy of Messrs. Blackie & Son, of Glasgow, we are enabled to give a fine engraving, representing both the New Zealand Swift-Moth and the Caterpillar, with a Fungus growing on it, and rooted by it in the soil. The Fungus is always solitary, and often four to five inches high. The engraving is from Messrs. Blackie & Son's truly magnificent work : "The Universe : or the Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little," by F. A. Pouchet, M.D. It contains no less than three hundred and forty-three engravings and four coloured plates. As a standard volume, "The Universe" ought to be in all libraries. A book of this kind would be an educational influence in any parish.—EDITOR OF "HOME WORDS."





THE NEW ZEALAND CATERPILLAR.

rising higher and higher, and becoming more like Him; and instead, we fall lower and lower, and farther and farther from Him, till we are no better than the brutes who have no thoughts or longings beyond eating and drinking and their own gratification.

How dismal a backsliding! how unworthy of the gratitude we owe our Heavenly Father, and how miserable for ourselves!

Let us then learn this lesson from the New Zealand caterpillar—to watch against the first entrance of these small seeds of evil, which grow so big and formidable, and do us such cruel injury. And should we in an unguarded moment have allowed one to penetrate our hearts, let us search and weed it out before it has time to take root in us: otherwise it will hinder our

spirits from soaring to the skies, and from mounting “from strength to strength, and from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.”

It will prevent our shining here as lights and helpers to others, and by-and-by in God’s glorious Home, in our beautiful resurrection bodies, which He has promised to those who love and serve Him faithfully.

Let the resolve of each of us be this: “By my Heavenly Father’s help I will use the will that He has given me to resist the enemies of my soul, and will press onward to my true rights, my true happiness, and to the glory that awaits me through the victory of my Risen and Ascended Lord.”

“Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.”

CAROLINE MARY VENABLES,  
*The Precentory, Lincoln.*

## The Home Songster.

### V. FOR LOVE’S SAKE.



SOMETIMES I am tempted to  
murmur

That life is flitting away,  
With only a round of trifles

Filling each busy day—  
Dusting nooks and corners,  
Making the house look fair,  
And patiently taking on me  
The burden of woman’s care.

Comforting childish sorrows,  
And charming the childish heart  
With the simple song and story,  
Told with a mother’s art;  
Setting the dear home table,  
And clearing the meal away,  
And going on little errands  
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!  
Sewing and piecing well  
Little jackets and trousers,  
So neatly that none can tell

Where are the seams and joinings—

Ah! the seamy side of life  
Is kept out of sight by the magic  
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft, when I’m ready to murmur  
That time is flitting away,  
With the selfsame round of duties  
Filling each busy day,  
It comes to my spirit sweetly,  
With the grace of a thought Divine—  
“You are living, toiling for love’s sake,  
And the loving should never repine.

“You are guiding the little footsteps  
In the way they ought to walk;  
You are dropping a word for Jesus  
In the midst of your household talk;  
Living your life for love’s sake,  
Till the homely cares grow sweet—  
And sacred the self-denial  
That is laid at the Master’s feet.”

ANON.



ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE, MILLICHOPE, SHROPSHIRE.

## How They Lived in the Olden Times.

BY THE EDITOR.

### IV. EARLY ENGLISH HOMES.

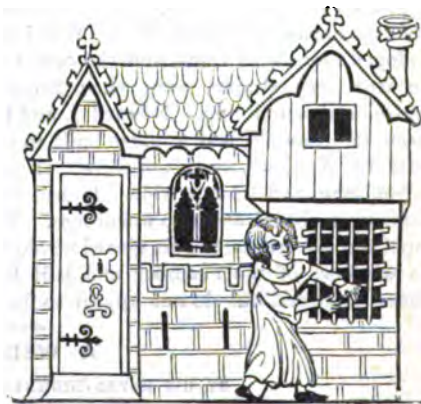


AXONS and Normans gradually intermixed, and manners and habits became more common to both. We now get a better idea of the houses of the people. The principal part of the building was still the Saxon "hall;" but the whole of the dwelling bore the Norman name *manoir*, or manor, excepting only the humbler cottages. The yard or court in which the house stood was called in Norman *aire* (area). The windows, chiefly in the hall, were generally only openings, which might be closed with wooden shutters.

From a fine illuminated manuscript executed at the beginning of the fourteenth century, now in the British Museum, we give a complete view of a house. The window, it will be seen, is defended by an iron grating, which was only usual in the houses of the rich and noble. The ornamental hinges of

the door, with the lock and knocker, are curious.

Ordinary houses, even among men of wealth, had usually only one chamber beside the hall, which was the general place for



AN ANGLO-NORMAN HOUSE.

cooking, eating and drinking, and receiving visitors, and at night was used as a common sleeping-room. In large mansions a tower

with other chambers was added. A seal of the thirteenth century represents William Moraunt's manor house, a square building with a high-pitched roof and a chimney.

Several examples of these early manor houses still remain. One of the most remarkable is that at Millichope in Shropshire. Our cut (page 185) represents the present outward appearance of the ancient building. The walls are very thick on the ground floor. The entrance was by the Norman arch, to the right of which is seen one of the original windows. The interior must have been very



SEAL OF W. MORAUNT.

dark, but it contains a fireplace. There was also a stone staircase; but this is now destroyed.

Towards the fourteenth century the rooms of houses began to be multiplied. Wood was employed more than stone, and the construction was very simple, even when Royalty required a new building. Edward I. and his Queen, for example, had a house built in the forest of Woolmer, in Hampshire. It was 72 feet long, and 28 feet wide. It had two chimneys, a chapel, and two wardrobes. The chapel and wardrobes had six glazed windows. The windows of the chamber and hall had wooden shutters, but do not appear to have

had glass. The kitchen was the only other apartment in this "king's palace." Later in the fourteenth century a new apartment was added to houses, called a parlour (*parloir*), because it was literally the talking room, just as "parliament" is now the national talking room.

The accompanying figure, taken from a manuscript in the Cottonian Library, represents the cellarer, or house-steward of the abbey of St. Albans, in the fourteenth cen-



THE CELLARER OF ST. ALBANS.

tury, carrying the keys of the cellar-door. They appear to be large enough. He holds the two keys in one hand, and a purse, or bag of money in the other, the symbols of his office.

Furniture was still very rare, and chairs were by no means common in ordinary houses. Seats were made in the masonry, by the side of the windows or along the walls, or benches were formed by merely laying a plank upon two trestles. Tables were made in the same manner.

### A WEDDING HYMN.

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

**M**AY God be merciful to both, [way;  
And give His Light to guide their  
His blessing be upon them both,  
Their love increasing day by day.

So shall no shade of sorrow cloud  
The sunshine of their youthful home:  
But happiness in endless round  
Shall compass all their life to come.

AMEN.



## Thomas Edward:

## THE SCOTCH NATURALIST.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

(See Portrait, Page 170.)\*

## CHAPTER VI.

## A DAY'S ADVENTURE.



HORTLY after Edward's return from Aberdeen, he made the acquaintance of the Rev. James Smith, who lived about eight miles from Banff. Mr. Smith lent him some works on Natural History,

and Edward now not only collected animals, but knew what came into his hands, and could say whether they were rare or not. His unrivalled power of observation helped him, and thus it was that he first discovered the existence of many species up to that time unknown in the district. In this way the bridled guillemot, the bee-eater, the Bohemian chatterer, the brown snipe, the death's head hawk moth, and the spinous shark fell into his hands.

Mr. Smith strongly advised him to note down the facts which came under his notice, and to publish the results of his observations. This surprised Edward. "Why," said he, "I cannot write for the publishers." "You must learn to write," said Mr. Smith; "and in order to write correctly you must study grammar."

After about half an hour's arguing, Edward asked, "How long do you think it would take me to learn grammar?" "Well," said Mr. Smith, "I do not think you would take very long to learn it. But," he added, "you will require to relinquish your out-door pursuits during that time." "If that be the case, Mr. Smith, I am afraid that I cannot become a pupil. But, if I have any time left after I have done with Nature, then perhaps I may begin to study grammar; but not till then."

Mr. Smith's advice, however, was not without its good results. Edward *did* begin to

note down his observations about natural objects, and he published them from time to time in the local paper, the *Banffshire Journal*. When Mr. Smiles asked for a sight of the articles, Edward replied, "I think I could supply you with scraps of a good number; although, on looking over my stock, I find that a great many have disappeared. My family and friends have dealt very freely with them. In fact, they were found good for kinlin.'† The most of what I wrote in the local papers is lost, for ever lost."

One of the most vivid descriptions which Edward inserted in the *Banffshire Journal*, was a narrative of a day's adventures on Gamrie Head; and, as a specimen of others, we quote a considerable portion.

"Having promised to visit some friends in Gardenstown to partake of their hospitality during the festive season of the New Year, I left home with that object on the morning of the 31st of December, 1850. I passed through Macduff, and took the path which leads along the cliffs, hoping thereby to meet with something rare or strange in the ornithological world, and worthy of my shot. In this way, I had nearly reached the highest point of Gamrie Head without meeting with anything but the common tenants of these rocky braes, when my attention was attracted by the screaming of a number of birds at the bottom of the cliff. On looking over, I observed that they consisted of several hooded and carrion crows, together with two ravens, two Iceland gulls (*Larus Icelandicus*), and a number of other dark-coloured gulls, apparently immature specimens of the great black-backed species, one of which, in perfect plumage, was standing and picking at an object floating in the water close to the rock, and about which all the other birds were screaming. It appeared to me, and it afterwards proved to

\* By the courtesy of the Publisher of Dr. Smiles' "Life of a Scotch Naturalist" (London: John Murray, Albemarle Street), we are enabled to give a life-like portrait of Thomas Edward, engraved by Charles Roberts, after a drawing by George Reid, R.S.A. The volume, which is richly illustrated, is a capital one for the Parish Library.

† Kindling fires.

be the case, that they were making food of the object about which they were fighting; but the black-backed bird kept them all at bay, allowing none to approach, not even the ravens themselves.

"Having feasted my eyes for a while on the Icelanders, the thought struck me that I would descend the cliff in order to procure one of them if possible, and also to get a nearer view of the object which had drawn the various birds together. Accordingly, observing a narrow track near me, I commenced my descent, but I had only proceeded a short distance when I found myself on the brink of a precipice. I was about to return, when, accidentally looking over, I observed a portion of the rock jutting out a little beyond the one on which I stood, and about four feet and a half below it. I now concluded that, if I could gain this rock, I would still find the path to enable me to continue downwards. With these hopes, and having laid down my gun, I swung myself down upon the rock. I had no sooner done so than I heard a low growl, as if proceeding from a rabid dog; and on looking along the rock I was a good deal surprised at seeing two foxes standing in a rather slouching attitude at the other end of the shelf, apparently very much discomfited at my unwarrantable intrusion.

"Another look at the place and its surly occupants was enough to convince me of the unmistakable truth that, instead of having met with a path leading to the bottom of the cliffs, I had only found one to a foxes' lair. My first impulse was to ascend the rocks, but in this I was completely baffled. The brow of the cliff to which I wished to ascend was fully as high as my breast, and overhung the rock on which I stood. I had nothing of the nature of a step to put my foot on to aid myself up, and nothing to lay hold of with my hands but small tufts of withered grass and some small stones, all of which gave way as soon as any stress was put upon them. The last and the only remaining object within my reach was a stone about twice as large as my head, and partially embedded amongst the

grass. I took hold of the big stone with both hands, and succeeded in drawing myself about half way up, when it suddenly gave way. The stone came into collision with my right shoulder, and would in all likelihood have borne me along with it to the bottom of the cliff had it not been that at that instant I got hold of a short tuft of heath with my mouth, by the aid of which, and using my fingers as a beast would its claws, I was enabled to regain my former position.

"It was now quite evident that I would require to descend the cliff by some means or other, but how? That was a matter for deep consideration. I was standing on the brink of a precipice,—had two cunning fellows to deal with,—had to hold on, at least with one hand, to the rock above in order to maintain my equilibrium—and had to keep a steady eye on my companions for fear lest they should rush at me and throw me over the cliff.

"Such being the case, was I not in a pretty fix? If there were any means of escape, it was from the point near which the foxes were. But how could I dislodge them to get at that point? The space on which we stood was only from about two feet and a half to one foot broad, and about nine feet long, projecting to some distance over the cliff beneath. To have shot them, and rid myself of their presence in that fashion, was, from my position, utterly impossible.

"At length a thought struck me, and with the view of putting it in execution, I laid down my gun close to the back of the shelving, out of harm's way; then crouching down with my feet towards my shaggy friends, who kept up a constant chattering of their teeth during the whole time, and pushing myself backwards until I reached the nearest, I gave him a kick with my foot on the hind quarters, which produced the desired effect; for I had no sooner done so, than I felt first the feet of one and then of the other passing lightly along my back, and before I had time to lift up my head, they had bolted up the precipice and disappeared."

(To be continued.)





## Wake Up!

BY FREDK. SHERLOCK AUTHOR OF "MORE THAN CONQUERORS," ETC.

(See Illustration, Page 190.)



DICK THORNTON was one of the best-tempered and most good-natured lads in all Cornbury parish, and we are therefore very sorry that our artist happened to pass that way when Dick was not at his best; for we see he has fallen asleep at,—yes, and *on* too,—the post of duty!

At half-past four in the morning, by the old church clock, Dick had tumbled out of bed, observing the Duke of Wellington's rule, that "when one turns in one's bed it is time to turn out." He didn't forget to "look up" to thank God and pray for His blessing, but I am not so sure that he got the almanack text by heart about being "faithful in that which is least." In almost "less than no time" Dick's dressing arrangements were completed, and he was whistling on his way to Farmer Gibbons' fields, armed with his badge of office, the strong, rough-voiced and always ready rattle.


To scare away the birds from sunrise to sunset for threepence a day was poor Dick's work, and to do him justice, he was a right capital scarer, BUT—now and then, when the sun was very hot, and the air very still, Dick occasionally had a quiet snooze—only "forty winks" to be sure, "a mere nothing," says one of our

readers. "A mere nothing!" Ah, but the birds tell a different tale. Oh the hours they have been eagerly waiting and watching for Dick's noontide slumber. At last the noisy rattle is silent. Yes, there can be no mistake; Dick is in the "land of Nod." It is the old story, "when the cat's away the mice will play." So when the scarer sleeps the winged one reaps. Those "forty winks" mean perhaps forty ears of corn damaged by forty vigorous beaks; so we see, that if Dick Thornton has only forty winks on forty days, and if there are forty Dicks in forty different fields, the mere trifle rises mountains high.

Wake up, my lad! wake up! You are placed in that field for a purpose. By-and-by when the harvest is reaped some of the golden grain will be missing, and those "forty winks" will come before your memory, and possibly tinge with a strain of sadness your song of Harvest Home.

Our picture, too, is a parable. The field is the world, in which there stands a post of duty for us all. It may be, if we sleep, the enemy will swoop along and carry off the treasures committed to our keeping. Wake up, then, brave lads and bonny lasses. Be watchful, be wakeful, be vigilant. He *always tried to do his Duty, and asked God to help him*, is a record which all might have, and one which even the greatest king might envy.

## SPARKS.

" SMALL spark kindles a great flame," said the Flint to the Steel, which it struck.

"Where there is the Tinder to catch it, and the Fuel to foster it," replied the Steel.

"That's it," observed the Flint: "but it's the Spark that kindles the Fire."

"True," said the Steel; "but, once caught, it needs restraint; or there's no knowing how far it may spread, or where it may end."

"No, there's no knowing, as you say," replied the Flint. "The largest fire that ever consumed a city had the smallest beginning; and the greatest explosion was begun with the tiniest spark."



**WAKE UP!**

"Yes, there can be no mistake; Dick is in the 'land of Nod.'"

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXIII. FOOLISH PRIDE:—A FABLE.



EDWARD and Susan were seated on a bank, and talking proudly about their dress.

"See," said Edward, "what a beautiful new cap I have got; what a fine blue jacket and trousers: and what a nice pair of shoes; it is not every one who is dressed so finely as I am!"

"Indeed," said Susan, "I think I am dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk dress, and a fine feather in my hat; I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I know."

"Do hold your peace!" said a caterpillar, crawling near the hedge; "you have neither of you any reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but meanly, before they were put upon you. Why, that silk dress first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, Susan, what do you say to that?" said Edward.

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird, perched upon a tree, "was stolen from, or cast off, by one of my race."

"What do you say to that, Susan?" repeated the boy.

"Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said a sheep, grazing close by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were yours; and as for your hat, I know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends the calves and oxen in that field, were killed not merely for their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins wherewith the tanners, curriers, and shoemakers can make shoes."

See the folly of being proud of our clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them! And even then we could not use them, if God did not give the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit for wear and the means of procuring them for our comfort.

## XXIV. MY NAME.

THE Bible gives many examples of God calling people by name, when He had some promise to make to them, or some work for them to do. See how many you can do. I have heard a pretty story of a little girl who was glad her mother prayed for her by name; "because," said she, "the Lord Jesus will know my name when I go

to Heaven." But she need not have been afraid He would not know it; for He is the Good Shepherd, who has said of Himself, "The sheep hear His voice, and He calleth His own sheep by name."—"Drops and Rocks," by Dr. Conder.

## XXV. MERRY LITTLE BIRDIE.

Will you call me, Birdie,  
When the rosy light  
Makes the hill and valley  
Beautiful and bright?  
I shall hear you tapping  
With your little feet:  
Tapping at my window,  
Asking crumbs to eat.

Did our kind Creator  
Make your pretty wing?  
Was it He who taught you  
When to fly and sing?  
Let us sing together,  
Birdie, you and I;  
God, I know, will hear us,  
He is ever nigh.

God is our Creator,  
And He loves us all;  
Little children blessing,  
Marking sparrows' fall;  
And He too will find us  
Kneeling at His feet,  
With the bread of heaven  
From the "Mercy Seat."

ANON.

## XXVI. "ONE FALSE STEP."

WHAT a little thing a step is! Yet one wrong step—upon thin ice, for example, or into a hidden pit, or upon a plank that will not bear his weight—may cost a man his life. Even a step on a loose stone, or on a bit of orange-peel which some thoughtless person has dropped on the pavement, may lay you up for weeks with a sprained ankle or a broken limb. Just so it is in life. One false step,—that is, one mistaken or sinful choice, one wrong thing done, or right thing left undone, may cause days, or weeks, or years of trouble, or even be the ruin of a whole life.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHICH of the three witnesses of the Transfiguration refers to it in his writings?
2. And what does he say was the value of it?
3. To how many apostles did the Lord give surnames?
4. What was "no mean city"?
5. And what "an exceeding great city"?
6. Shakespeare says:  
"The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."  
Give an example of this.
7. Name two persons in the household of Herod Antipas who became disciples.
8. What was the Queen of Sheba called by our Lord?

9. What three uses were made of a reed in the crucifixion?
10. What example have we of the Holy Ghost deigning to note something named after heathen gods?

## ANSWERS (See JUNE No., p. 143).

I. 1 Sam. vi. 17. II. 1 Sam. i. 13; Acts ii. 13. III. Luke xii. 16. IV. Evil doctrine (Matt. xvi. 6); evil practice (1 Cor. v. 6-8). Luke xiii. 20, 21. V. Mark iv. 26. VI. 1 Tim. vi. 10. VII. Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xvi. 1; Rev. i. 10. VIII. Simon, James, Judas. IX. Simon and Andrew; James and John; James and Jude. X. Judas, Lebbæus, Thaddæus.

Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but only to local Teachers.



Sun.—1st day.  
Rises 4.25. Sets 7.45.

AUGUST.

Moon.—New, 3rd, m. 1.25.  
Full, 15th, a. 0.03.

LIGHT  
FAITH  
GRACE  
HOME

LIFE

PRESENT BLESSING.

JOY  
PEACE  
HOPE

RE  
LOVE

My cup  
runneth over.

Ps. xlii. 5.

1 W Oh that Thou wouldst bless me indeed. 1 Chr. iv. 10.  
2 Th That Thine hand might be with me. 1 Chron. iv. 10.  
3 F Let the house of Thy servant be blessed. 2 Sam. vii. 29.  
4 S He blesseth the habitation of the just. Prov. viii. 33.

5 S 11th S. aft. Trin. He hath blessed... I cannot reverse it.  
6 M The God which fed me all my life long unto this day.  
7 Tu Verily, thou shalt be fed. Ps. xxxvii. 3. [Gen. xlviii. 15.  
8 W There shall be showers of blessing. Ezek. xxxiv. 26.

Eat thy  
bread with joy.

Eccles. ix. 7.

9 Th The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich. Prov. x. 22.  
10 F He addeth no sorrow with it. Prov. x. 22.  
11 S Let Thy saints rejoice in goodness. 2 Chron. vi. 41.

12 S 12th S. aft. Trin. Let all the people praise Thee.  
Ps. lxxvii. 6.  
13 M Then shall the earth yield her increase. Ps. lxxvii. 6.  
14 Tu God, even our own God, shall bless us. Ps. lxxvii. 6.  
15 W Who can show forth all His praise? Ps. cvi. 2.

MADE  
NIGHT BY THE BLOOD

Every  
good gift  
is from above.

Jas. i. 17.

OF CHRIST.

Eph. ii. 13.

In His  
favour is Life.

Ps. xlii. 5.

16 Th Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness. Ps. lxxv. 4.  
17 F Take heed, and beware of covetousness. Luke xii. 15.  
18 S Little children, keep yourselves from idols. 1 Jn. v. 21.

19 S 13th S. aft. Trin. I gave them My Sabbaths. Ezek. xx.  
20 M By Thee have I been holden up. Ps. lxxi. 6. [12.  
21 Tu Stand ye still and see the salvation of the Lord.  
22 W The steps of a good man are ordered. Ps. xxxvii. 23.  
23 Th The law of his God is in his heart. Ps. xxxvii. 31.

24 F St. Barthol. None of his steps shall slide. Ps. xxxvii. 31.  
25 S The Lord upholdeth him with His hand. Ps. xxxvii. 24.

26 S 14th S. aft. Trin. The righteous shall be recompensed.  
27 M He that watereth shall be watered also himself.  
28 Tu He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed.  
29 W For Thy Name's sake lead me and guide me.  
30 Th He will be our Guide even unto death. Ps. xlviii. 14.  
31 F Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me. Ps. xxxiii.

HOLY Spirit! now to me reveal  
The length, breadth, depth, and height of Jesu's love:  
And on my soul Thy blest instructions seal,  
Raising my thoughts and heart to things above.

Be Thou my Intercessor—teach me how  
To pray according to God's holy will:  
Cause me with deep and strong desire to glow:  
And my whole soul with heavenly longings fill.  
—Christina Forysth.

Happiness. Ask for good, and have it: for thy Friend—thy God—would see thee happy.—Tupper.

Three Unchangeables. We have three unchangeables to oppose to all other mutabilities—an unchangeable Covenant, an unchangeable God, and an unchangeable Heaven; and while these three remain "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," welcome the will of our Heavenly Father in all events that may happen to us: come what will, nothing can come amiss!—Matthae Henry.

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**AUTUMN FRUITS.**  
*From the Picture by KARL BAUREL.*





# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

### In the Harvest Field.

"Who giveth food to all flesh: for His mercy endureth for ever."—*Ps. cxxxvi. 25.*



RAISE, O praise the Lord of  
Harvest,—

Providence and Love!

Praise Him in His earthly  
temples,

And above!

Praise Him, ye revolving seasons,

While the world endures,

Whose Word, standing fast for ever,

All secures.

Praise Him, every living creature,

By His goodness fed,

Whose rich mercy daily giveth

Daily bread.

Sing Him thanks for all the bounties

Of His gracious Hand;—

Smiling peace and welcome plenty,

O'er our land.

Praise His Name that war's loud thunder

Breaks not on our shore!

Fields of Harvest, not of plunder,

Yield their store.

Quickened unto life eternal,

Bear we heavenly fruit;

Lest, if barren, He reject us

Branch and root.

Now the Church of God in patience

Waits her Harvest-Home,

Till, with angels for His reapers,

Christ shall come.

May we all be safely gathered,

At the Master's Word,

In the everlasting garner,

With the Lord:—

With the saints of far-back ages,

Crowns upon their brow:—

With the army of the martyrs,

Conquerors now:—

With the flowers of strength and beauty,

Reaped before their time—

Smitten down by Death's sharp sickle,

In their prime:—

With the sweet departed faces

Missed these weary years:—

Given back in heavenly places,

Past all fears.

Speed, O speed that glorious Harvest

Of the souls of men;—

When Christ's members, here long scat-

tered,

Meet again.

Glory to the Lord of Harvest!

Holy Three in One!

To the Father, Son, and Spirit,

Praise be done!

J. HAMILTON.

## Who gave us "The Book"?

### OR, ENGLAND'S DEBT TO WILLIAM TYNDALE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE DARK AGES.—HERESY.—CRUEL SUFFERING.

—PRINKNASH ABBEY.—THE DYING MONK.



THE Dark Ages" is a sadly true description of the centuries which preceded the days of William Tyndale in England.

Things had been progressing from bad to worse. A great cloud of superstition, ignorance, and false doctrine shadowed the country. Many of the so-called priests were prompted by the love of greed to terrify the people by fears of purgatory to pay for masses for the dead, and to assert their power to grant for money pardon for the sins of the living. The Scriptures were practically not in existence; for it was impossible for the people generally to obtain even a portion of the expensive manuscript copies: and in the few cases where this was done, they could only be read in secret, and under the ban of the Church of Rome.

Heresy was regarded as the sin of sins, and to arrest or restrain it was thought to be an imperative duty. To be "out of the Church" was to be out of the pale of salvation, and almost any means to prevent this were held to be lawful and commendable. Daughters in noble families suspected of heresy were often placed in convents and nunneries, and subjected to the most cruel treatment. By fire and sword, by bitter mockings and scourgings, by bonds and imprisonments, as of old in Apostolic days, the heretical apostates were to be reclaimed or sacrificed for the welfare of what was falsely called "the Catholic Church."

Mrs. Marshall, in the work already referred to,\* describes with graphic pen one such case in which "scanty food and long watches

of vigils and prayers, penance at midnight, and a prickly shift worn next the skin," with fearful threats of the horrible fires of purgatory—"hundred of years amidst the flames for possessing and hiding the precious Gospel"—undermined the health and almost shattered the powers of reason. Well does she add by way of comment:—

"Take this poor tender child's condition, with her overtaxed strength of mind and body, her diseased imagination, and her eager longings after light and knowledge which the words of her tutor and his teaching had awakened, now treated as a heinous sin, and punished with a high hand—take her as an instance, and say whether, whatever individual exceptions may be made, the system which bore this fruit was not rotten to the core? And say also, can we think too highly or too gratefully of the man who boldly and fearlessly pursued his work, determined to show the people of England the Word of God—that Word which giveth understanding to the simple, and has power to pull down the strongholds of ignorance and misery?"

We have already given a description of a scene in Gloucester,—one of the many occasions on which Tyndale preached the Gospel in that city. Another scene within the Abbey of Prinknash, near to Painswick, will, we think, equally interest the reader, and serve to give perhaps a still fuller idea of the sad state of things at this period even in what were called "religious houses."

Tyndale, on his arrival at the Abbey one evening, had found the Abbot absent, and the monks engaged in more than usual revelry; but in the sick-room of the monastery there was work for him to do. A Brother Edwyn, whom he had known as the most skilled hand at the copying and illuminating of manuscripts in the Gloucester Scriptorium, had been sent there in illness, and it was evident that he was dying. Tyndale promised

\* "Dayspring: a Story of the Times of William Tyndale." Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. Price 5s.

to be with him early in the morning, when "the brothers" would all be in chapel, and they could converse quietly and safely. The narrative continues thus:—

"The first faint pallor of the dawn had scarcely touched the East when William Tyndale left his cell and went down the corridor which led to the sick-room. He softly turned the handle of the door. One of the attendant brothers was asleep, his head bowed on his knees, as he sat crouched in a corner at his post. But the dying monk was wide awake. His cough had worn him out through the night, and now it had ceased he lay back on his pillows looking more like a dead than a living man; but he stretched out his hand eagerly, and beckoned Tyndale to come near.

"I want comfort," he said; "not false comfort. I want to hear you tell me of the Lord. I have sinned greatly. Are ages of fire before me? Tell me, William Tyndale, can prayers avail to deliver me therefrom?"

"Tyndale knelt down by the young monk, for he was but young, and said:—

"There is but one deliverance—it cometh from the Cross."

"Ah, that is what I have heard all my life, and many a night I have spent groaning over this crucifix, and praying to be delivered from torment hereafter. I have doubled my Paternosters and Ave Marias, and all the while my self, my self—my sin, my sin hath laid such hold on me! Masses for the soul, can they avail? Indulgence for sins, will it profit? Saints, blessed saints, can they help us? The blessed Virgin, can she shorten one hour of torment? If so, surely there would come to me a sign; but there is no voice, neither any to speak peace. While I speak this," the monk said, "I know I speak heresy. Ah, Father Tyndale, many a time and oft as I sat in my beloved niche in the Scriptorium, and heard the mass chanting for the people in the great nave, and peals of music swelling forth, I have said, "What has poor Brother Edwyn to do with all that outside in the cloisters—writing, writing, day by day, keeping the hours in the chapel of St. Philip and St. James, but apart, apart, nought to bring me near, near to God." Speak a word that shall

strike home to my heart; and say, Father Tyndale, say, may I be in those awful fires by to-morrow at this time?"

"Brother Edwyn, I have no words of mine own wherewith to speak peace. Harken to the word of the Lord as I read it in the English tongue—dear to us both. Harken the holy Apostle Saint John:—

"Tenderly beloved, if oure hertes condempne us not, then have we trust to Godwards; and whatsoever we axe we shall receive of Hym, because we kepe His commandments."

"But I have kept *not* His commandments. I must be punished."

"Nay, have patience yet awhile. "Because we kepe His commandments, and do those thynges which are pleasyng in His sight. And this is His commandment, that we beleve in the Name of His Sonne, Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave commandment." And again, "He that hath the Sonne hath lyfe." And again, and above all, "This is the tydynges which we have herde of Him, and declare unto you, that God is lyght, and in Him is no darkness at all; and the blood of Orhist His Sonne cleanseth us from all synne." Take courage, Brother Edwyn; hold fast to these words, and know what Saint Paul sayeth to such: "We know suerly if oure erthy mancion wherein we now dwell were destroyed, that we have a bildinge ordeyned of God, and habitacion not made with hondes but eternal in heven." Methinks there is no word here of fires. I say not there be no such cleansing fires, for I know not; but this I say, and do continually affirm, that God suffieth for these things. We will not go to sinful men to pray for our souls—to say masses for filthy lucre's sake; nay, nor to the saints, blessed though they be; nay, nor to the Holy Mother herself, and wherefore? Because, sayth Saint Paul the apostle, that we are justified by fayth, we are now at the present and onwards at peace—at one with God—thorowe oure Lorde Jesus Christ. Cleave to these words, dear Brother Edwyn; cleave with your whole soul, and be at peace."

"The daylight had now strengthened, and the first beams of the sun illumined the pale upturned face of the dying man. He spoke

as one in a dream: he moved his thin hands as if writing or painting.

"I will write the words in the English. I will put the doves' heads above. The Holy Ghost is as a dove; yes, verily, Ave Maria, ora pro nobis, Agnus Dei, I come."

"Then William Tyndale's voice was heard:—

"Of Thy mercy, Lord Jesus, receive this soul for which Thou didst shed Thy blood."

"A smile, ineffable and beautiful, irradiated the sunken face, and then died out, as Brother Edwyn's eyes closed for ever in this world.

(To be continued.)



preprehensive title of

### "THE FIRESIDE NEWS,"

to extend very widely the influence of the Christian Press amongst Church of England readers.

Full particulars of the enlargement will be given weekly in *The Church Standard* throughout September. Amongst those who have already expressed their "hearty concurrence in this important effort," are:—Earl Cairns, the Earl of Chichester, the Bishop of Liverpool, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, Bishop Ryan, the Dean of Ripon, the Dean of Gloucester, Archdeacon Bardsley, Archdeacon Richardson, Canon Tristram, Canon Clayton, Canon Bell, Canon Hoare, Canon Blakeney, Canon Lefroy, Prebendary Wilson, Canon Taylor, Dr. Boulbee, Canon Clarke, Dr. Flavel Cook, the Rev. Talbot Greaves, the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, Canon Money, the Rev. T. Howard Gill, the Rev. J. F. Kitto, the Rev. G. T. Fox, the Rev. J. McCormick, the Rev. A. M. W. Christopher, the Rev. R. C. Billing, the Rev. Dr. Lowe, the Rev. W. H. Wright, the Rev. G. Everard, Prebendary Macdonald, the Rev. A. A. Isaacs,

William Tyndale arose. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and a low voice said:—

"William Tyndale, ordained priest in the Holy Catholic Church, you are cited to appear before the Chancellor to-morrow at this time in the Great Hall of the Lord Abbot at Gloucester, to answer certain charges."

"I am ready," was the reply; "though you bring to my charge things that I know not. See to the dead, and perform the last offices."

## The Christian Press, and "The Fireside News."

WE want to call special attention to an effort which is about to be made by the enlargement of *The Church Standard*, under the more general and com-

prehensive title of

the Rev. D. Howell, Canon Rycroft, with many other influential clergy and laymen. We heartily hope our readers generally will regard this as a special opportunity for furthering a truly great mission work. It is justly remarked, that whilst a single Church for one parish often costs £10,000, an Evangelical Church Newspaper, as a "second pulpit," may prove the Church's lever in thousands of parishes, winning many to the House of God who now are never found there.

The good work already done by *The Church Standard* is an earnest of what may be hoped for when the enlargement is carried out under the comprehensive title of *THE FIRESIDE NEWS*. We see that during the past seven years it is believed that the average circulation has exceeded that of any other Church newspaper; but the fact that several Non-conformist papers each issue about 200,000 copies weekly—a number exceeding that of all our Church papers put together—to say nothing of the immense circulation of the secular and Bradlaugh type of newspaper,—shows how remarkable has been the apathy of the Church of England hitherto to the mission of the Press, and how wide a field is waiting to be entered.

We trust "*THE FIRESIDE NEWS*," faithfully maintaining the distinctive Evangelical and Protestant principles of the Church of England, may, with the thorough and hearty support of the Evangelical clergy and laity, secure a really national circulation.\*

\* The Editorial arrangements will continue under the supervision of the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., Editor of *Home Words*, who will be glad to receive any further names or suggestions addressed to him at 7, The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E.



"John scrambled as far as his rope would allow him down the beam, and bending forwards, seized Harry's arms."

## The Risk which saved the Risker.

BY MRS. GARNETT, AUTHOR OF "LITTLE RAINBOW," "LOYALLY LOVED," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

HARRY PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.



HEARD afterwards what had become of the lads. They were both present when the captain arranged the crews of the boats, and were supposed by each to be with the other, till our meeting on the French shore showed us they were with neither. Their story, as they told it, was this:—

John, who was so terrified by the storm, grew every moment more so when he looked over the side of the vessel and heard the waves dashing against her hulk, though they were invisible to him. He turned away with a feeling of despair, perfectly certain he should never dare to venture into those

depths on the chance of reaching a boat which he could not see in the fog. He thought it might be better on the other side, and groped his way towards the second boat. With a violent blow he came up against something. His feet caught in a rope, and he fell suddenly. Then he remembered he must have come against the mast: and recollecting like a flash of light Portsmouth Bill's words, he seized on the idea—he would not venture in either boat, he would lash himself to the mast. Just then the rift came in the fog, and he saw the land. The very sight gave him courage, and wrapping the rope round his body he climbed the mast and lashed himself at some distance from the head to it. Half an hour later, with a bound and crash, the *Sarah Bell* was flung upon the cliffs and crumbling went to pieces. The

mast broke in half as the timber was caught upon the rocks, and Royston found himself floating away with the rebound. His rope held safely, and he raised himself on the mast-head and sat astride. Already the fog was wavering and rising. He thought, "If I can keep afloat here I shall certainly be picked up to-morrow." He looked at his beam, his vessel of safety, and then perceived it was only a short piece of wood, for with such force had the ship struck that the mast had shivered with the blow.

"Anyhow it is long enough to support me," he said; and then he heard a cry. He looked, and there, trying to swim, he saw Harry Benton. His hair, matted by the water, hung into his eyes, and a look of agony was on his face.

"Help! help!" he cried.

"It's Harry!" John exclaimed. All thought of his own safety vanished, all considerations of the sustaining power of the mast-head were gone, and all fears of the watery grave which was such a terror to him.

"Now I can show him how I love him. Thank God."

John scrambled as far as his rope would allow him down the beam, and bending forwards seized Harry's arms. The rope strained but held, and Harry scrambled up beside him. John held him fast, or a great curling wave which swept under them would have thrown him off again.

"John! is it you?" he said, when he had recovered breath.

"Yes, it is me: I lashed myself to the mast-head sooner than drop into the boat; but how is it they left you?"

"I had been helping to lower Green's boat, and somehow when she left I got confused and could not make out where the captain's voice came from. I heard him call, and rushed forward and fell down the companion. I must have hurt my leg, I think, for I only managed to scramble up again after a long time, and in another minute she struck and I was in the water." Then after a time he added:—

"I feel sick and queer. Look here, old man, if I get worse I can't hold on: so just let me go quietly if I fall off, or we may both be lost."

"No!" said John Royston fiercely; "No, Harry! do you think I've forgotten those savages? I never thanked you yet, but I will

stick to you now. We will be saved or go to the bottom together. Hold tight a minute," and untying the rope round his own waist John fastened it securely round Harry's, who was in too much pain to resist. Through all the long hours which followed, John Royston held him up and cheered him with hopeful words.

"See, Harry, the fog has cleared a great deal! we may yet be saved. Let us ask God to help us." Silently the lads prayed.

The grey light changed, and the warmed misty billows of the sea fog broke upwards in the sunshine, and rolling up dispersed in the clear skies; a mast-head with two boys, worn out, weary, but hoping still, floated about, an almost level object on the waves. But it was not too level, to be missed by the captain's experienced eye, who with half a dozen of his worthy men was already out again in a French fishing smack looking for the lads.

I had begged hard to go too, but he would not take me. "You are too tired, my boy, and will take room that could be better filled," he said.

So I waited on the warm sand beach, and watched the broken timbers and the cargo of the poor old *Sarah Bell* wash ashore and be collected by the authorities. Presently I saw the boat come swinging back, and heard Portsmouth Bill shout:—"All right, sir, we've got 'em!"

And then I rushed madly into the surf up to my waist and helped to lift Harry out. As I touched his leg he said:—

"Gently! let John hold it, he touches so carefully."

"His leg's broken," said Portsmouth Bill: "but we'll soon get one of them 'parley you' doctors to set it. That chap with the peaky cap and coat covered with braid isn't such a poor 'un as you'd say; he's spliced old Jack's wrist up very toit."

"Come you here, sir, will you," he roared out, "and see to this gen'man's leg?"

The French doctor came across the strand smiling.

"You see, sir! you must speak up to them furriners, or they don't understand yer."

So Harry was carefully conveyed to a clean little hotel with green wooden shutters, and there was nursed. The rest of the crew of



the *Sarah Bell* went away the following week to London with the captain: but John and I stayed on. Harry was soon hopping merrily about with a crutch, and wherever its tap tap was heard you might count on seeing John Royston too. We only waited until Harry reached to the dignity of a stick, and then took ship for old England.

We had found out by then that John was an orphan; so Harry's people asked him henceforth to make their home his home. He went into a house of business in London belonging to an uncle of his, and is now a great merchant prince. He married thirty

years ago one of Harry's sisters: but whenever Harry came home from a voyage John Royston was constantly with him: so that at last we all called him "Harry's shadow." He used to say:—

"I object to that word shadow—it sounds gloomy, and I am *not* gloomy now."

"And I object," Harry added, "for it's putting the cart before the horse; for if there had been no shadow, there would have been no Harry."

"Hush, old fellow! remember the savages."

"Cry quits," I say; "The Risker in his turn saved the Risked."

### Whapside Chimes.

#### VIII. A SONG OF FAITH IN HARVEST TIME.



HE lilies fields behold;  
What king in his array  
Of purple pall and cloth of gold  
Shines gorgeously as they?

Their pomp, however gay,  
Is brief, alas! as bright;  
It lives but for a summer's day,  
And withers in a night.

If God so clothe the soil,  
And glorify the dust,  
Why should we in our daily toil  
His Providence distrust?

Will He, whose love has nursed  
The sparrow's brood, do less  
For those who seek His kingdom first,  
And with it righteousness?

The birds fly forth at will;  
They neither plough nor sow:  
Yet theirs the sheaves that crown the hill,  
Or glad the vale below.

While through the realms of air  
He guides their trackless way,  
Will man, in faithlessness, despair?  
Is he worth less than they?

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

### Willy Greyson's Mistake; and What Came of it.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE, AUTHOR OF "MONEY OR LIFE?" "THE ROMANCE OF THE STREETS," ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### WILLY GREYSON'S HOME.



LEEFIELD, in Handleyshire, is a clean and compact market town on a main line of railway, about a hundred miles west of London. Though partly manufacturing, the district is, in the main, supported by agriculture; so that the Saturday market is, of course, important to a large number of farmers on the one hand, and a source of considerable wealth

to the trading fraternity on the other. The land being above the average in richness, many of the farmers represent families who have lived in the same houses for generations.

One of the stated institutions of Lee-field, some few years ago, was a half-witted man named William Greyson, a poor fellow whom everybody treated with some degree of kindness, if we alone except a few mischievous boys whose love of teasing over-rode their generosity. "Willy," as he was universally called, belonged to a family which had seen better days. He was now about twenty-five

years of age. His father, a very respectable lawyer's clerk, had died about six years before, leaving a widow, a daughter, and this son, in those slender circumstances which, through the guardian care of God, are not always so distressing as they seem. In point of fact, the wife and daughter contrived by means of a little school to support both themselves and the afflicted one very creditably.

In the fine weather especially, Willy spent a large portion of his time in the open air, in an altogether harmless fashion. He walked about the town, looking at the shops, and saying "Good-morning" to his many acquaintances. Half-witted as he was, he had still very tender recollections of his father, who had taught him to read. Willy always carried about with him his father's pocket Bible. During the earlier days of the week he would frequently be seen reading alone in some secluded part of the deserted marketplace; while at other times he would take short excursions into the country for a similar purpose. Indeed, one of his fancies was that he could read no other book than the one his father left him, and on that account he treasured the volume all the more.

Willy found many friends in the town, and from time to time these supplied him with no inconsiderable share of occupation. He always showed great willingness to do whatever he was able.

"Good-morning, Willy; we shall want you to-day," would sometimes be the salutation the good-natured fellow would receive from one of the tradespeople of the town. It might, for example, come from Mr. Stephens the draper. "You'll take a parcel carefully up to the Hall, won't you, Willy?"

"Yes, Mr. Stephens, Willy will go for you," would be the answer.

"You will go straight to the place, and not sit down to read by the roadside," perhaps the tradesman would add, more for the sake of saying something, however, than because he supposed such a caution to be necessary. Willy never did anything of this kind.

"No, no, Mr. Stephens; the Book does not teach me to do that."

"Dear soul!" the draper would say to himself in an undertone, as he walked away to prepare the parcel. "How wonderfully this

half-minded man drinks in the spirit of Bible teaching."

In the meantime Willy would go on his way, understanding that he was to look in at Mr. Stephens's on his return, when he would be expected to dine with the young men at half-past one o'clock precisely. Being particularly neat and clean in his person, Willy was in this way frequently a welcome guest at a number of tables in the town. Then he never went to the Hall without receiving some sort of entertainment in the house-keeper's room. In a sense everybody appeared to suppose they were Willy Greyson's guardians, and they acted accordingly. In spite of his natural shortcomings, he was accounted such a careful body who never made any mistake.

Besides the tradespeople of the town, Willy Greyson had his friends in the farmers of the suburbs, among whom he was a visitor who came and went as he pleased, without let or hindrance, being always welcome alike. On summer evenings, when the work of the day was not over at sunset, he was sometimes seen loitering in the fields; and in winter, when the moon lit his homeward path, he would call at two or three houses during one night, to spend an hour at each, on the old-fashioned settle before the fire on the hearth. He was neither a stranger nor unwelcome anywhere. Everybody liked him; and everybody agreed that in whatever business he undertook he never made a mistake. It might be instinct, or it might arise from whatever else you liked to call it; but the fact remained, Willy Greyson always did what he undertook to do.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE TWO BROTHERS.

THERE was a family in the suburbs of Lee-field divided into two branches, of the name of Goodwin; and these, as friends of Willy, play a considerable part in our story. Richard Goodwin, who occupied a farm called Woolston Mill, and Robert Goodwin, who farmed an adjoining estate known as Gower Mead, were brothers; but, unhappily, at the date now referred to, the two households had become estranged. How this estrangement



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**THE REV. WILLIAM HANDCOCK,  
VICAR OF ST. MATTHEW'S, WEST KENSINGTON PARK.**



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**ROBERT SAWYER, ESQ.,  
VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE CHURCH  
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.**

**OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

[See Page 205.]

was brought about, and its influences on the neighbourhood, will require a word of explanation.

Both of the brothers, Richard and Robert, were middle-aged men in the prime of their vigour, the former being the elder by about two years. At the outset of their career their capital had been about equally divided; but while the younger had nothing to complain about on the score of moderate prosperity, the elder was by far the wealthier man of the two. It was not so much that he had more business tact, as that he was less scrupulous in the methods he adopted for getting money. Though taking care that his character for honesty never suffered, Richard Goodwin would still do things that could hardly be reconciled with Christian principle; but Robert not only paid a decorous outward attention to the Gospel, but he had the love of God in his heart. This constituted the difference between the two; it was a very wide difference, and was more than sufficient to alienate the worldly mind.

The estrangement just mentioned was brought about in the following extraordinary manner. A few miles by rail from Leefield was a large manufacturing town, and a numerous clique of fast and sporting men in that place were desirous of turning one of the national summer holidays, which ought to be, and are to a great extent, so helpful to true and rational enjoyment, into a day of riot and disorder after their own hearts' desire. They wanted, in fact, to organize for races, and for all the noisy accompaniments of a fair on a large scale, and the main difficulty to be overcome was that of procuring the permission to pitch on grounds sufficiently spacious for the occasion. After

seeking in vain in many quarters, the representatives of the movement applied to Mr. Goodwin of Woolston Mill, not without some hope of success.

"You see," said the farmer to Mary, his wife, as they sat at breakfast one spring morning, with their grown-up son and daughter, named after themselves,—"you see, my dear, I'm no sporting man; and although I don't altogether like the prospect of allowing some thousands of people into the river meadows, I shall clear £100 by the day's work."

"Have you settled to let the ground to these people?" asked Mrs. Goodwin, who, in spite of the weighty money argument, was not thoroughly reconciled to the proposal.

"Well, no, only in my own mind," replied the farmer, as he helped himself to another rasher of bacon, and passed his cup for more coffee.

"If we don't accommodate them, they will only carry their money and themselves somewhere else," put in Richard the younger.

"Then, of course we can show a good example by not going," added Mary, who, being no better than her teachers, liked best to say what she supposed would win her parents' approval.

The upshot was that Mr. Goodwin went forth from the breakfast table leaning on three reeds which he tried to persuade himself were trustworthy props. First, that it was his duty to make £100 for his family's sake; secondly, if he did not do it some one else would; thirdly, he could, after all, set a good example by not himself appearing on the ground. Fallacies indeed; but then what are the self-excusing arguments of any guilty conscience save fallacies of the weakest kind?

(To be continued.)

## The Certainty of the Seasons.



PEASANT in Switzerland was at work in his garden very early in the spring. A lady passing said, "I fear the plants which have come forward rapidly will yet be destroyed by the frost." Mark the wisdom of the peasant:

"God has been our Father a great while," was his reply. What faith that reply exhibited in the olden promise, "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease" (Gen. viii. 22).

## Our Church Portrait Gallery.



XVII. THE REV. CANON MONEY, M.A.: XVIII. THE REV. WILLIAM HANDCOCK:  
XIX. THE REV. ARTHUR W. JEPHSON, M.A.: XX. ROBERT SAWYER, ESQ.

THE Rev. C. F. S. Money, M.A., Hon. Canon of Rochester, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and ordained to a curacy in Cheltenham in 1845. He had previously been for some time in the Colonial Office, a good school of preparation for the important charge of the large parish of St. John's, Deptford, which he undertook in 1855. His work here gained him the deep affection and reverence of his parishioners. He saw his church, schools, and mission hall, as the result of his methodical organizing powers and exertions, rise before his eyes, and the parish at length became a model one in every respect. Old Greenwich fair, the annual scene of debauchery and vice, was mainly abolished by Canon Money's energetic efforts, and his labours for the moral improvement of the neighbourhood were greatly blessed. In 1876 he was elected a member of the London School Board, and for three years rendered invaluable service in the advocacy and maintenance of Christian education.

Canon Money has read several papers at the Church Congresses, which have attracted wide attention. To the Leicester Congress he contributed a valuable paper on "How to reach those who are not in the habit of attending a place of worship." In the course of his remarks, he asked:—"But what is the lever by which we may hope to move the masses who at present neglect the means of grace and the House of Prayer? I answer, Love—the love which led the Good Samaritan to the side of the wounded traveller. 'Who is my neighbour?' is the question we want all Christians to put to themselves. But if this personal influence, this personal love, is to be brought to bear upon the masses, the clergy alone cannot do it. We must have the lay element more largely introduced. We must have men and women hastening to the rescue; and is not God pointing the way by the gifts He is bestowing and the blessing He is giving?"

After an incumbency of twenty-eight years Canon Money recently arranged to exchange his post with the Rev. J. W. Aston, Vicar of St. Luke's, Cheltenham, a clergyman like-minded with himself. The presentation of a purse of about £400, with other tokens of regard to himself and his family, indicated how high a place he had gained in the homes and hearts of the parishioners of St. John's, Deptford.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Lombardi and Co., 13, Pall Mall East.

The Rev. William Handcock, Vicar of St. Matthew's, West Kensington Park, commenced his ministerial work under the Church Missionary Society in India in 1863. After labouring at Peshawur, Cashmere, and Dera Ismael Khan, he was compelled by ill-health to resign his appointment in 1866. On his return home he accepted the curacy of Holy Trinity, Torquay: a year later he removed to Hatford, Berks: and in 1868 became attached to the London Diocesan Home Mission.

He was assigned a district in West Kensington, but there was no place in which to preach, and for a considerable time he held services in the open air. At length a mission room was obtained, and this was followed by a school chapel. The energy of Mr. Handcock soon produced corresponding results, and by the consent of the Vicar of Hammersmith the new parish of St. Matthew was formed. Mr. W. Bird generously gave a site for a church, and in July, 1871, the building, which had been erected at a cost of about £5,300, was consecrated.

Since then two districts have been taken out of St. Matthew's parish, and provided with churches. Christ Church remains under the charge of the Vicar: the other, St. Simon's, has for its incumbent his brother, the Rev. Robert Handcock.

It will thus be seen that three churches, holding collectively more than two thousand worshippers, and each surrounded by evan-

gelistic and educational agencies of different kinds, have grown out of the open-air preaching which the Rev. W. Handcock commenced in 1868.

It is impossible in our limited space to give details of the numerous parochial agencies at work. There are about five hundred children in the Sunday Schools, with fifty teachers. Several former teachers have either gone out as missionaries or been ordained to the ministry at home. The Bible and Prayer Union, Mothers' Meetings, Penny Bank, Temperance Society, Clothing Club, and Window Gardening Association are all equally rendering good service.

The Rev. Arthur William Jephson, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Waterloo Road, Lambeth, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1875. He was ordained by Archbishop Tait, to the curacy of Croydon, in 1876, and five years later was appointed by the Archbishop to his present charge.

St. John's is one of the largest churches in London, and will seat 2,300 people. The building was commenced in 1822. The ground selected as a site was then a swamp, and partly occupied by a horse-pond. It was found to be impracticable to make a sure foundation in the native earth: so piles were driven and a foundation of timber laid before the brickwork was begun.

The first incumbent was Dr. Barnett. In his days Waterloo Road was a fashionable part of London. So prosperous was the church at the time that no endowment was set apart for the incumbent, who was paid by means of the marriage fees. How changed it all is now! Waterloo Road and Stamford Street are now deserted by fashionables, and the very stables behind these streets are tenanted by one or two families.

The population nearly reaches 10,000, all poor. The living has now an endowment of £96 per annum. The parish has for years borne an unenviable reputation. Though only 704 yards long and 350 yards wide, it contains twenty-nine places for the sale of strong drink, and more theatrical and music-halls than any other part of London. For

years the church was at a very low ebb, but under the last vicar, the Rev. A. J. Robinson, things were greatly brightened, and his successor has even still further improved the position of affairs. There are good schools (educating 400 children) which have just been enlarged at a cost of £2,000. The disused churchyard has been laid out as a garden, and is highly appreciated by the poor people of the neighbourhood. The fine old organ, whose powers Mendelssohn once tested, has also been rebuilt at a cost of £400, and is now one of the best in the south of London. What such a parish as St. John's would be without a church or a working vicar, is a question which the Liberation Society could not easily answer.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs Lombardi and Co., 13, Pall Mall East.

Mr. Robert Sawyer, of Maidenhead, is a son of the late Charles Sawyer, Esq., of Heywood Lodge, Berks, a property held by the family from the year 1642, when it was purchased by Sir Charles Sawyer. He is a graduate of Merton College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar on the Oxford Circuit in 1848.

For many years he was the Leader at the Oxford and Gloucester Sessions, also Revising Barrister for West Gloucestershire, Berkshire, and West Staffordshire. He is an earnest student of Natural History, and is a member of the Committee of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

He is also a member of the Total Abstinence Section of the O. E. T. S., and has been a Vice-Chairman of the Society for many years. He is a frequent contributor to the *Church of England Temperance Chronicle*, and has recently been mainly instrumental in promoting the formation of the United Kingdom Railway Temperance Union. Apart from his love of railway men, there is a certain fitness in associating Mr. Sawyer with "progress on the line;" for we suppose few members of the Church Temperance Society, in furthering its interests, more frequently take a ride on the iron horse.

Our portrait is engraved from a photograph by Messrs. Debenham & Gould, of Bournemouth.





[See Page 306.]

HARVEST BY THE SEA.

## A Harvest Song by the Sea.

BY THE REV. R. WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SUNGLEANS," ETC.

(See Illustration, Page 207.)



HE reaper's work is almost done,  
In golden glory stand the  
sheaves;  
And underneath the sinking  
sun

The sea in golden glory heaves.

The sun may sink beneath the sea,  
God's loving-kindness never sets;  
The lustre from the sheaves may flee,  
God never leaves us, or forgets.

Lord, from the altar of our soul,  
Touched with the flame of Thy great  
love,

Like incense shall our praises roll  
And cling about Thy Throne above.

Our hands in praise to Thee we lift,  
And bless Thee for our Harvest mirth;  
But most of all for that good Gift  
Which brought the joy of Heaven to  
earth!

## The Opened Heart :

### WHAT HAPPENED AT THE RIVER'S SIDE.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN F. SERJEANT, VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, FULHAM.\*

"Whose heart the Lord opened."—*Acts xvi. 14.*



SENTENCE short but weighty. It offers for our consideration four words, from each of which, if God help our meditations, we may gather something useful in the way of counsel or comfort. *Whose—heart—the Lord—opened.*

In the first place, then, we take the word *WHOSE*, and we ask ourselves if there is anything in it to unravel or expand?

We find that the scene is Philippi, where Paul, accompanied by Silas, had gone to preach. He found very little there to encourage him; but at last a knot of hearers were found, who met to pray in a little building upon the banks of a river, and who were glad to hear, from any one, words whereby their difficulties

might be disentangled and their hearts established. Among these one is specially mentioned, and she is closely connected with the events that happened on the Apostle's visit to the city. She is the "who" referred to, and among other facts connected with her, we are specially informed of these four; her name, her residence, her trade, and her religion.

Her name? It was Lydia. Most Bible names have a meaning. John means *grace*; Peter, *a rock*; Timothy, *one who fears God*; Solomon, *peaceable*; David, *beloved*; Rhoda, *a rose*; Hester, *a myrtle*; Susanna, *a lily*. A name in the Christian Church is given at an interesting period of our life's history, when we are brought to Christ, and signed with His sign, and outwardly consecrated to His service. And it is not an unimportant thing that we

\* Many of our readers will remember a brief sketch of the life of the loved and loving John Flowers Serjeant, which appeared with his portrait in *Home Words* for 1881 (page 181). When he was dying he said to a dear friend, "I want your child's Gospel"—the term he used to apply to the full teaching of that friend's ministry, and which most exactly described his own. "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." See "Two Cities." (*Home Words Office.*) Price 2s. 6d.

should have a *good name*. The term by which a man is *called* may teach him what he ought to be, and may hang at one time as a drag upon the wheels of his evil passions, and at another time may rouse him to acts of justice and of mercy and of Christian heroism. A "John" may strive after the grace which his name signifies, or an "Isaac" may study to confer upon parents the "joy" which they seem to have expected from him in giving him a name indicative of gladness. A "Peter" will hardly become a shivering reed, and bend or break at the first onset of temptation; or a Rhoda—name expressive of all that is fragrant and beautiful—become a thorn to pierce, or a briar to tear.

We cannot say that the name Lydia is specially significant. It is a word which indicates to us that she was a native of Lydia, a province of Asia Minor. The word itself signifies "crooked," and the province was probably so called from its winding rivers. But we may, at all events, say this; we hear in the Bible of names "which are in the Book of Life," and *this* was one of them. God's eye had rested upon her who bore it, and He had made her one of the children of His household, and one of the heirs of His throne.

If she had a name she had also a *home*. She lived at Thyatira, a town in the province just mentioned, a large and wealthy city, and doubtless a wicked city. In great cities, even in Gospel times, God's Day is openly broken, and God's Name greatly profaned. There you will find brazen-faced lads of sixteen or eighteen—ready to steal, or to burn, or to kill, hanging around the street corners, or haunting the tavern, a terror to their peaceful neighbours, and an eye-sore to decent by-passers. There, too, you will find full-grown men, as ferocious in their tones as they are fierce in their looks, staggering along under the effects of liquor—who never open their Bibles and never pray,

who never cross the threshold of a place of worship, whose wives and children run about in rags, and who are debasing themselves, day after day, almost to the lowest hell. But there, too, you will find the servants of the most High—sometimes in lowly cellars, sometimes in lofty attics, sometimes on the benches of the ragged school, sometimes in crowded workshops, sometimes, it may be, in palaces ceiled with cedar and painted by vermilion. Perhaps they are not there in large numbers, and it may be that men despise them, if they know them, but there they *are* like roses in the midst of a November landscape, like spots of green amid the desert waste, like stars in the blackness of the night. Now it was just thus in the great city of Thyatira. There Lydia, together with a few friends, was accustomed to seek God's Face and to call upon His Name.

If she had a name and a home she had also a *trade*. She was a "seller of purple." She belonged to the working-classes. Some upon earth are called to occupy the high places, some humble positions. There are among men fishers in the deep, ploughers of the soil, trainers of the vine, tenders of the cattle, attendants upon the sick, instructors of the young, ministers of the Gospel to the guilty, sweepers of the streets, and wielders of the sceptre. The happy thing is when men are willing to be what God has appointed them to be, —when, instead of sighing after other posts of usefulness, they fill up their own, —when with honest and laborious hands and a fervent spirit they are found bringing honour to their employment, whether it be exalted or menial, by their way of filling it.

But the best thing yet remains to be told about her—her *religion*. "She worshipped God." Not that she had clear views of His perfections, or of the way in which He must be approached; but

her heart was divinely honest in seeking the knowledge of Him, and whenever people steadfastly set their faces towards God, though they may walk for a time in great darkness, in the end the cloud will be removed. Let them walk in the light which they already possess, and presently the dawn shall brighten into the perfect day. Lydia and her friends thirsted after salvation,—felt that earth was not their resting-place,—that they must somewhere or other spend a long eternity, and desired that they might so walk as to spend it in peace and honour. They probably felt, too, something of the burden of sin, and desired to be freed from both its guilt and its power. And at last their minds are enlightened and their hopes confirmed. The greatest preacher among the sons of earth is sent to instruct them, and they see, as it were, with unveiled eyes, the truths of eternity in the light that is shed on them by the preaching of this strange man.

What a happy thing it is that this fourth particular is told us about this woman. "She worshipped God." She might have been named "*Empress of all the East*;" she might have *owned* a city instead of being the obscure resident of one of its abodes; she might have *worn* purple instead of *sold* purple; and yet how little in the account of those who judge rightly would her consequence have been. But "she worshipped God." This gives dignity to her character and interest to her story. It lifts her up from the masses of her fellow-men, and it stamps her with a worth which many a man of wealth and honour lacks altogether, and which princes might covet.

Now I think you will see a little into the contents of that first word of the sentence which I proposed to unfold:—"whose." You see what she, who is referred to by the word, is called, where she lived, how she earned her livelihood, and how she sought the good of her soul.

(To be continued.)

## Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.



### V. BETTER DENIED THAN DECEIVED.

"DON'T venture on me," said the plank to the traveller; "my timber is unsound, and I cannot bear your weight."

"How then shall I cross the torrent?" cried the traveller; "the night is dark, and I know no other way."

"Nay," said the plank, "that I must leave to you; but surely it were better to tell you the truth now, hard though it may seem, than to leave you to find it out for yourself when you were struggling in the waters."

### VI. PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

"Did you ever hear anything like that?" said a robin to a blackbird, as they were picking up some crumbs on the ledge of a window where a captive thrush was wailing out its melancholy notes. "I shouldn't have known it for a thrush. I'd hold my tongue if I couldn't sing better than that."

"Wait awhile, friend," said the blackbird, "till you are caught and caged, and see what sort of a song you'll give us then. I'm very glad he's able to sing at all, poor fellow; there are very few of us that would have spirit enough left for it, in his place, I fancy."

# Temperance Arrows.

BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS," ETC.

"O many a shaft, at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer little meant."—Scott.



HILE eloquence and argument are too soon forgotten, the temptations to demoralizing indulgence are still presented to the people in seductive forms in every street, from early morning to the midnight hour; we might

almost say in every house, at every meal; so that the enemy we have to contend with is all but omnipresent. His assaults are directed by the strongest of motives—that of pecuniary gain, and they are favoured by the fascination which strong drink possesses to the greater part of mankind."—*Sir Edward Baines.*

**A CURE FOR HARD TIMES.**—Four pints of bitter ale, or five half-glasses of whisky a day, cost at least ten-pence. If a young man at the age of eighteen, instead of spending this sum daily in drink, places it in the savings bank at simple interest, when he is thirty years of age it will amount to £240 4s.; at forty it will be £542 16s.; at fifty, £925 12s.; at sixty, £1,520 12s.; and at seventy, £1,981 4s.

"We are constrained to repeat that which we have probably said fifty times before, that the people of this country drink an inordinate deal more strong liquor than is good for their health, morals, and material prosperity; and that the swilling of raw spirits is, in particular, a national curse, nuisance, and shame."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"THERE is not a vice, or a disease, or a calamity of any kind, that has not its frequent rise in a public house."—*The Times.*

THE *Lancet* says:—"Let there be no mistake about the voice of medical practitioners or authorities on this matter. It is on the side of Temperance, of extreme Temperance. Anything else is risky."

A LADY who went to Canada by the Allan steamer *Sardinian* writes:—

"On both sides of the ship there is far too much drinking. I have succeeded in obtaining some pledges, but I wish I could get many more. I think it would not be too much to say that in the steerage and intermediate, among the English-speaking passengers, nine-tenths are leaving home, directly or indirectly, on account of drink."

What are our weapons? Persuasion and prayer!  
Our cause is the cause of truth, wisdom, and right,—  
The spear, shield, and breastplate the Lord will prepare—  
In armour of righteousness, clad for the fight!

THOMAS CARLYLE's Temperance appeal to the "free and independent" voter long since became famous. He said:—

"No one oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser; but does not this stupid pewter-pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go; but the absurd pot of heavy wet, this can and does! Thou hast the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites and this scoured dish of liquor, and thou pratest of thy liberty! Thou entire blockhead!"

MR. CLARK ASPINALL, J.P., coroner of Liverpool, says that he has given up alcohol absolutely and entirely, so as to be able to say to other people, "Do as I do."

MR. BRADLEY, of H.M.S. *Nelson*, at a meeting at Ballarat, stated that all the desertions which had taken place in connection with his own ship were due to drink. The crime which had been committed in the service generally was attributable to indulgence in strong drink.

THE BISHOP OF DOVER, in a recent address at Canterbury, said:—

"The Temperance movement, like most movements, had its three stages—first, the pooh-pooh stage; secondly, the pelting stage; lastly, the prosperity stage. Total Abstinence had got far past the pooh-pooh stage, and was passing well through the pelting into the prosperity stage. They sometimes heard hard things said of them and of their work, but they were content to leave the work in God's hands. He hoped, however, that they would not say hard things, and mar the good cause, by needlessly speaking at all uncharitably of those engaged in the trade."

In the standing orders of the 13th Light Infantry, the following extract from an order issued to them by Sir Robert Sale, after the memorable defence of Jellalabad, is inserted:—"The commanding officer attributes the famed courage of the regiment before the enemy, their exemplary conduct in quarters under most trying circumstances, the unwearied spirit which supported them in their incredible labours, and their extraordinary good health, to the very auspicious fact that during the whole time they had no means of obtaining liquor of any description."

Onward is Upward! So, march with your Guide:  
Enlist in our ranks: take the pledge and the sign:  
Love God and love man: you will fight on our side:  
Here's my hand, fellow-soldier and friend: give me thine. —S. C. HALL.

Our "Home Words Temperance Arrows" may be had as Leaflets. Price 1s. per 100.  
The back of the leaflet can be utilised for the announcement of Parish Meetings, etc.  
(London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)

## Our Common Worship.

BY THE REV. C. WARRING BARDSLEY, M.A., VICAR OF ULVERSTON.

(Continued from Page 164.)



LOOK again at the question of *inexperience*.

Our ministers in church and chapel are many of them young, although most of our Nonconformist bodies permit a more youthful ministry than the Church of England. I pass that by. What I want to point out to you is this, that while you can give these young men, in the Establishment and in Dissent, a good, a careful, and a godly preparation for their calling, you cannot give them experience. No knowledge is complete without personal trial. It is *tribulation* that worketh *patience*, and *patience experience*. But tribulation is the first rung of the ladder. And what young man at twenty knows what trial is? And patience is the second rung. And what young man at twenty knows what suffering is? How, then, can he have trod the third rung—*experience*? But see! he must pray in behalf

of men and women of sixty, and seventy, yea, and eighty. Will his utterances, however earnest, meet all their wants? Can he dig deep enough, can he soar high enough, for them? No, it is impossible!

But a written form of words meets this difficulty. Tribulation, and patience, and experience have laid their chastened hand upon the pages of our Prayer-Book! They are steeped in the tears of saintly sorrow; they are stained with the blood of faithful martyrs. There is no tribulation but its pangs are understood; there is no patience but its endurance is tested: there is no experience but its deepest depth of change and chance have been sounded by our English Liturgy; and the youngest curate prays as with the lips of threescore years and ten; and though he knows their meaning but in part now, the years shall pass away, as years must ever do, and by-and-by he shall know it, even as it was known to the aged ones whose representative he was when he was young. And is that nothing?

(To be continued.)

## Interrupted Felicity.

(See Illustration, Page 214.)



WARM September; a quiet corner, cool and shaded; hungry boy, knife and fork in hand, and at work. What more to complete the enjoyment?

Young "Hal o' the Marsh" there, as he is called in those parts, never heard the word "*felicity*" perhaps; but he counted, five minutes ago, on a good time of uninterrupted felicity. Poor young ladling! He had earned it.

Uninterrupted felicity, Hal, my boy, means pudding as much as you will, and nobody to watch you while you eat it. Out in the garden, too, among the flowers and fruits,

my Hal. Was there ever such a feast, in fable or in song, as the feast that has been provided on that substantial board? Was there ever such a horn-handled fork and such an efficient knife? Talk of Metropolitan Mappin Brothers, or Mappin & Son, or even Mappin & Company! Give me provincial Smithson & Company.

At least no, not *company*. Hal wants *no* company, not he; he would run up a brick wall on the spot, if he had his way, to keep off intruders. Hal will be ready for company by-and-by, and ready for work, too—to do him justice—but not now.

I wish you could have your way, just this once, Hal; I do, indeed. I'm not a bit afraid that such uninterrupted felicity as beef pud-



ding would demoralise you in the least; and I am very much afraid that the imminent and impending August wasp will not set your mind at work, with any especial earnestness, upon the vanity of meat pudding, all to oneself.

But it cannot be. The wasp itself becomes a preacher, and shames me into preaching against my will, and stings Hal, if he does not take heed, into moralising. If Hal ever gets a vote for the county, as an agricultural labourer, he will vote against wasps and interruptions generally; interruptions of the business of Parliament, for example, I'm certain.

There was once a man, young Hal, whose name was Damocles. They had strange names in those days, and never called people "Mr.," you know, as we do now; but still you and I have a fancy for calling this gentleman by the title of "Mr." Well, Mr. Damocles was an envious and discontented man really, but only a flattering and fawning man seemingly. Mr. Damocles had a master; and between ourselves and the pudding, Hal, I think we all have masters. Some of us don't like to confess it; but there it is, as true as steel forks, whether we confess it or deny it.

Mr. Damocles' master was named King Dionysius, those old-world people being fond of odd names beginning with D. Said Damocles one day to his master,—

"Oh, how happy you must be; beef-pudding as much as you like, nothing to do in particular, plenty of slaves to wait upon you, no anxieties, no perplexities, no fears!"

And so saying, Damocles took off his hat—queer hats they wore in those days—first of all looking round to see whether there was anybody who would say, "What did you do that for? One man is as good as another, isn't he?" And Damocles heaved a deep sigh.

King Dionysius heaved a deeper, as he replied,—

"Lord Damocles"—kings always show more respect rather than less respect, you know; it is only little people that withhold due honour—"come and try how you like being a king. Have beef-pudding as much as you please, put on my crown at six to-morrow morning, live in my palace, rule my people—are you willing?"

"Rather," said Damocles in the language of those days. "I shall have uninterrupted felicity, I know."

He saw a strange smile playing round the corners of Dionysius' bearded mouth, and gleaming in Dionysius' eyes, as the bargain was completed; but who cares for smiles that come out of bearded mouths and blue eyes?

That spiteful wasp came to Damocles as it came to "Hal o' the Marsh;" only it wasn't a wasp. It was a sword that hung over Damocles' head by one single hair; if the hair broke, the sword would kill Damocles. Just as Damocles was going to take a slice of pudding, he saw a sun-flash over his head, reflected across the table from the suspended sword, and he looked as frightened as Hal looks. Just examine Hal's eyes, and read there the words, "interrupted felicity."

If there is not a skeleton in every house—and for my part I don't believe there is—there is a wasp in every felicity. Only the wasp isn't always a wasp. Sometimes it's a sword hung on a hair overhead, sometimes it's a long bill that has to be paid, sometimes an uncomfortable recollection that you can't get quit of.

But what I want to say is, in any case, do not be afraid of your "wasp." Grasp your nettle, my boy of agriculture; down with the wasp; make war upon him; extinguish him. He only came to teach you a spelling lesson, and he's of no further use in the world. "No uninterrupted felicity here," is the spelling lesson he came to teach. Can you learn it? "Not yet?" oh, nonsense; try.

S. B. JAMES, D.D.

### THE LESSON OF PATIENCE.

**B**E patient! oh, be patient!—though yet our hopes are green,  
The harvest fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny sheen.

Be ripening; be ripening!—mature your silent way,  
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's harvest day.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



INTERRUPTED FELICITY.

[See Page 212.]

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXVII. SOMETHING TO DO.



MAY, if I have but a mind,  
Do good in many ways;  
Plenty to do the young may find,  
In these our busy days.  
Sad would it be, though young and small,  
If I were of no use at all.

One gentle word that I may speak,  
Or one kind, loving deed,  
May, though a trifle poor and weak,  
Prove like a tiny seed;  
And who can tell what good may spring  
From such a very little thing!  
Then let me try, each day and hour,  
To act upon this plan,—  
What little good is in my power,  
To do it while I can;  
If to be useful thus I try,  
I may do better by-and-by.

## XXVIII. JOHNNY'S LESSON.

JOHNNY had a long lesson to learn; but he tried hard, and said it without a single mistake. So his father gave him threepence. A very happy boy was he when he ran down the street, to the toy-shop, to buy a top which he had longed to have for a good while.

He had not gone far when he saw a boy with a large basket of oranges on his arm, standing at the door of a small house. Johnny stopped to look; he did not mean to buy any, for he thought a red top was better than any orange that ever grew. A little cripple sat in the door of the house, looking longingly on the golden fruit. "Oh, dear! I wish I had a penny to buy one," he said, "they look so nice." But the poor cripple had no money, and the orange-seller walked on.

Johnny walked slowly after him. "I'll buy that lame child an orange," he said to himself. "No, I won't though; for if I do, I can't get that top. Oh, dear! I wish I had four pence instead of three; then I would get him one; he can't play as I can."

Thus he went on thinking to himself; but soon he started off on a run after the boy with the oranges. "Stop, stop!" cried Johnny, "I want to buy three

oranges;" and he held out his money. The boy gave him the fruit, took the threepence, and went on. Johnny hurried back to where the lame boy sat, with his head resting on his hands. He put the oranges in the cripple's lap, saying, "Here they are, don't cry;" and ran home before the poor boy had time to thank him.

"Where is your top, Johnny?" asked his mother, when he got home. Then he told her how he had spent his money. "God bless you, my dear boy," said his mother, laying her hand on his curly head; "and may He teach you, more and more, the blessed lesson of denying yourself, so that you may help them that need."

Johnny was far happier, in having pleased the poor helpless cripple, than if he had bought the prettiest top that ever was made. In doing so, he was denying himself for the good of others.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

## XXIX. THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

"THE Dairyman's Daughter," of whom we read in Legh Richmond's "Annals of the Poor," went to church one day because she had got a new gown. The text was, "Be clothed with humility." The preacher showed the difference between the clothing of the body and the clothing of the soul. She felt ashamed of her vanity, cast off the rags of her own righteousness, and "put on the Lord Jesus." Her bright example has done good to thousands. A writer tells us that he once saw a widow lady pointing to her gravestone, and reading to her youthful companion. The book in her hand was "The Annals of the Poor." The lady was the Duchess of Kent, and her companion was her daughter—Queen Victoria.

## XXX. OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, a Welsh boy heard a sermon upon the Priesthood of our Lord Jesus Christ. It was a new idea to the boy, and he was deeply and lastingly impressed. To this day all the Welsh revere his memory: for that boy became the Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala, the apostle of his native land, the founder of day and Sunday-schools, and of the Bible Society. A faith like his in the Priesthood of Christ is the secret of a true and fruitful life. Happy are they who early learn by the teaching of the Holy Spirit that they are sinners, and that the Lord Jesus Christ is our only Priest and King.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. **WHAT** examples are there of a tank or cistern used as an instrument of persecution?
2. Who "turned away from" St. Paul in his second imprisonment at Rome, and who sought him out?
3. Find mention of professional mourners in both Testaments.
4. Give the only place in the Old Testament where "Messiah" occurs.
5. Who foreshadowed Christ in both offices of King and Priest at once?
6. Where is Christ called "David"?
7. Who begged not to be called by her right name?

8. Give six passages indicating that in the East roofs are flat.
9. Who were many days without taking off their clothes?
10. Give four examples of suicide.

## ANSWERS (See JULY No., p. 167).

- I. Compare Job i. and xlii. Because his first children were still his. II. John xi. 36; Luke xix. 41; Heb. v. 7.
- III. Acts xii. 4. IV. Exod. xvii. 7; Num. xx. 13. V. Trust, 2 Kings xviii. 6; obedience, 2 Kings xxiii. 25. VI. 2 Kings i. 2. VII. Ahasiah and Jehoram in Israel; Jehoram and Ahasiah in Judah. VIII. Nine. IX. See 2 Chron. x. 16; xlii. 10; xxxii. 24 (Ezekiah having no son as yet). X. Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel. Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi.

Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but only to local Teachers.



SUN.—1st day.  
Rises 5.13. Sets 6.46.

SEPTEMBER.

MOON.—New, 1st, A. 2.14.  
Full, 16th, A. 9.41.



# PRAYING IN THE SPIRIT.



Be filled  
with the Spirit.  
Eph. v. 18.

Let  
Thy loving  
Spirit lead me.  
Ps. cxliii. 10.

1 S	His children shall have a place of refuge. Pr. xiv. 26.
2 S	15th S. aft. Trin. Pour out your heart . . . God is a Refuge for us. Ps. lxi. 8.
3 M	The Lord fulfil all thy petitions. Ps. xx. 5. [cxlv. 19.
4 Tu	He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him. Ps.
5 W	Lord, Thou hast heard the desire of the humble. Ps.
6 Th	Thou wilt prepare their heart. Ps. x. 17. [x. 17.
7 F	Thou wilt cause Thine ear to hear. Ps. x. 17.

8 S	Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.
9 S	16th S. aft. Trin. So I prayed to the God of Heaven.
10 M	Delight thyself also in the Lord. Ps. xxxvii. 4. [17.
11 Tu	The God of Israel grant thee thy petition. 1 Sam. i.
12 W	The Lord hath given me my petition which I asked.
13 Th	Thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am. Isa. lviii.
14 F	It is good for me to draw near. Ps. lxxiii. 23. [3.
15 S	Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.

## THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE

To-day  
if ye will  
hear His voice.  
Heb. iv. 7.

SAY, COME.  
Rev. xx. 17.

He  
giveth more grace.  
Jas. iv. 6.

16 S	17th S. aft. Trin. I will pray with the spirit.
17 M	If I regard iniquity . . . the Lord will not hear. Ps.
18 Tu	Your sins have withholden good things. [lxvi. 18.
19 W	Ask in faith, nothing wavering. Jas. i. 6.
20 Th	He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea. Jas. i. 6.
21 F	St. MATTHEW. Wherefore dost thou doubt?
22 S	God that performeth all things for me. Ps. lvi. 2.

24 M	Pray one for another, that ye may be healed. Jas. v. 16.
25 Tu	The prayer of faith shall save the sick. Jas. v. 15. [10.
26 W	God answereth him in the joy of his heart. Eccles. v.
27 Th	Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer.
	Isa. lviii. 9. [vi. 10.
28 F	He prayed and gave thanks before his God. Dan.
29 S	St. MICHAEL. My God hath sent His angel. Dan. vi. 22.

23 S	18th S. aft. Trinity. He spread it before the Lord.
------	---

30 S	19th S. aft. Trin. The Lord heard and saved him.
------	--

In us, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groanings plead  
Our unutterable need,  
Comforter Divine.

In us, "Abba, Father," cry,  
Earnest of our bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,  
Comforter Divine.—Rassau.

Prayer. Let your prayers be about the things that really interest you. The more minute a prayer is, the more real it will be. You are coming to One to whom the little and the great are all the same. Nothing is below His sympathy, nothing is above His power.—Rev. J. Vaughan.

The Bible. The Bible without the Spirit, is a sun-dial by moonlight.—Coleridge.

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**WILLIAM TYNDALE.**

"Into every home, hut or palace, give Thy Word entrance, Lord, and in the English tongue let it be read and loved."—WILLIAM TYNDALE.





# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

### The Bible.



OD! unto Thee I kneel,  
And thank Thee! Thou  
unto my native land—  
Yea, to the outspread earth—  
Hast stretched in love Thy everlasting  
hand;

And, Father, Thou hast spread  
Before men's eyes this charter of the free,  
That all Thy Book might read,  
And justice love, and truth, and liberty!

Thou doubly precious Book!  
Unto Thy light what doth my country  
owe!  
Thou teachest age to die,  
And youth in truth unsullied up to  
grow!  
In lowly homes a comforter art thou,—  
A sunbeam sent from God,—an ever-  
lasting bow!

ROBERT NICOLL.

### Who gave us "The Book"?

#### OR, ENGLAND'S DEBT TO WILLIAM TYNDALE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

#### CHAPTER III.

TYNDALE IN LONDON.—JOINS LUTHER AT WIT-  
TENBERG.—THE NEW TESTAMENT IN ENG-  
LISH.—OPPOSITION.



TYNDALE, having made con-  
siderable progress with his  
translation, thought it best,  
in 1523, to make his way to  
London. He hoped to interest  
Bishop Tunstal, as a scholar:  
but the Bishop, though he  
loved classical learning himself, had no wish  
to see the Scriptures in the hands of the

people. He did not actually forbid Tyndale  
proceeding, but he gave him no encourage-  
ment. Humphrey Monmouth, a London  
merchant, proved at this time "a friend in  
need." He received the Reformer as a guest  
in his house, and there he continued at his  
labours for about a year.

Tyndale found, however, at every step that  
the Romish Church would never let him  
carry out his purpose in England; and in  
May, 1524, he joined the great-hearted Martin  
Luther at Wittenberg. Here he completed  
the translation of the New Testament into  
English. The printing of the Sacred Book  
was first attempted at Cologne, but Romish

\* "Who gave us 'The Book'?" just published as a Volume for Cottage Libraries and Sunday School  
Gifts. Cloth gilt, 1s. (Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)

influence interfered, and Tyndale had to fly to the Protestant city of Worms. Here at length six thousand copies were printed, and gradually smuggled over into England.

Of these six thousand copies, not three perfect copies are now known to exist. A fragment of the Gospel of St. Matthew is in the British Museum; an imperfect copy is in the library of St. Paul's Cathedral; and a perfect copy, excepting the title-page, is in a library at Bristol.\*

The reader will be interested in the following quotation from Tyndale's Version, not only on its own account, but as illustrating the style of English spoken in his day. Mrs. Marshall, in her charming story, "Day-spring," introduces the passage as read by Tyndale himself to his pupils at the Manor House, Little Sodbury—"the portion which I writ out last night when ye were all slumbering."

"William Tyndale had been conning over his precious manuscript, and a smile broke over his face as at last he cleared his throat and said:—

"Hearken, children, and you my kinsman, these are good words. Say, are they not as the dew of Hermon, as the small rain upon the tender herb? Methinks the holy Apostle, when he wrote them, must have called to mind many an one who would find in them the balm for wounds, the ointment for sores, the tuning-fork for the discordant machine. May the Spirit of the living God shine down on our hearts, as we read, as the April sun is shining on the golden blossoms of yon mary-buds."

"Sonorous and full was the voice which now read:—

"Though I speake with the tonges of men and angels, and yet had no love, I were even as soundynge brasse, and as tynklynge cynball, and though I coulde prophesy and understande all secretes and all knowledge, yea if I had all fayth so that I could move mountayns oute of their places, and yet had no love, I were nothyng.

"And though I bestowed all my gooddes

to fede the poore, and though I gave my body even that I burned, and yet have no love, it profeteth me nothyng. Love suffreth longe and is courteous, love envieth nott, love doth not frawdwardly, swelleth not, dealeth not dishonestly. Seketh nott her awne, is not provoked to anger, thynketh not evyll, reioyseth not in iniquitie but reioyseth in the truth, suffreth all thynges, beleveth all thynges, endureth in all thynges.

"Though that prophesyinge sayle, other tongues shall cease, or knowledge vanyashe awaye, yet love falleth never awaye.

"For oure knowledge is unparfet, and oure prophesyinge is unparfet, but when thatt which is parfet is come, then thatt which is unparfet shall be done awaye.

"When I was a chylde, I spake as a chylde, I understode as a chylde, I ymmagened as a chylde. But as sone as I was a man, I put awaye all childesshnes.

"Nowe we se in a glasse even in a darke speakyng, but then shall we se face to face. Nowe I knowe unparfectly, but then shall I knowe even as I am known.

"Now abideth fayth, hope and love, even these thre, but the chefe of these is love.

"Yea, the greeatest, and the chefest. Yea, for it abideth ever."

That Tyndale's translation of "God's Word Written" had to be, as we have said, "smuggled over into England" from the Continent was bad enough, but the reception the Holy Book met with from the Romish Church was sadder and more painful still. Instead of telling the people, as the Divine Teacher told them, to "Search the Scriptures," the Book was immediately so proscribed that no doubt the copies gradually fell into the hands of the priests, and almost the whole edition perished by fire. A large number we know were thus burned at once. Cardinal Wolsey directed Bishop Tunstal to preach at Paul's Cross, denouncing the translation as heretical, and then to burn a copy before the assembled citizens at the close of the service. All persons also were commanded to deliver up their English Testaments under pain of

\* A perfect copy of Tyndale's revised edition of the New Testament, brought out in 1534, is also in the British Museum. It is beautifully printed on vellum, with illustrations, and on the gilt edges may still be read "Anna Anglie Regina," showing that it was a presentation copy to Queen Anne Boleyn, who sympathised with the Reformers.

excommunication, which really meant persecution little short of death.

All that could be done was done to put out the light of God's Word; but "the Day-spring" had dawned! The giant resolve of the man of faith did not falter. The more Bibles that were burned, the more would he print and send to England. "To give the Bread of Life to the hungry, to bring the thirsty soul to the fountain of living waters, to unlock the prison-house made fast by the bars and bolts of ignorance and superstition"—this was William Tyndale's steadfast purpose, this his life-long desire, and nothing should arrest it.

As a scholar's work, no doubt the translation, if Tyndale had been willing to allow the Church of Rome to retain possession of it, might have excited comparatively little opposition; but the Bible given to the people was the key-stone of the Reformation, and the priests "loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds" and teaching "were evil." Luther's grand doctrine of Justification by Faith—the pillar of a standing or falling Church—was clearly and fully grasped by Tyndale, and one of his famous works in vindication of that doctrine called "The Parable of the Wicked Mammon," excited perhaps still more the persecuting spirit of his enemies. He wrote in the preface of this book these bold and memorable words:—

"Some men will ask, peradventure, why I take the labour to make this work, inasmuch as they will burn it, seeing they burnt the Gospel? I answer, in burning the New Testament they did none other thing than that I looked for; *no more shall they do if they burn me, also, if it be God's will it shall so be.*"

The doctrine which he teaches and vindicates can hardly be expressed more clearly and eloquently than in such words as the following, which all who love their country and their Church may well treasure as words of purest gold:—

"This is plain, and a sure conclusion, not to be doubted of, that there must be first, in the heart of a man, before he do any good work, a greater and a preciouser thing than all the good-works in the world, to reconcile him to God—to bring the love and favour of God to him, to make him

love God again, to make him righteous and good in the sight of God, to do away his sin, to deliver him and loose him out of that captivity wherein he was conceived and born, in which he could neither love God, nor the will of God. Or else, how can he work any good work that should please God, if there were not some supernatural goodness in him, given of God freely, whereof the good work must spring? Even as a sick man must first be healed, or made whole, ere he can do the deeds of a whole man; and as the blind man must first have sight given him ere he can see; and he that hath his feet in fetters, gyves, or stocks, must first be loosed, ere he can go, walk, or run; and even as they which thou readeest of in the Gospel, that they were possessed of the devils, could not laud God till the devils were cast out.


"That precious thing which must be in the heart, ere a man can work any good work is the Word of God, which in the Gospel preacheth, proffereth, and bringeth unto all that repent and believe, the favour of God in Christ. Whosoever heareth the Word and believeth it, the same is thereby righteous, and thereby is given him the Spirit of God which leadeth him unto all that is the will of God, and [he] is loosed from the captivity and bondage of the devil, and his heart is free to love God, and hath lust [desire] to do the will of God. Therefore it is called the Word of Life, the Word of Grace, the Word of Health, the Word of Redemption, the Word of Forgiveness, and the Word of Peace."

This is noble teaching, and equally noble are some of the exhortations to practical obedience to the Divine law of Charity or Love. He speaks with stern plainness of the unrighteous "Mammon," as including what is wrongfully withheld from the necessity of others. And it is pleasant to find that Tyndale practised the charity which he taught. Foxe has recorded that when in Antwerp he reserved two days in the week as "days of pastime," and that on the one it was his habit to visit all English refugees in the city, and relieve their wants, and on the other to walk round about the town, "seeking out every corner and hole where he suspected any poor person to dwell: and where he found any to be well occupied and yet overburdened with children, or else aged or weak, those also he plentifully relieved; and thus he spent his two days of pastime."

(To be continued.)

## "The Fireside News:"

A PENNY WEEKLY JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

 HE FIRESIDE NEWS "is awakening fireside interest everywhere. From east and west, north and south, letters reach us with promises of hearty support. Already a circulation of about 40,000 copies weekly is secure: and steps are being taken to issue the first number on Friday, November 2nd.

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All communications should be addressed to Mr. CHARLES MURRAY, *Home Words* Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.4

## Harvest Carol.



OME forth, come forth, brave reapers! [you.

And bear your sheaves with

We come to thank our Master,

That Master good and true:

We toil, we plant, we water,

Our labours never cease,

But God alone is Master,

Who giveth the increase.

The Lord of Life saith to us,

"Come gather in your wheat!

But when you keep your Harvest,

One thing do not forget:

There comes another Harvest

For which no mortal delves,

There I am Harvest-Master,

The sheaves are you yourselves.

"My angels are the reapers,

Both night and day they care

To see the seed grow ripen

Within the bending ear:

At last through Heaven's bright portal

The guardian angels sweep,

And say 'The corn is ready,

Give, Lord, the word to reap."

And then the word is given—

"Go forth and reap the corn,

The field so white with Harvest

Upon this Harvest morn:

Go forth, my angel reapers,

And in your bosoms bear

The sheaves to my full garner,

And store the Harvest there."

GERARD MOULTRIE.

\* The editorial arrangements will continue under the supervision of the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., Editor of *Home Words*, who will be glad to receive any suggestions addressed to him at 7, The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E.

## Willy Greyson's Mistake; and What Came of it.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE, AUTHOR OF "MONEY OR LIFE"? "THE ROMANCE OF THE STREETS," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE ESTRANGEMENT.



IN the meantime news of this proposal to get up a demoralizing "day in the country" for the working classes of the largest town in Handleyshire was not long in coming to the ears of Mr. Robert Goodwin of Gower Mead. Exaggerated and conflicting reports, such as are usual in country places, were in circulation; but the honest farmer, according to his wont, determined on sifting matters to the bottom until he came to the truth.

"If half of what I hear is true, we shall all be disgraced, and the poor will suffer," he remarked one evening on entering the common room and taking his accustomed seat. Mr. Robert Goodwin's wife and two daughters, Anne and Helena, were busily employed in household duties; but his two sons, who were also in the room, showed some interest in the subject. These young men, Robert the eldest, and Edward the younger, were both promising farmers who partook of their father's spirit. He had done his duty to them in their youth, and his hope was, that as they advanced in years they would not stray from the right path.

"We can only hope that country gossip has made more of the thing than it should do," said Edward, always anxious to make the best of everything, especially where his parents were concerned. "I can hardly think that uncle Richard would countenance such a thing."

"You have to remember that a heavy rent for the day would be a strong temptation," remarked Edward, who had frequently been in the right when taking a less hopeful view of things than either his father or brother.

At the evening meal, which was presently on the table, the talk centred around the same absorbing subject. Mrs. Goodwin, while wanting certain knowledge, was disposed to hope for the best. Anne and Helena,

on the contrary, from what their cousin Mary of Woolston Mill had said, really believed that the fair and races would come off. The discussion ended by Mr. Goodwin's saying that, as it was a fine evening, he should walk across and see his brother Richard for himself.

Though the farms of Richard and Robert Goodwin joined, the houses were about three-quarters of a mile apart, and the walk from one to the other lay along a private path across the fields. Being such near neighbours, the brothers were, of course, frequent visitors at each other's homes; but, at the same time, through their characters being so opposite, that bond of common sympathy was wanting by which brothers should ever be united. Robert's notions, very straightforwardly but never obtrusively expressed, were quite unpalatable to Richard.

On the evening in question, Mr. Richard Goodwin happened to be alone in what was called the house-place, or common room, of his farmhouse—a very comfortable apartment in itself, and one which was made all the more pleasant by its lovely outlook across a charming valley. The other members of the household being abroad, Mr. Goodwin had for two hours or more been busy with his accounts, which, on this occasion, did not present quite so favourable a balance on the right side as they had been wont to do in former making-up days. Though the era of agricultural depression had not set in, times were certainly not so favourable with Richard Goodwin as they had been. There was a screw loose somewhere, but where it was could not easily have been made clear. Though Richard Goodwin himself could not explain it, he admitted that the times were awry. Some ventures had not paid so well as they were expected to do; unexpected losses had occurred, and thus it happened that at the time of his brother's calling Richard was not in the best of humours.

Not being naturally unsociable, however, Richard pushed the account books aside, and prepared to become the entertainer. The usual topics, such as the weather, the mar-

kets, and the outlook for the crops, were one and all touched upon before the more serious business was broached. Robert then remarked that he had a little matter on his mind he wished to mention. He had heard—though of course he did not believe it—that a bargain had been completed for the river meadows to be let for steeple-chases on Whit-Monday.

"And so you really think I'm the man to do anything wrong in that line of things?" answered Richard, in a tone that showed how little he relished the opening of the question. "Don't I go to church, bring up my family respectably, and try to pay every one their due?"

"Ay, ay, Richard, my good fellow, enough about that," said Robert half apologetically. "I was mistaken, I see; it is mere idle gossip. Pray forgive me, and change the subject."

Change the subject! How could Mr. Richard Goodwin do that, when inadvertently he had made a false impression on his brother's mind? He was more irritated than ever, because he found that it would be necessary to make a more intelligible explanation.

"Mark what I say, Robert," he began, in a more solemn tone than he usually assumed; "I did not say I had no intention of letting the ground. I intended to make you understand that I had good reasons for doing what I have done."

Robert's countenance fell as he now realized the true nature of the situation. Though not angry in the usual sense, he was certainly vexed. "Richard," he said, in mild tones, which seemed to make the rebuke the more severe, "you may have reasons for doing what you have done, or what you purpose doing; but you did not tell them in the Word of God; and I can tell by your looks that conscience does not endorse them."

Rising to leave as he finished this remark, Robert held out his hand to his brother; but Richard moodily held back, and looking another way, said hastily, "Good-night; we do better apart." The meeting ended with nothing better being achieved. There was no actual quarrelling, but there was something like estrangement. Robert was not more persevering, because he was afraid of unduly irritating his brother, whose disposition was obstinate rather than strong.

He walked slowly and thoughtfully homeward across the fields, while his brother re-seated himself at the table, and re-opened his account books. He pretended to be at work, but he was really too agitated to do anything beyond thinking about what had passed. Conscience smote him, and the stroke made him angry.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"SHE MEANS SOMETHING."

RICHARD GOODWIN had not sat very long in this mood before his attention was diverted by another subject, which indirectly also touched on the great money question. His wife and daughter entered the room in anything but a bad humour. Though affecting to overflow with sympathy, there was an under-current of elation too apparent to be disguised; and, on hearing that the ladies had been paying a visit to Miss Golding, the farmer himself seemed to be involuntarily lifted into a higher mood.

Miss Golding was a maiden lady of considerable property, who resided on a small but pleasant estate about a mile away, on the border of the two farms. She was a very worthy, Christian lady, who had always given a due proportion of her substance to the poor, including the heathen abroad and the needy at home. It had been her heavy loss never to know her mother; and her father, an Indian officer, had died at the post of duty, before his daughter had quite completed her education, more than half a century prior to the date of our narrative. Miss Golding was thus one of those interesting characters—especially interesting when young, and heirs to ample means—who, at the outset of life, find themselves to be alone in the world, without either near or distant relations to control their actions. The question had often been asked, Why has Miss Golding never married? and even when it came from the best informed on the subject, the answer had always been vague and unsatisfactory. There had been no lack of offers; but the right man had never come forward—so, at all events, said the quidnuncs who professed to know.

Though naturally quick to observe, Mary Goodwin was too excited to notice her father's



manifest dejection when she entered the room—a shade which the young lady's own words had the effect of dispersing.

"Father," cried Mary, as she threw herself on to the sofa, and untied the ribbon of her bonnet, "mother and I have been to see Miss Golding, and the dear old creature was so pleased to see us. She is going to keep the seventieth anniversary of her birthday next month."

"Yes, and I did admire the way she spoke about looking ahead betimes, and arranging everything in a comfortable way for those who will come after us," said Mrs. Goodwin. "I always have put down my old friend as a prudent soul, and she certainly improves as she grows older."

"Yes?" answered the farmer in a tone of interrogation, and looking extremely interested.

"Why," continued Mary, speaking very fast, while her face was flushed with excitement, "after we had spoken together in a quiet, delightful way for some time on the brevity of life, the vanity of the world, and so on, Miss Golding asked mother most particularly if I had any other name save Mary."

"Yes, and what did mother say?" still asked Mr. Goodwin.

"Say, my dear?" said the farmer's wife, "of course I saw what was in the wind, and I made our dear friend quite understand that the name was *Mary* alone, and not *Mary Ann*, according to the common, vulgar fashion. Then, of course, I added that Mary was a good girl, and worthy of more than we could do for her."

"Yes," said Mr. Goodwin, still in his brief manner, "she *means* something."

What he had heard acted on the farmer like a magic cordial. He had quite recovered his cheerfulness, and the congenial theme was further debated for some time, when the tone of the conversation underwent another turn, consequent on the entrance of Mr. Richard Goodwin, the son. When he saw people enjoying themselves, Mr. Goodwin junior was not averse to throwing cold water on their enjoyment, and he had now an opportunity of indulging in this pastime. The young gentleman listened to all his mother and sister had to say, all the while, by dint of a strong effort on his part, trying to look

as uninterested as though nothing at all was in the wind. Though they said nothing, both the ladies thought Richard was a most provoking creature. But then, as every one knew, it was only Richard's way—only his fun.

"Well, let's see," remarked the young farmer after a somewhat lengthened pause, and affecting to make a necessary calculation—"yes, let me see; it's only a week ago come to-morrow that I overtook uncle Robert, and Anne, and Helena, all going up to Miss Golding's. Uncle told me that Miss Golding wanted to have everything as straight as possible at the time of her death, and that she had asked his advice on one or two points. When we came up to the house, the old lady walked down to the garden gate to welcome her visitors, and seemed heartily glad to see them."

"Only to think of those scheming creatures going on like that!" said Mrs. Goodwin.

"And after all their fine professions of religion, and finer speeches about the wisdom of not setting our affections on the world, and the things of the world," added Mary, drawing herself up and trying to look excessively scandalized.

"They knew what they were about, I could very well see; I don't go about with my eyes shut," remarked Richard, by way of giving a finishing touch to the discomfiture he had occasioned.

At this juncture the farmer, who was better able to take a common-sense view of most questions than any other member of his household, thought it was his duty to interfere. "In such a delicate matter as this, let us be reasonable," he said. "Miss Golding is acquainted with us here at Woolston Mill; but she has always been quite as intimate with our relatives of Gower Mead. Can any sane person suppose that any favours connected with her will, could, in common fairness, be showered on one household alone?"

As neither Mrs. Goodwin nor her daughter was disposed to dispute this decisive utterance, they left the room to see after some household duties which required attention. Though far from being in the high spirits with which they at first returned, they were determined to look after themselves, and not in any wise to be outwitted, if tact and ingenuity could be taken into account.

## CHAPTER V.

## MISS GOLDING'S LETTER.

MR. RICHARD GOODWIN junior was quite in the right when he asserted that Miss Golding desired to have all things straight at the time of her decease; and if he assumed that the Goodwin family at Gower Mead knew all about the old lady's intentions, he was also still correct. In point of fact, Miss Golding had already settled her affairs in a perfectly satisfactory manner; and Mr. Robert Goodwin not only knew all about the provisions of the will, but his advice had been asked and partly acted upon. Both he and the members of his family who shared his knowledge had been decorously reserved, feeling that the subject was not one to be talked about. Particulars of the character of the bequests will presently be given; but, in the meantime, we may observe that this prospective distribution of the property so ardently coveted by the household at Woolston Mill, had the effect of promoting unrestrained intercourse between Miss Golding and Mr. Robert Goodwin's family. On the one side there were no secrets to divulge; on the other there were no doubtful hopes either to be gratified or disappointed. The only really inquisitive people who were in the dark, were Mr. Richard Goodwin and his family; and they also would have been invited to sit at the testator's council board had their Christian sympathy been as broad as their desire to be grand and rich. "I have confided in all of you," Miss Golding once remarked to her friends at Gower Mead; "pray let the thing go no farther till I am safe on the light side of the broad and dark river."

On a certain evening when the spring was more advanced, and when Miss Golding's birthday celebration drew near, Mr. Robert Goodwin and his two daughters called upon their friend, as they were often accustomed to do, to enjoy half an hour's social intercourse. The conversation naturally touched on things which were nearest the hearts of the speakers.

"I am rejoiced to find that you are so much more comfortable in your mind, Miss Golding, now that everything is arranged," said Mr. Goodwin, referring to some business which had recently been transacted. "We don't

die any the sooner, but live rather the longer, for doing these things betimes, I always think, because peace of mind and satisfaction are any day as valuable as life itself to wise men and women."

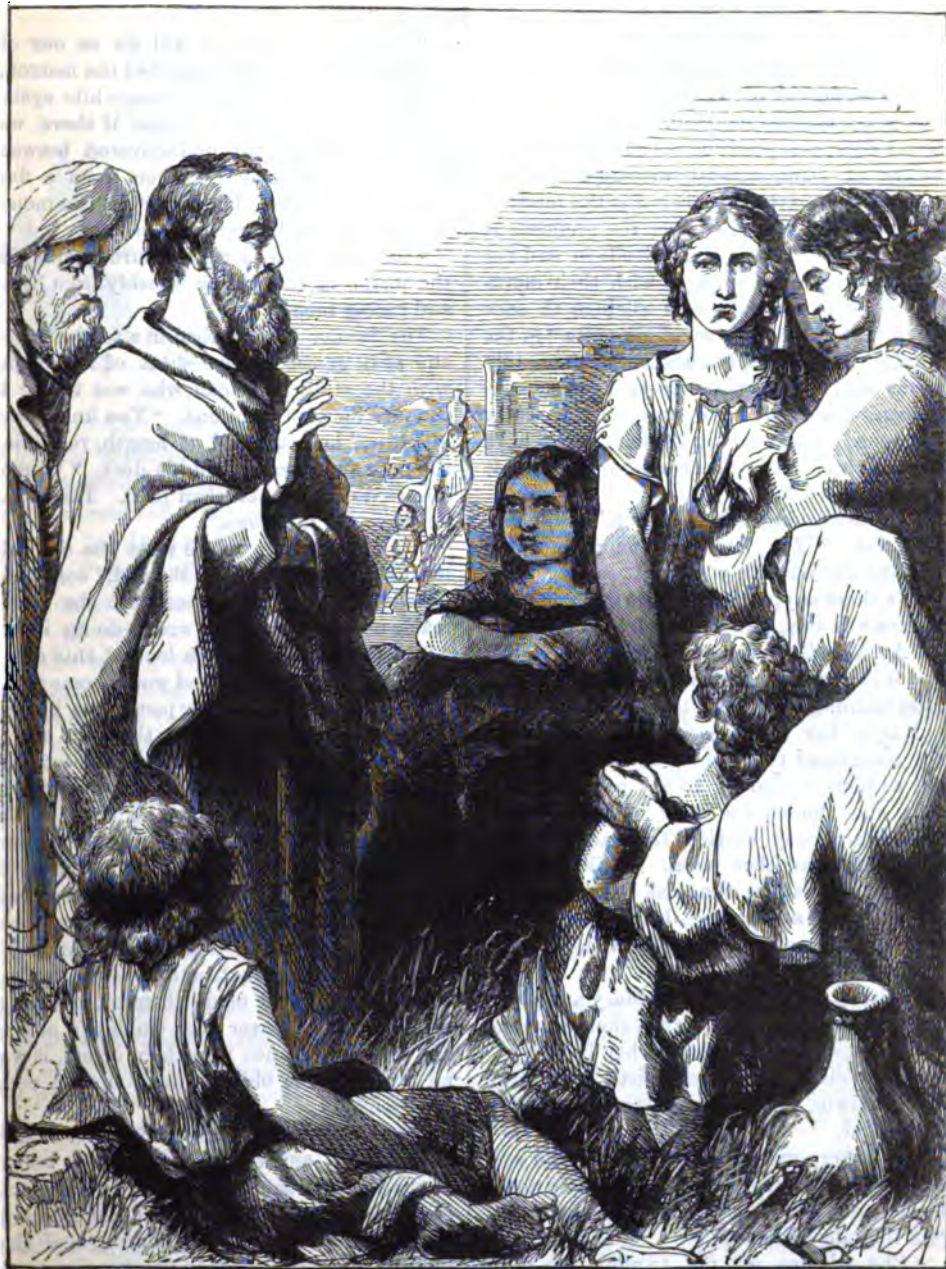
"I have been highly favoured; God has befriended me beyond my deservings, and beyond my weak faith," answered the lady. "Then, Mr. Goodwin, how am I indebted to you; you seemed raised up to advise me in the very time of need. But to turn to an unpleasant subject," added the old lady, "What is this I hear about certain races that are to be held in some meadows at Woolston Mill? They say there will be such a rabble, such drinking, gambling, and goings on as were never known in these parts before."

"I did once hope that this scandal might be averted, to the credit of us all," answered the farmer; "but on speaking to my brother on the subject, I found that the temptation of the money was too much for him. I am not sure that anything is really settled, although I fear the thing will be carried out."

"Can I do anything, Mr. Goodwin?" asked the lady, without feeling any great confidence in her powers of moral suasion.

The question whether Miss Golding could do anything was a somewhat delicate one. The fact was, Mr. Robert Goodwin had something more than a suspicion that the family at Woolston Mill had their eyes on the property of his friend; and while he could not boldly express his convictions, he was persuaded in his own mind that a word from Miss Golding would not be without considerable effect.

After some further conversation, therefore, it was resolved that the common friend of both families should use the influence she possessed in the cause of order. What she really did was to send a note to Woolston Mill, dissuading Mr. Richard Goodwin from having anything to do with demoralising pastimes, closing up with inviting the young people to the proposed birthday celebration. The sequel proved that the amiable writer of this letter quite undercalculated the power of her own words. Her visitors returned to Gower Mead half-hoping and half-believing that the enemy would even yet be checked.



**ST. PAUL PREACHING AT PHILIPPI.**

"Whose heart the Lord opened."—Acts xvi. 14.

## CHAPTER VI.

## WHAT THE LETTER DID.

WHENEVER Willy Greyson walked straight into a farmyard, or without hesitation gave one of his modest double-knocks at an outer street door, everybody knew that he was the bearer of some special message. Hence, when Willy, on the morning after the meeting just referred to, appeared on the premises at Woolston Mill, both Mary Goodwin and her mother, who were engaged with their morning work in the dairy and kitchen, at once knew that there was something else "in the wind." They were, besides, on very friendly terms with Willy, otherwise that young gentleman would not have presumed to enter the house by way of the kitchen, nor to have taken a chair in that spacious and comfortable apartment without invitation.

"Good-morning, Mr. Greyson," said Mrs. Goodwin. "You look as though morning walking agreed with you."

"Is there any particular news stirring up in the town to-day, Mr. William?" asked Mary.

"Ay, Miss Goodwin—whatever it is, you will find it in this letter," answered Willy, handing Miss Golding's envelope to the last speaker.

Mary's fair cheeks crimsoned a little as she recognised the well-known handwriting; but without venturing to say anything further, she handed the note to her mother, who straightway carried the same to Mr. Goodwin in another room. While her husband was breaking the seal, Mrs. Goodwin silently took a chair, not being disposed to retire until made acquainted with the contents of the letter.

"Miss Golding hopes that Mary and Richard will give her the pleasure of their company on the coming celebration of her birthday—the completion of her seventieth year," said Mr. Goodwin, giving the sweetest part of the letter first.

"It is very natural that the dear old soul should like to have some young people about her on such a day," replied the farmer's wife. "Is that all, Richard?"

"She advises me not to allow the river meadows to be used for purposes which are likely to demoralize the people, because in

the end I shall sure to be a loser instead of a gainer."

"Then of course you will do as our old friend desires?" still suggested the matron.

Mr. Goodwin hesitated, meanwhile eyeing the letter closely, as if to see if there was any meaning as yet undiscovered between the lines. "I have not given them a final answer, to be sure," he said; "but the money would certainly be welcome just now."

"But are we to sacrifice future interests at the shrine of this paltry subsidy from booth and racing men?"

The farmer felt touched in a tender place, and still gazed at the sheet of note-paper with the stare of a man who was trying to conquer his own emotions. "You know best, my dear," he confessed at length, re-folding the note and placing it in his desk. "Women always do see farther than men. They shall not have the meadows."

"It is very easy to see what the old lady means by our losing in the end," continued Mrs. Goodwin; "she means that she would make us suffer for our wrong-doing in her will. I never did like the look of this affair, feeling certain that no good would come of it."

To do the sturdy farmer justice, he himself felt considerably relieved by the turn events had taken. Perhaps all was for the best. He even felt that if his brother Robert were to come then into the room, he could shake hands and forget differences; but of course self-respect would not allow of his going to Gower Mead to confess himself in the wrong. Even his wife would not hear of any such concession as this; for it was that lady's deep-rooted belief that both Robert Goodwin and his family had made themselves a great deal too officious over Miss Golding's affairs, and if they had not won their object, it was all owing to the old spinster's shrewd common-sense.

Mrs. Goodwin now returned to her household duties, and to talk over recent occurrences with her daughter Mary. In the course of the morning it was arranged that a present should be sent to Miss Golding, and that instead of writing a reply the farmer should call in a friendly way to show how much he appreciated the advice he had received.

(To be continued.)

## The Opened Heart:

### WHAT HAPPENED AT THE RIVER'S SIDE.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN F. SERJEANT, VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, FULHAM.

"Whose heart the Lord opened."—*Acts xvi. 14.*

(Continued from Page 210.)



WILL take now the next word in the sentence, which is "HEART."

What an important word is this! If you search the dictionary from A to Z, you will find none more important. The heart is to the whole man what the mainspring is to a watch, what the keystone is to an arch, what the leader is to a troop of soldiers. The heart says to the hands, and feet, and eyes, and tongue, "go," and they go; "come," and they come; "do this," and, obediently, they all submit. If the heart is given, everything is given; and except the heart is given, nothing is given. Let me show you this more fully.

*If the heart is given, everything is given.* Will you look at yonder mother, and notice how she carries her infant with an arm that never seems to tire, and watches it with an eye that never closes; how she bears with it in its fretfulness, and ministers to it in all its varied wants! Why is this? *Love knows no burden*; the infant has her heart, and it consequently has her care, her forbearance, her aid. Or, will you look at yonder youth, conducting from her place of worship his aged grandmother? Will you mark how the lad slackens his pace to hers, how he bends his ear to catch her faintest whispers, how he lifts for her the latch of her cottage door, how he wheels round to the hearth her easy chair, how he finds for her the morning's text, and how he uplifts for her with his voice her favourite psalm? His heart is devoted to that aged one; and with the heart, his veneration and succour of course go.

Even thus it is in things Divine. If our heart be the Lord's, all else that we possess will be His—time, and strength, and influence, and money. Anything, everything, that He commands will be welcome; anything, everything, that He imposes will be borne for love's sake.

On the other hand, *except the heart be given, nothing is given.* If you had a little son, who watched your face with the eye of a lynx, and ran at your bidding with the swiftness of a roe; who brought you presents of sweet-smelling flowers, and who sang in your hearing the melodies with which you were most pleased; and if you knew that all this parade of attention was a parade in which the heart had no share, that it was done to secure a larger amount of recreation, or a larger stock of money to spend with worthless friends,—would you thank him for the outward service so officiously rendered? No, verily! You would think that to be a poor offering of which the heart is not the author. You would say, if I may not have the reality, I had rather be without a hollow semblance of it. It is thus with the Lord. We may build a church, or endow a row of alms-houses; we may charter ships to distant countries, laden with Bibles; we may feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and visit the sick; but if love be not the animating spring of all our service, God still says to us, "My son, give Me thine heart."

Now, Lydia's heart was opened! The fountains of the great deep within her were broken up. There was not only an outward washing, but an inward purifying; not only a crying to the Lord with

the lip, but a quickening of her spirit within her to hunger and thirst after the righteousness which is of God.

Dear reader, your heart too, if not already so, must be the Lord's property—your hard, corrupt, rebellious heart. It is hard, and corrupt, and rebellious. "The heart" (not of a particular man, but of man universally) "is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." It has been strikingly remarked that the earth, while it has many surfaces, has but one centre. Here on its outside, you will find a corn-field, and here a desert; here a tract of the ocean, and here a populous city; but if you pierce through corn-field, or desert, or ocean, or city, you will come to the same material—granite. So is it with men. They differ widely on the surface, the centre is the same. Here is one highly educated, a linguist or a poet, a philosopher or a statesman; here is another clad in rags, ignorant of his letters, destitute of a penny, or a home, or a friend. It is only a surface difference. Within, in both cases, there is a heart naturally as cold as an icicle, as hard as the nether millstone, as stubborn as the neck of a mule, and as corrupt as a vault in which the mouldering bones of buried generations sleep.

This heart must be won to God. Oh, how cheering to know that He who commands its renovation furnishes also the renewing power, that He *enables* as well as bids; for, says He by the lips of the prophet: "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh" (Ezek. xxxvi. 26).

And now we have arrived at the third particular in our short sentence, THE LORD:—"Whose heart the Lord opened."

Here we are told of the Author of the change which is said to have taken place. "The LORD opened." Sometimes the

Lord's work upon men's hearts is compared to water. How purifying is water! If we can turn a river through a foul locality, the accumulations of years are swept away and healthful breezes circulate where fevers were once bred. Harken to a verse in which the work of God is so likened: "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Sometimes it is compared to fire. How penetrating is fire! A fire which folds a city in its flames sometimes arises from a few sparks, which as much water as would have gone into the hollow of an infant's hand would have quenched. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Again it is compared to wind. How powerful is the operation of the wind! At one time it may be gentle, as gentle as an infant's breath, or the whisper of the leaves in a wood at eventide; but at other times it unroofs houses, and tears up tall trees by their roots, and sinks navies, and lashes the ocean into the wildest fury. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

"The Lord opened;"—He before whom cherubim and seraphim continually do bow; He who spake into being all living things, from the insect to the archangel, and on whose power all things at this moment hang; He who preserves every world in its allotted place, and for its allotted work, so that they all run their rounds with a precision that never errs and a harmony that never jars; He who works upon the heart like water—fire—wind. This is always the minister's encouragement, that, while he as a feeble instrument labours, the Lord labours with him; as he plants and waters, the Lord gives the increase; as he goes to his pulpit, to his Sunday



school, or to his district, he goes not alone, but accompanied by a power which can purify the corrupt and break the obdurate, and mould into compliance the wayward and the stubborn. And while it is a minister's encouragement, it should be also a hearer's encouragement. Were his being brought to peace and light, or his growth in holiness, to depend upon himself, he might well sit down awed and paralysed by the work before him. But when he remembers that Jehovah Himself is at hand to quicken his cold frame, to hear his despairing cries, and to release from the bonds of every sin, he may well be stirred up to lay hold on God's strength. In that strength he must overcome, in that strength mount hills of difficulty, in that strength cross the slough of despond, in that strength live so as to commend his religion to his fellow-men, and in that strength die,

—meeting the last enemy with Omnipotence at his side, and not fearing, thus guarded, to enter into the dark valley. With the Lord as his friend, he may say boastingly, "One Almighty is better than many mighties; I am nothing compared with my foes, but my foes are nothing compared with Jesus Christ; come, my soul, and let us sing the 46th Psalm, and let the devil and his emissaries do their worst."

Who can doubt but that Lydia often blessed God for His mercy in thus visiting her; that she learned to say with the Apostle himself, "'By the grace of God I am what I am.' I once wandered upon the dark mountains, eating their poisoned fruits and exposed to their many perils; but the Lord came after me, placed me on His shoulders, brought me to the fold, and rejoiced over me with exceeding joy. His is the kingdom, and His the power, and to Him shall be the glory."

### Wayside Chimes.

#### IX. "WHAT SHALL I SING FOR THEE?"



HAT shall I sing for Thee,  
My Lord and Light?  
What shall I bring to Thee,  
Master, to-night?

O for the strong desire!  
O for the touch of fire!  
Then shall my tuneful lyre  
Praise Thee aright!

Thou hast given all for me,  
Saviour Divine!

I would give all to Thee,  
Evermore Thine!

Let my heart cling to Thee,  
Let my lips sing for Thee,  
Let me just bring to Thee  
All that is mine!

Didst Thou not die for me,  
Ransom for sin?  
Ascending on high for me,  
Pleading within?

All shall be dross for Thee,  
All shall be loss for Thee,  
Welcome the cross for Thee,—  
I, too, shall win!

What shall I do for Thee,  
Glorious Friend?  
Let me be true to Thee,  
Right to the end!

Close to Thy bleeding side,  
Washed in the crimson tide,  
On till the waves divide,  
Till I ascend!

Then a still sweeter song,  
Jesus, I'll bring;  
Up 'mid the ransomed throng,  
Then will I sing!

Never to leave Thee now,  
Never to grieve Thee now,  
Low at Thy feet to bow,  
Wonderful King!

HENRY BURTON, B.A.

## How They Lived in the Olden Times.

BY THE EDITOR.

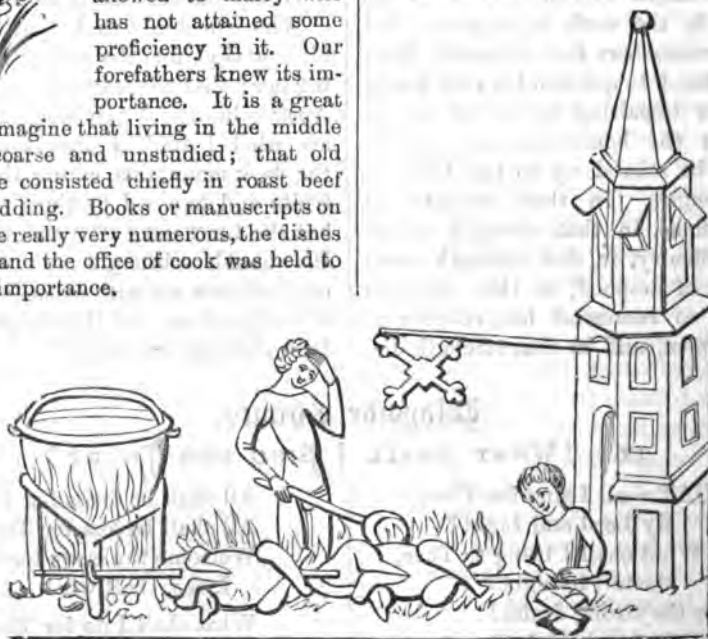


### V. THE KITCHEN AND ITS ARRANGEMENTS.

COOKERY has always been regarded as an art, and no one should be allowed to marry who has not attained some proficiency in it. Our forefathers knew its importance. It is a great mistake to imagine that living in the middle ages was coarse and unstudied; that old English fare consisted chiefly in roast beef and plum pudding. Books or manuscripts on cookery were really very numerous, the dishes were many, and the office of cook was held to be of great importance.

usually represent the caldron on the fire. From a manuscript in the British Museum of the fourteenth century we are enabled to give several striking and somewhat amusing illustrations.

The first cut is taken from a manuscript



BOILING AND ROASTING.

Alexander Neckam, writing in the latter part of the twelfth century, describing the furniture of the kitchen, enumerates among other things a table for chopping and mincing herbs and vegetables; pots, trivets or tripods, an axe, a mortar and pestle, a mover or pot-stick for stirring, a crook or pot-hook, a caldron, a frying-pan, a grid-iron, a saucepan, a dish, a platter, a saucer or vessel for mixing sauce, a hand-mill, a pepper-mill, and an instrument for reducing bread to crumbs. Boiling was far more common than roasting. A large proportion of the ordinary provisions consisted of salted meat laid up in store in vast quantities in the baronial larders. Hence the old drawings

in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Boiling and roasting are both represented. While the cook is basting the geese, the kitchen-boy



MAKING THE POT BOIL.

is turning the spit, which is supported in a very curious manner on one leg of the tripod,



THE HOLY-WATER CLERC AND THE COOK.

on which the caldron is supported. The cooking is here out of doors, and as the building to the right is shown by the sign to be an inn, we may suppose some unusual feasting rendered this necessary.

The next introduces a pair of bellows, by means of which the cook is endeavouring to make the pot boil. The record evidently illustrates some mediæval story. A young man carrying the vessel for the holy water, and the aspersoir with which it was sprinkled over the people, and who may therefore be supposed to be the holy-water clerck, is making acquaintance with the female cook. The latter seems to have been interrupted in the

act of taking some object out of the caldron with a flesh-hook. In the end the acquaintance between the cook and the holy-water clerck seems to have ripened into love; but we may conclude from the last illustration that the love was not of a very disinterested kind on the part of the clerck, for he is taking advantage of her affection to steal the animal which she is boiling in the caldron. The artist's style makes it difficult to decide what the animal is; but, doubtless, the holy-water clerck found

in the end that he had obtained, if not by purchase by theft, "a pig in a poke."



INTERESTED FRIENDSHIP.

## Thomas Edward:

### THE SCOTCH NATURALIST.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

(Continued from Page 188.)

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### A DAY'S ADVENTURE (continued).



HAVING put the foxes to flight I was now master of the place, though not of the situation. On looking over the cliff, I found

that there was no way of getting down but

by leaping into a crevice of the rocks more than eight feet beneath me, and in a slanting direction from where I was. This was a doleful discovery, but there was no help now; so, taking off my coat, shot-belt, and powder-flask, that I might be so much the lighter, and have the free use of my arms, I threw them down to the bottom of the rock. I next bound the gun to my back, having previously emptied it of its contents. I then crawled over the edge of the rock, and hung dangling in the air for a little, like the pen-

dulum of a clock. I would have given all that I ever possessed in the world to have been in the foxes' den, stinking though it was. For then, and not till then, did I discover, to my sorrow, that a rugged portion of a rock projected over the entrance to the aperture to which I wished to descend, and that, in leaping, I would require to go beyond it in order to reach the landing underneath. To accomplish such a feat seemed to me impossible.

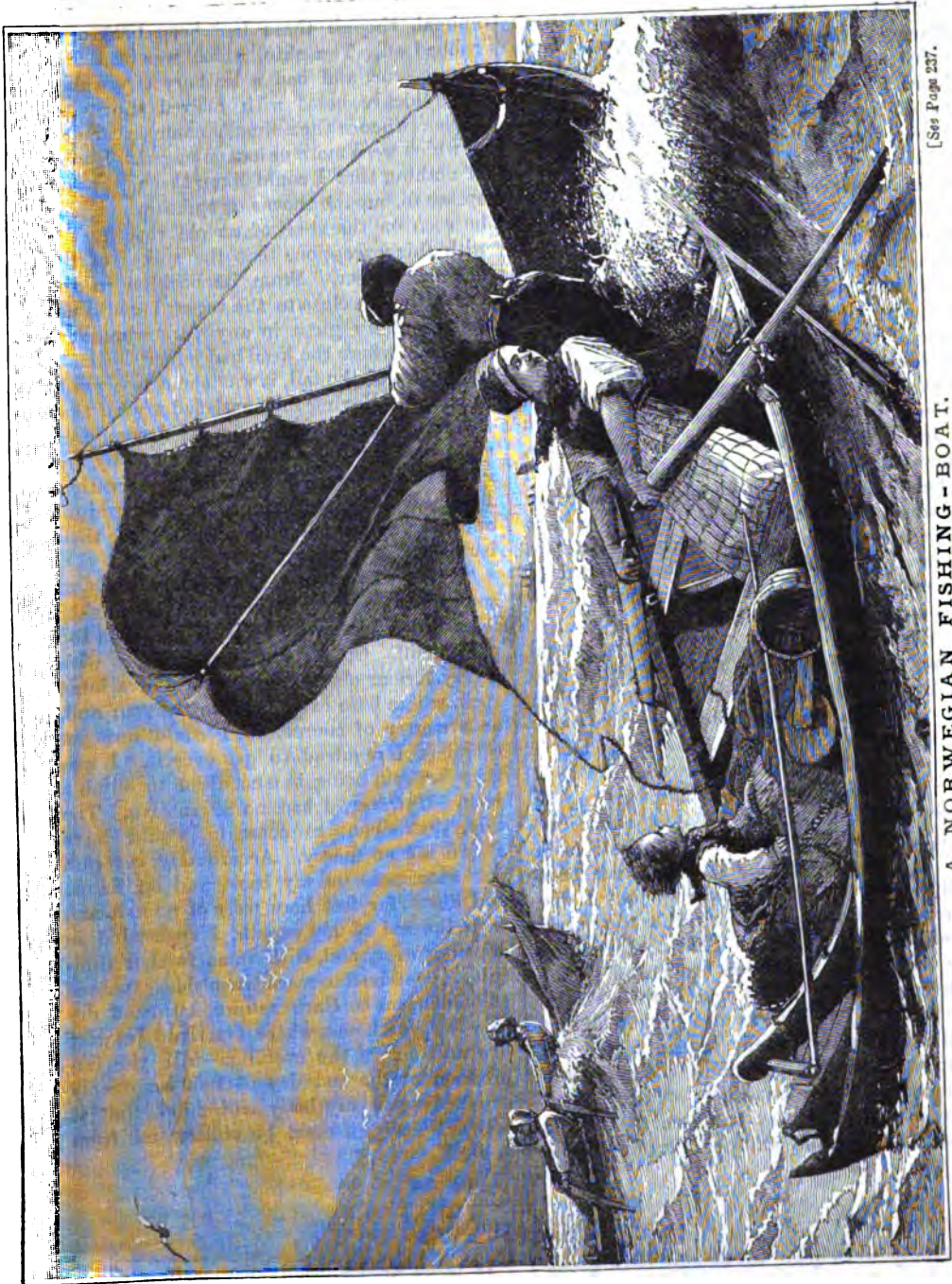
"I hung thus, being afraid to make the leap, though up I could not get, until my hands began to give way; when, mustering all my remaining strength, and having taken the last swing with some force, I let go my hold to abide by the dreadful alternative,—for I had little hope of gaining the desired haven. Most happily, however, I did gain it, but, in doing so, I received a severe blow on the left temple from the rock I had so much dreaded. I also lost my cap, which fell off when my head struck the rock. From this cavity or chink, which was the worst that I ever had to deal with, I managed,—by leaping and swinging from one rocky shelf and cavity to another, and by crawling from crag to crag, alternately, as circumstances required it,—to reach a huge stone, which evidently had once formed a part of the higher portion of the cliff, but had, at a by-gone period, by some means or other, become detached from it, and on rolling down had found a temporary resting-place there.

"Beyond this stone, I found my leaping was at an end, for I had now arrived at the top of a rather rough and almost perpendicular declivity, fully fifty feet from the bottom, and bounded on both sides by steep and overhanging cliffs. Before me was the sea, behind and above me was an insurmountable barrier of 300 feet of cliff. Although I had descended thus far, there was no human possibility of my being able to re-ascend by the same path. In such a place—alone, and almost powerless—bruised and nearly worn out with exertion—what could I do? Throw myself down, and meet my fate at once, or wait till help should arrive? But where was help to come from? Two boats had already passed from Gardentown, both of which I hailed, but they sailed along on

their way. Perhaps they were too far out at sea to hear my cries, or to notice my signals of distress.

"Despairing of success, I sat down to consider what was next to be done; and, becoming a prey to evil forebodings, I felt cold and sick at heart. It was now afternoon, and daylight would soon be on the wane. I had no time to lose, for it was necessary that something should be done to extricate myself, if possible, before dark. The only way of doing so was by aliding down the declivity, be the consequences what they might. Accordingly, I unloosed the gun from its place on my back, and having taken my garters, which were very long, from my legs, I tied them together, then attached one end of them to the gun, and holding the other end in my hand, I dropped it as far as the string would allow, and then letting go, I heard the gun clash to the bottom. I next took the two napkins, which had bound the gun to my back, and wound them round my head, in order to save it as much as possible from the edges of the rocks. I then stretched myself upon the rocky slope, with my feet downwards, and was ready for the descent, when, repenting, I would again have drawn myself up. But the scanty herbage which I held by gave way, and I was hurled down, whether I would or no, and with such violence that, on landing amongst the rocks, I became quite unconscious.

"On recovering, I found myself lying at the foot of the cliff, sick and very sore. I found that I had bled profusely from the nose and one of my ears. My first impulse, on recovering, was to move my limbs to ascertain if any of them were broken, when, to my inexpressible joy and thankfulness, I found them whole, though somewhat benumbed. Becoming thirsty, and observing a pool of water at a short distance, I attempted to rise, but my spine pained me so much that I was obliged to lie down again, without being able to reach the desired spot. The thirst increasing, I dragged myself to the water. I thrust my mouth into it, and had partaken of a draught before I discovered that, instead of fresh, I had swallowed *salt water*!



[See Page 237.]

A NORWEGIAN FISHING-BOAT.  
FROM THE PICTURE BY HANS DAHL.



"If I was ill before, I was worse now. Having sickened and vomited again, I revived a little, and after I had washed the blood from my face and head, I was enabled to sit up with my back against a rock. Whilst thus seated, I observed all the articles which had been dropped, except my cap, which, however, I afterwards found. After sitting for about half an hour, I made another attempt to rise, and succeeded, though I reeled about like a drunken fellow, and could scarcely stand steady without the aid of my gun, which I found was not so much bruised as I had expected. Having again assumed my coat and other appendages, I then endeavoured to load my gun with the view of procuring one of the Icelanders which I had seen from the top of the cliff. This, however, proved a very difficult matter, and when I had loaded the gun I found to my disappointment that I could not bring it to bear upon the object. I made the attempt several times, but was at last obliged to abandon the hope I had entertained of obtaining either of the birds.

"I was vexed at this, for both came several times within easy shot. All my hopes of procuring the birds being at an end, I then proceeded to view the object in the water round which the birds were hovering, and I was surprised to find it to be the carcase of an animal of a very singular appearance. It was not until I had looked at it for some time, that I could bring my memory to bear upon it. I then thought, and I have since been fully confirmed in the opinion, that I discovered in it a specimen, or rather the putrid remains, of the Spinous Shark. It wanted the head, which had been broken off by the fish having been dashed against the rocks by the waves. The tail was also broken off, but still hung by a filament to the body. In shape it somewhat resembled the tail of the common dog-fish, but there evidently had been two fins on the back, nearer to the posterior than the anterior portion of the

animal, though these had been broken or rubbed off. The skin, which was of a dark blue colour, and had a leathery appearance, was thickly beset with curved thorns or spines (whence the animal's name), nearly all of which were more or less damaged. I know of nothing that I could liken these horns or spikes to, but the thorns or spikes which may be seen on the stem of an old rose bush—with this exception, that the spikes of the fish are larger. From its position in the water, though close to the rocks, I could not make out its girth in any part whatever; but, from where the head had joined the body to the tip of the tail, it was about two yards in length. Having fully satisfied myself that the present specimen, from its decomposed state and the holes perforated in it by the gulls, was beyond the state for preservation, I again left it, that the impatient birds might once more descend and recommence their banquet.

"I now wished to get to a sandy beach, at some distance to my left, known as Greenside, from which I knew that a path led to the top of the cliff. On my way thither, I met with a very serious obstacle in the form of a huge rock, whose base extended into the sea; and, as a matter of course, as I could not get round it, I required to get over it. I was then far from being in a condition to climb a rock. However, I had no alternative. The tide, then about to come in, would have shown me no mercy. Accordingly, my gun was once more on my back, and on hands and knees, for feet here were of no use, and with the aid of my mouth, I succeeded in crawling over, and, with some further difficulty, I contrived to reach Greenside. Instead of holding on to Gardenstown, I turned my face towards home, where I arrived betwixt five and six in the evening,—with the impression of the last day of 1850 so deeply stamped upon my body and mind, that it will not easily, if ever, be obliterated from either."

(To be continued.)

### Pithy Proverbs.

If folly were pain, we should have great crying out in every house.

If pride were a deadly disease, how many would be now in their graves?



## The Hymn of the Fishermen.

BY SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

(See Illustration, Page 235.)



O God give foremost praises,  
Who, 'neath the rolling tides,  
In ocean's secret places,  
Our daily bread provides;  
Who, in His pasture grazes  
The flat fish and the round,  
And makes the herring "*maces*"  
In shoaling heaps abound.

Who, in the hour of trial,  
When, down the rattling steep  
The tempest's wrathful vial  
Is poured upon the deep,  
Gives courage, calm and steady,  
Through every form of fear,  
And makes our fingers ready  
To haul, and reef, and steer.

Who, when through drift and darkness  
The reeling hooker flies,  
And rocks in ridgy starkness  
Athwart our bows arise,  
Prompt to the helm's commanding  
Brings round the swerving tree,  
Till, into harbour standing,  
We anchor safe and free.

And, great and small sufficing,  
In Nature's equal law,  
That rules the sun's uprising,  
And makes the mainsail draw,  
Brings round His erring creatures  
To seek salvation's ways,  
By laws surpassing Nature's—  
To God give foremost praise.

## The Lavender Harvest.

(See Illustration, Page 238.)



ALTHOUGH lavender is a native of a warmer climate than ours—the South of Europe and the West of India, etc.—the fragrant flowers are now grown in large quantities both in the southern and northern suburbs of London. Mitcham, however, is the neighbourhood where the chief harvest is garnered, and our engraving represents a scene familiar to dwellers in those parts.

There are about a dozen species of the plant; but only two of these are used by chemists, viz., the common lavender and *L. spica*. The first is a common favourite with English housewives, who place the stalks among their stores of clothes and woollen goods, on account of its fragrant perfume, and also on account of its potency to drive away unwelcome moths.

"The essential oil of lavender is procured

by distillation from the flowers, and is much prized for its agreeable odour," we are told in Dr. Lindley's "*Treasury of Botany*;" "when dissolved in spirits of wine, and mixed with other perfumes, it forms the much appreciated lavender water. The red lavender drops of the druggists consist merely of a spirituous solution of the oils of lavender and rosemary mixed with certain aromatic and colouring materials. They are used frequently as a stimulant and cordial in cases of flatulence, hysteria, or faintness."

The oil of the second species we have named (*L. spica*) is of a darker tinge, and is used for mixing purposes by porcelain painters and other artists. The oil is also a favourite medicine with the Arabs, who regard it as an anti-spasmodic.

Thus lavender may now be said to represent one of the little harvests of Great Britain; and Mitcham Lavender Water has been a commodity in the market for more than fifty years, RETRO.



THE LAVENDER HARVEST AT MITCHAM.

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXXI. HARVEST HOME.



Now the harvest time is done,  
In the west the autumn sun  
Shines upon the reapers gay,  
As they farm-wards take their way,  
Singing loud behind the wain,  
Laden with the golden grain.  
Harvest Home!

Soon the frosty winds will blow,  
Soon the fields be white with snow;  
Yet shall winter pass away,  
Spring return its gentle sway;  
Summer next, and then once more,  
Autumn spread its golden store.

Harvest Home!

## XXXII. THE BRAVE SOLDIER.

A CLERGYMAN, whose church was situated near some barracks, one day said to a soldier: "I wonder at you soldiers; you can go up to the cannon mouth, and you have not courage to pray before your comrades." "You are mistaken," was the reply. "A recruit lately came into our room, and the first night he knelt down to pray a shower of pillows, belts, and shoes fell upon him. He did so for five nights. On the fifth night one of the wildest men in our company shouted, 'Halt, lads! that's enough; he can stand fire!' That wild man knelt down by his side, and now most of the men in our room engage in prayer, and several of us have become professors of Christ."

## XXXIII. A FAVOURITE TEXT.

A DYING girl was once asked if she had any favourite text. "Oh, yes," she replied, "a great many." "What is your greatest favourite?" she was asked. Her reply was:—"For we know that all things work together for good to them who love God." Among the "all things" she had placed her own early death. When health fails, and the young have to say farewell to all they hold dear on earth, even then "blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

## XXXIV. A HOME SCENE:

"Sister, or surely—which is it, brother?  
If you would know it, ask one another."  
Beggie looked thoughtful at Hettie his sister;  
Then merrily laughed, and lovingly kissed her.

O. B.

## XXXV. A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

THERE was an Irish boy, whose master wished to lengthen a web that was short measure. He gave the boy the one end and took hold of the other himself. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull!" But the boy stood still. "Pull, Adam!" he shouted again; but the boy said, "I can't, sir." "Why not?" the master asked. "My conscience will not allow me." "You will never do for a linen manufacturer," the master replied. That boy became the famous Dr. Adam Clarke, and persuaded many to hold faith and a good conscience. It is not easy to keep "a good conscience."

## XXXVI. "LET ME HELP YOU."

WHAT a bright little sunbeam those words often are,—  
"Let me help you!" And if sometimes you are discouraged by being told that you cannot help, let me tell you a little proverb which I often repeat to little people,—  
"Not to hinder, is to help."—Dr. Conder.

## XXXVII. MISSIONARY WORK.

Nor long since a beautiful letter from a missionary in China was printed in the *Times*. Entering a new territory, he sought protection from the mandarin. To his amazement he was received kindly. The secret soon came out. "I have not heard your doctrine, but I have seen it," said the mandarin. "I have a servant who was a perfect devil: but when we were in the south he received your doctrine, and now he is another man, and I can trust him. I will do anything in my power to help you." That servant had so adorned the doctrine that its Divine beauty had flashed in upon his master's mind.

## XXXVIII. SPARKS.

"A small spark kindles a great flame," said the Flint to the Steel, which it struck.

"Where there is the Tinder to catch it, and the Fuel to foster it," replied the Steel.

"That's it," observed the Flint: "but it's the Spark that kindles the Fire."

"True," said the Steel; "but, once caught, it needs restraint; or there's no knowing how far it may spread, or where it may end."

"No, there's no knowing, as you say," replied the Flint.

"The largest fire that ever consumed a city had the smallest beginning; and the greatest explosion was begun with the tiniest spark."

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDBURGH, SUFFOLK.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. TWO men were called "the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." By whom?
2. What Epistle does St. Paul name which we know nothing of?
3. Give an example of prayer—in the field, on a mountain, by a river-side, on a seashore.
4. What was St. Paul's calling, St. Luke's, St. Matthew's, before conversion?
5. Was the precept, "Shake off the dust of your feet," ever obeyed?
6. A life and an illness began in the same year. Find the cases.

7. Where are the two places in the New Testament which speak of anointing the sick with oil?

8. What is the first place where "the Lord of Hosts" occurs?

9. And what stands for it in the New Testament?

10. What was St. John's greatest joy?

ANSWERS (See AUGUST No., p. 191).

I. 2 Pet. i. 17, 18. II. As a passing glimpse of the second Advent glory. Compare Matt. xvi. 28 with xvii.

1. III. To Simon, the two sons of Zebedee. IV. Acts xii. 39. V. Jonah iii. 4. VI. Matt. iv. 6. VII. Luke viii. 8; Acts xiii. 1. VIII. Matt. xii. 43. IX. Matt. xxvii. 29; xxx. 48. X. Acts xxviii. 11.

Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but only to local Teachers.





Sun.—1st day.  
Rises 6.1. Sets 5.40.

OCTOBER.

Moon.—New, 1st, M. 5.54.  
Full, 16th, M. 6.45.  
New, 30th, A. 11.56.



# DAYS OF DARKNESS.

I know  
their sorrows.

Exod. iii. 7.

1 M	The secret things belong unto the Lord our God.
2 Tu	Those things which are revealed belong unto us.
3 W	He revealeth the deep and secret things. Dan. ii. 22.
4 Th	He knoweth what is in the darkness. Dan. ii. 22.
5 F	The light dwelleth with Him. Dan. ii. 22.
6 S	Light is sown for the righteous. Ps. xevii. 11.
7 S	20th S. after Trinity. Let not man prevail.
8 M	Many shall be purified and made white. Dan. xii. 10.

THE FRIAR'S WALK.

A little  
while, and  
ye shall see Me.

John xvi. 16.

DEARWENTWATER.

9 Tu	The wise shall understand. Dan. xii. 10.
10 W	Glorify ye the Lord in the fires. Isa. xxiv. 15. [xiv. 11.
11 Th	Help us, O Lord our God, for we rest on Thee. 2 Chr.
12 F	The wrath of man shall praise Thee. Ps. lxxvi. 10.
13 S	Pull me out of the net . . . for Thou art my strength.
14 S	21st S. after Trin. Our God is able to deliver us.
15 M	All these things are against me. Gen. xlii. 36.
16 Tu	None of these things move me. Acts xx. 24.

BE NOT  
DISMAYED, I AM  
THY GOD.

Isa. xli. 10.

Ye have  
need of patience.

Heb. x. 36.

17 W	If God be for us, who can be against us? Rom. viii. 31.
18 Th	St. LUKE. I cried, and Thou hast healed. Ps. xxx. 2.
19 F	In the day of adversity consider. Eccles. vii. 14.
20 S	Thou hast known my soul in adversities. Ps. xxxi. 7.
21 S	22nd S. aft. Trin. Who remembered us in our low estate. Ps. cxxxvi. 23. [viii. 37.
22 M	We are more than conquerors through Him. Rom.
23 Tu	We shall live in His sight. Hos. vi. 2.

Thy  
will be done.

Matt. xxvi. 42.

24 W	Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death.
25 Th	The Lord my God will enlighten my darkness.
26 F	He endured as seeing Him who is invisible. Heb. xi.
27 S	I am a stranger with Thee, and a sojourner. Ps. xxxix.
28 S	23rd S. aft. Trin. St. SIM. & St. JUDS. God is light.
29 M	Abide with us, for it is toward evening. Luke xxiv.
30 Tu	At evening time it shall be light. Zech. xiv. 7. [29.
31 W	The darkness is past. 1 John ii. 8.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;  
Hope and be undismayed;  
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;  
He shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears thy way:  
Wait thou His time; so shall the night,  
Soon end in joyous day.

The Rock. In all temptations be not discouraged. These surges may be, not to break thee, but to heave thee off thyself on the Rock Christ.

Discipline. I thought it had been an easy thing to be a Christian, and that to seek Christ had been at the next door; but, oh, the windings, the turnings, the ups and downs that He hath led me through, and I see yet much way to the ford.—Rutherford.







THE ITALIAN SHEPHERD BOY.

"With shepherd's pipe, both wild and gay,  
He charms his simple cares away ;

And never will he sigh to roam  
Far from his native mountain home."—MRS. HEWINS.





# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

### My Mother's Bible.



**THIS** Book is all that's left me  
now,—

Tears will unbidden start,—  
With faltering lip and throb-  
[bing brow  
I press it to my heart.

For many generations past

Here is our family tree;  
My mother's hands this Bible clasped:  
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear;  
Who round the hearthstone used to close,  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said  
In tones my heart would thrill!  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still!

My father read this Holy Book  
To brothers, sisters dear;  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who loved God's Word to hear!  
Her angel face,—I see it yet!  
What thronging memories come!  
Again that little group is met  
Within the halls of Home!

Thou truest Friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried;  
When all were false, I found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasures give  
That could this Volume buy;  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

### Advent Thoughts.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

#### TILL HE COME.

**OTHER** said, "I feel as if Jesus  
Christ died yesterday." So fresh,  
so vivid, be our love and thank-  
fulness! But may we add, "And as if  
He were coming to-day"! Then our lives  
would indeed be rich in remembrance, and  
radiant in anticipation, "looking for that  
blessed hope and the glorious appearing

of the great God and our Saviour Jesus  
Christ."

#### COMMANDS AND PRIVILEGES.

As commands always lead up to privi-  
leges, so privileges again lead on to com-  
mands. We are to declare all that we  
see. When we have seen the King, we  
are to "tell it out."

## Who gave us "The Book"?

OR, ENGLAND'S DEBT TO WILLIAM TYNDALE.\*

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

## CHAPTER IV.

PRE-REFORMATION TIMES.—DARKNESS AND DEGRADATION.—TYNDALE'S IMPRISONMENT.—MARTYRDOM.—"OPEN THE KING OF ENGLAND'S EYES THAT HE MAY SEE!"



It may well strike many of our readers in the nineteenth century, living in a land of Bibles, as one of the strangest of all strange things, that a good and holy man, whose one aim was to give to the people

God's own Blessed Book in

their own language, was so persecuted that he was obliged, for the safety of his life, to fly to a distant land, and there prosecute his noble and benevolent labours. The only explanation is to be found in what we perhaps can hardly fully understand—the dense ignorance and degrading superstition which prevailed in Pre-Reformation times.

As the Bishop of Liverpool tells us in his deeply interesting work, "The Bishops and Clergy of Other Days" (London: W. Hunt & Co.):—"Not one in a hundred in those days could have told you as much about the Gospel of Christ as we could now learn from any intelligent Sunday-scholar. The people had neither schools nor Bibles. The prayers of the Church were in Latin, and of preaching there was scarcely any." Even the priests, in 1557, were, as a rule, as ignorant as the people. Bishop Hooper says, out of 311 in his diocese, 168 were unable to repeat the Ten Commandments; 31 of the 168 could not state in what part of Scripture they were to be found; 40 could not tell where the Lord's Prayer was written; and 31 of the 40 were ignorant who was the Author of the Lord's Prayer.

"The religion of our ancestors before

Hooper's time, was little better than an organised system of Virgin Mary worship, saint worship, image worship, relic worship, pilgrimages, processions, masses, penances, and blind obedience to the priests. The most ridiculous impostures were practised on the people. At the Abbey of Hales, in Gloucestershire, a vial was shown, to those who offered alms, which was said to contain the blood of Christ. Images were worked by wires, which the priests could pull, and so pretend that miracles were wrought. At Reading Abbey, in Berkshire, they professed to possess the spear-head that pierced the Saviour's side, St. James's hand, and a bone of Mary Magdalene. At Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, they exhibited the parings of St. Edmund's toe-nails, Thomas à Becket's pen-knife and boots, and as many pieces of our Saviour's cross as would have made, if joined together, one large whole cross."†

Records like these must be remembered if we would understand how it was that Tyndale encountered such opposition and persecution. The ignorance, superstition, and, we must add, gross immorality of the age can alone account for it. Is it not the more wonderful that such a man was raised up, in God's providence, to give us the Bible, and that he was strengthened and sustained amidst such difficulties and perils?

Tyndale continued his labours abroad for some years. In exile and poverty, and often in hunger and cold, he devoted his life to the production and circulation of the English Bible. He escaped various attempts to seize him and bring him over to England to answer for his heresy. But at length the hour of final trial approached, and by the grace of God he was faithful to the end!

During his imprisonment, which lasted for sixteen months, he suffered greatly from ill-health and the severe cold of the cell, but

\* "Who Gave us the Book?" has just been published as a Volume for Cottage Libraries and Sunday School Gifts. Cloth gilt, 1s. (Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)

† Bishop Byle says: "Strype and Bennet are my authorities for the above-mentioned facts."

even his own warmer clothing was withheld. One of his letters has recently been found, in which he urgently begged for articles of apparel thus withheld. He also craves "permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark," and "above all" he asks for his Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, "that I may spend my time with that study."

That end brought the crown of honour,—the crown of martyrdom set with brightest jewels. For ten years he had continued to send forth fresh editions of the New Testament, and translations of various portions of the Old Testament; but in 1536 he was treacherously seized, tried, and condemned by virtue of a decree made at Angsburg against "heresy." He was first closely imprisoned in the Castle of Vilvorde, and at length, after very cruel treatment, strangled and burned to death near Brussels.

"Calm and dignified to the last, he was led out to die beneath the overarching autumn sky, in which the sun had lately risen over the fair meadow lands which sloped away from the Castle of Vilvorde to the shining river. Dewdrops hung like diamonds on each tiny blade of grass, the larks carolled their matin song, and the earth lay serene under the smile of Infinite Love."

"Strange indeed was the contrast, sharp and strange between the ominous pile of rough fagots, the stake with its clanging chain, the executioner with the halter, the soldiers with their halberds, the great concourse of priests and people gathered together to see William Tyndale die! To die, to satisfy the ignorant clamours of those who knew not what they did! To die, because he had devoted the acquirements of the scholar to the noblest of all aims, because he had raised on high the beacon light of God's Inspired Word in the country which gave him birth. Great in his work and in his life, he was even greater in his death. He surveyed all the preparations with a sedate and majestic calm. His own words, addressed to one who had gone before him through the fire,\* were to be verified by himself:—

"If you give yourself, cast yourself, yield yourself, commit yourself, wholly and only to your loving Father; then shall His power be in you, and make you strong, and that so strong that you shall feel no pain: and His Spirit shall speak in you, and teach you what to answer according to His promise. He shall set out His truth by you wonderfully, and work for you above all that your heart can imagine. . . . He that endureth to the end shall be saved. If the pain be above your strength, remember, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name I will give it to you." And pray to your Father in that Name, and He will cease your pain, or shorten it. The Lord of peace, of hope, and of faith be with you. Amen."

"We hear of no great declaration of faith at the last—his life had borne witness to his faith. We hear of no passionate protest against the errors of those who were his murderers—that protest was uttered where-soever the Gospel of God's grace was read by the people he loved. We hear of no sad farewells, as if the parting from those he had cared for, and whose affection he had won, were final. The old keen satire, the profound logic, the sparkling wit, the overwhelming tide of eloquence, the triumph of his literary and intellectual gifts, were all hushed to rest now. With the gentleness of a woman, with the firm courage of a hero, he contented himself to die!"

Bound to the stake, with fagots piled around him, but with the merciful cord around his neck, he cried with a loud voice his last prayer for his country:—

"Lord, open the King of England's eyes, that he may see!"

Then the cord was tightened; the fagots were kindled; Tyndale's heroic spirit was dismissed; and the ashes of the worn and feeble body were soon mingled with the embers of the funeral pile, unrecognised save by Him who shall raise it up at the last day.

"Open the King of England's eyes, that he may see!" was the last utterance from those lips, on which so many hungry souls had hung for the Bread of Life. His prayer was answered, at least thus far; for the very next

\* John Frith, his dearest friend and fellow-labourer, burnt in Smithfield.

year the Bible was ordered to be read in English in all our churches.

Truly the story of Tyndale forms a pathetic page in history, and presents to us the life-work of a noble benefactor of his country, whose name claims reverence and love wherever the English tongue is spoken. Let us echo as our own the martyr's dying words:—"Open our eyes," and the eyes of many, to see—and to see more and more clearly—how blessed a thing it is to study the Gospel of God's dear Son in our own homes, and to hear it in the Church we love. As we put our hand upon it day by day, and rehearse it in our children's ears for exhortation, encouragement, and guidance, may we feel that it is indeed the pearl of great price, which this noble scholar of the sixteenth century, as God's instrument and servant, gave to his grateful countrymen.

"Lord, Thy Word, our brightening treasure  
In life's deepest shade,

Yieldeth still increasing pleasure,  
As all else doth fade:  
From the wilderness it shows  
Whence the land of promise glows,  
O'er the vale of sweet repose  
Where the dead are laid.

"Sweet repose, until the breaking  
Of that coming Day,  
When the holy sleepers, waking,  
Shall their Home survey!  
Then, not seraph's tongue may tell  
'Mid what glories they shall dwell,  
With what notes of rapture swell  
Heaven's eternal lay.

"May Thy Word, O Lord, be clearer  
To our vision still:  
May the good it shows be dearer;  
Hated more the ill!  
Grant us, Lord, the grace we need;  
Light vouchsafe us as we read;  
Tend us, guard, and safely lead  
To Thy holy hill."

—Thomas Davis, M.A.

## Willy Greyson's Mistake; and What Came of it.

BY G. HOLDEN PIKE, AUTHOR OF "MONEY OR LIFE?" "THE ROMANCE OF THE STREETS," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### WILLY GREYSON'S MISTAKE.



Y the following morning Mrs. Goodwin and her far-sighted daughter Mary had arranged all the details respecting the present which policy, as well as kindness, suggested should be sent to Miss Golding. It did not appear

that that lady kept either pigs or fowls, and taking this fact into consideration, together with some other things, it was believed that, as coming from a farmhouse, nothing would be so acceptable as a fine-flavoured small ham, a couple of fowls, and two or three rolls of fresh butter. These things, which any one either in town or country would like to receive, were duly put up in a nice clean basket; and then came the question, who should be entrusted with their delivery?

"Well, now, I never thought of that," frankly confessed Mrs. Goodwin, careful

housewife that she was in the main; "but of course," added she, on collecting her ideas, "no one will do the errand so well as Willy Greyson, especially as I heard your father say that he had a note he wanted particularly to go up to Gower Mead."

"But Mr. Greyson will never carry that great basket," said Mary doubtfully.

"Oh, he will though, and feel pleasure in doing it, if the action gives any one else pleasure," replied Mrs. Goodwin. "I quite understand Willy's temper; and, besides, I would not trust any one with such a commission."

Accordingly, about an hour later, Willy was hailed as he was seen in the lane taking one of his morning rambles. Just as the farmer's wife anticipated, the good-natured fellow very gladly undertook to carry both the basket and the letter; and, judging from appearances, he also paid very particular heed to the instructions given.

"The basket is rather heavy, Willy; but of course you can rest now and then, and we

shall expect to see you back at one o'clock to dine with us," said Mrs. Goodwin. "I am quite sure you will make no mistake."

At this instant Mary came from the parlour, where her father for some time past had been writing a certain letter, on the composition of which he had apparently bestowed extra care. "You will be sure to remember, now, Mr. Greyson," said the young lady, handing Willy the sealed packet, "this letter is for uncle Robert, at Gower Mead; the basket is for Miss Golding, with our very kind regards, and we all hope to see her before very long."

Had Willy received fewer instructions, it is not improbable that he would have had a clearer notion of what he was expected to do.

However, he went forth into the sunshine on his double commission, once or twice stopping to rest, as it had been suggested he should do. The third time he did so, Willy sat on a green bank reading longer than usual; and realizing that at that rate one o'clock would come round before he was ready for it, he arose hastily and continued his journey. Coming up to Miss Golding's door, half out of breath from the speed at which he had been walking, he quickly took the packet from his pocket, slipped it into the box labelled LETTERS, rang the bell with a vigour that set a couple of dogs barking, and went quickly on his way towards Gower Mead.

"Let me see!" presently ejaculated the heavily laden messenger, with a start which had the effect of bringing him to a sudden standstill. "I haven't made any mistake?" He placed his basket on the ground while he endeavoured to collect his thoughts. "Mistake?" he went on, speaking to himself—"It's all right—it must be all right—this letter is for Miss Golding," they said, "and the basket for uncle Robert, with our very kind regards, hoping that he will not be long before he comes up to see us." Willy went on his way quite reassured. He would be back now before one o'clock.

On reaching his destination at Mr. Robert Goodwin's farm, Willy Greyson found the farmer at luncheon, having just returned from the fields. The basket was placed on the table, and meanwhile the message intended for Miss Golding was very carefully delivered.

The basket was opened, and presently several pairs of eyes were examining its contents with considerable astonishment. The articles were tempting in themselves; but what could be the meaning of such a present coming from Woolston Mill with such a message? Besides, as some one suggested, it was sending coals from Wall's End to Newcastle.

"And under certain conditions there may be some meaning even in that," said Mr. Goodwin. "These things carry a message which perhaps could not have been expressed in a more effective way; and though the value to us may not be very great, I very much value them. Always kind at heart, my brother Richard sees that he has mistaken me, and wishes by-gones to be by-gones. Willy," added the farmer, "I am much obliged to you for your trouble in coming. Of course you will stay and dine with us? I will go up to Woolston to-morrow to thank and see them."

Though this invitation was seconded by every one present, Willy did not think he ought to linger. He was, besides, so exhilarated with the success of his errand, that he was impatient to show himself at Woolston Mill to report progress.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WHAT CAME OF IT.

In the meantime, while Willy was returning to Woolston, anticipating with more than ordinary satisfaction the congratulations he expected to receive at the dinner-table, Miss Golding was the subject of strange sensations. The note discovered in the letter-box was carried into the parlour on a silver waiter by the housemaid, and throwing the envelope into the fire without reading the superscription, the lady's eyes recognised the handwriting of Mr. Richard Goodwin; but whether the strange words were addressed to herself or to another person did not instantly appear, as the writer plunged at once into business without any formal address, *e.g.* :—

*"I just write to say that the meadows will not be let for the races. Miss Golding is against the thing, and when she objects, I am not the man to aggravate her, especially as we believe she has some good intentions towards*

*our daughter Mary. As regards yourself, I think you have been a great deal too officious, both in regard to this business and in regard to Miss Golding's affairs generally. Pray allow the poor old maid to live in peace. She won't die any the sooner for being worried; nor will she leave you anything the more for all your fussiness."*

At first simply bewildered, Miss Golding presently saw through the whole thing, and sincerely regretted the haste with which the envelope had been destroyed. A letter manifestly intended for Mr. Robert Goodwin had been left in error; and having been read before the error was detected, the revelation was not a pleasant one. Though pained, Miss Golding felt equal to the occasion, however, and resolved that before sunset on that very day certain things which needed attention should be set straight.

Being somewhat after time, the family at Woolston Mill were seated at dinner before Willy's arrival. The returned messenger entered with a very cheerful face, saying he had left the basket and the letter. He had not waited at Miss Golding's, he said, but he thought something would be heard from her, and Mr. Goodwin was coming up himself to Woolston.

"Let him come; I'll stick to what I told him," said the farmer in an undertone, not suspecting that his note had miscarried.

The conversation then took a more general turn; the dinner passed off very pleasantly, and soon after Willy Greyson returned to his home, well pleased with his morning's work.

The sending of the present, and especially the sending on the part of Mr. Richard Goodwin of "a bit of his mind" to the family at Gower Mead, became a topic of conversation during the afternoon between Mary and her mother. Both the ladies were of opinion that their relatives at the other farm had been much too fast with their attentions to Miss Golding, and this letter would doubtless act as a salutary check. They both expressed unbounded admiration of Miss Golding personally, and said how delighted they would be if their dear friend would only come to see them.

The expected visit was not long delayed; for that evening, about tea-time, the soon-

recognised pony-chaise of Miss Golding was heard coming along the lane. In their eagerness to give her a becoming welcome, the farmer's wife and her daughter both hastened to the front door, the younger lady even going into the roadway to await the driving up of the carriage. It was doubtless soon noticed that the welcome visitor did not return the greeting accorded with her wonted cordiality. Though kind in her replies, as she always was, Miss Golding did not smile—an ominous omission in a lady supposed to be paying a complimentary visit.

When ushered into the parlour, Miss Golding was not only unaccountably reserved, but in a very business-like manner she asked to see Mr. Goodwin. It so happened just at this minute that the farmer and his son came in together, and hence the entire family were assembled.

"I am glad you are all here," said the visitor, after the ceremony of greeting was over. "I have, I believe, something to say to Mr. Goodwin as head of the household, and I want to speak within hearing of all."

The speaker hereupon handed the farmer the letter he had written to his brother, and asked if that was in his handwriting. Mr. Goodwin turned red, then pale, and stammered out something about his inability to understand how his friend had become possessed of that document. Mrs. Goodwin and Mary were hardly less agitated, and the former asked in a low tone, still loud enough to be heard, how their brother Robert could dare to trouble a friend like Miss Golding with such family differences.

"There's some mistake requires clearing up," went on the visitor. "This letter was found in my letter-box at noon to-day, and unhappily I threw the envelope into the fire without reading the address. Then the document itself is so peculiarly worded that not until I had come to the end, and looked at it again, did I clearly comprehend whether I was the person addressed or not."

"Then, Miss Golding, did not you receive this morning some trifles we thought you might like," asked Mrs. Goodwin, who now began to realize what kind of a mistake Willy had made—"a ham, a couple of fowls, and some rolls of fresh butter?"



Instead of answering, the lady looked as if she was unable to comprehend the meaning of the question put to her. She knew nothing about the things mentioned.

"This comes of sending an idiot on an important errand," said Mary, unable to repress her vexation.

Miss Golding was shrewd enough to see at once through the whole business. Willy Greyson had inadvertently occasioned all the mischief. She had, indeed, suspected something of the sort from the first; and as every one in the room seemed to be ill at ease, she thought it was now her duty to speak what was on her mind.

"My friends," said she, looking round on the whole party, while more particularly addressing the heads of the household, "since by sheer inadvertence I have become acquainted with the contents of this letter, I have a word of explanation to offer, which I once hoped would not need to be offered until I myself was in the better country. Assuming that what I have read was addressed by yourselves to your brother, Mr. Robert Goodwin, I may say at once, that the words employed are not only harsh to the last degree, but appear to me to be written under a total misconception of Mr. Robert's true character. Your brother is not only a sincere Christian, but as unselfish a man as could be found in the county; and so far as I have been able to observe, his wife and children take after him. I have lately been making my will, and at my particular request he has given me a good deal of advice, very valuable to me, and given on the understanding that the whole of my effects were at my death to be devoted to charitable objects. I need say no more; you can all draw your own inferences."

Strange as it may seem, the only self-possessed man in the company at this moment was Mr. Goodwin himself. While his wife, his son, his daughter, were looking towards him with troubled faces to see what he would do, the farmer rose from his seat, and said:—

"Miss Golding, there is only one way out of this dilemma,—I have wronged both yourself and my brother; I beg the pardon of

both, and hope to benefit by the lesson I have received."

"There must have been a providence in Willy Greyson's mishap," replied Miss Golding, no less surprised than gratified at what she heard. "There is one other thing, however," added she, looking at the letter Mr. Goodwin held in his hand,—"burn that paper, and never allow the knowledge that it ever existed to get so far as Gower Mead."

"I must beg my brother's pardon for having wronged him," said the farmer.

"That can be done in general terms," replied the lady. "And now," she continued, "to turn to something pleasanter, I hope to see all the young people at the birthday celebration when I complete my seventieth year. I have been careful to have the names of all expected visitors correctly given me, as I hope to present every one with a family Bible, which I shall ask each to keep for life as a memento of the day and of me."

The day following this interview, Mr. Robert Goodwin once more appeared at Woolston Mill, when the brothers were not only thoroughly reconciled, but to Richard the day was the beginning of better times in the best Scriptural sense. Though he did not mention the letter, he confessed to having wronged Robert both in words and in deeds, while as regarded himself he had been chasing the shadow and letting go the substance. The consequence was, that the brothers were drawn closer together than ever they had been before; and association with so genuine a Christian as Robert Goodwin softened Richard's nature, made him amenable to gentler influences, and the good extended to the other members of the household at Woolston Mill.

These, then, were the effects, directly and indirectly, of Willy Greyson's mistake. Neither Willy himself nor the Goodwins at Gower Mead ever knew that any error of the kind had ever been committed. "Why should they know," said Mary Goodwin, who in common with her brother greatly prized Miss Golding's large Bible,—*"why should they know, when Mr. Greyson's mistake was one of the most profitable things he ever did?"*

## Wayside Chimes.

### X. "REVEAL THYSELF TO ME!"

(Suggested by the expression, "Another day of pain!")

"Without Divine revelations in trial the midnight and the torture would be inexplicable. But these revelations depend upon the way the soul's eyes look for help."—*The Rev. P. Brooks.*



NOTHER day of pain!

Lord, give me grace to bear:  
To take the trial from Thy  
Hand,  
And cast on Thee the care.

Thy precious Word of Truth,  
Now may I call it mine:  
The promises that light our path,  
In midnight blackness shine.

"Through suffering perfected"—  
Mysterious but Divine:  
It was the path the Master trod,  
Then let it, Lord, be mine!

No height without a depth:  
No Crown without the Cross:  
He who would find his all in Christ  
Must count all else but loss.

Reveal Thyself to me,  
A Help in time of need:  
So shall I know the darkest hour  
Is sent in love indeed.

And when, night clouds dispersed,  
The Sunrise shall appear,  
I'll trace the Hand that paints the  
skies,  
And see Thy glory there.

CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.

## Our Church Portrait Gallery.



XXI. THE REV. ALBERT AUGUSTUS ISAACS, M.A.: XXII. THE REV. JAMES LUNT, M.A.: XXIII. THE REV. CANON STRATON, M.A.: XXIV. THE REV. M. B. MOORHOUSE, M.A.

THE Rev. Albert Augustus Isaacs, M.A., Vicar of Christ Church, Leicester, graduated at Cambridge in 1850. He was ordained by the Bishop of Peterborough in 1851, and was for some

time Curate of Peterborough.

From the beginning of his ministry he has taken the deepest interest in the work of the "Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews." He has frequently visited Palestine, and is the author of two most interesting and valuable works, entitled "A Pictorial Tour in the Holy Land," and "The Dead Sea." He has also always been a firm upholder of the Reformation principles of our Church, and is known as an eloquent and able lecturer in many parts of the country.

In 1866 he was appointed to his present important charge. His parish is a model one in many respects. The Day and Sunday

Schools, Bible Classes, Mothers' Meetings, Band of Hope and Temperance Society, Clothing, Coal, Shoe, and Provident Clubs, Sick and other Home Missionary Societies are worked with great success.

One of the most interesting features of Mr. Isaacs' winter work in Leicester is the "Robin Dinner," which last year made nearly seven hundred children "happy for an evening." The cost of the "Robin Dinner" is met by local effort and the sale of "Robin's Carol." In London "Robin's" guests number about ten thousand children every year, the expenses being met by offerings sent to the Editor of the *Church Standard*, many of the readers of *Home Words* being generous contributors. Mr. Isaacs' excellent example is now being followed in other parishes, and it is to be hoped that in time the words of the *Sheffield Post* may be realized: "We want to see these 'Bird Dinners' become a national institution." A



**THE REV. A. A. ISAACS, M.A.,  
VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, LEICESTER.**



**THE REV. JAMES LUNT, M.A.,  
VICAR OF LEYTON, ESSEX.**



**THE REV. CANON STRATON, M.A.,  
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.**



**THE REV. M. B. MOORHOUSE, M.A.,  
VICAR OF ST. MARY BREDIN, CANTERBURY.**

**OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

sure key to open a parent's heart is kindness to a child, and a shilling spent in this way does more real good than five shillings expended in what so often proves no real help at all. "Robin's" address is—7, The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E., and information is gladly sent to all who write for it.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Rowe, of Leicester.

The Rev. James Lunt, M.A., Vicar of Leyton, Essex, is one of the ablest extempore preachers in the suburbs of London. Intensely earnest and full of sympathy, his words, evidently coming from the heart, cannot fail to reach the hearts of the hearers.

Mr. Lunt graduated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and took his B.A. degree in 1871. He obtained the University Winchester Reading Prize and other honours. In September, 1871, he was ordained to the Curacy of St. Katharine's, Northampton, and for three years he had the privilege of being a fellow-worker with his valued friend, the late Rev. R. Collins King, just at the time when Scarletwell Street was added to the parish. Mission work was begun, in which Mr. Lunt took a full share, and many are the grateful memories still treasured of his efficient ministrations and personal kindness to the sick poor.

In 1874, he was presented to the Vicarage of St. Matthias', Birmingham, where for nearly six years he laboured almost beyond his strength, God abundantly blessing the work. In 1880, he accepted his present charge at Leyton. Here he has had to contend with the many difficulties inseparable from a constantly increasing and shifting population: but he has not failed to find many friends ever ready to assist him in every good work. The beautiful new schools connected with All Saints' district church were opened a few months ago by the Bishop of St. Albans entirely free from debt; and the "Star" coffee-house has been founded to afford a quiet reading place for men in the winter evenings.

Mr. Lunt is an earnest member of the Church Temperance Society. During his presidency, the Leyton Branch has largely added to its numbers, having now 600

abstaining and 70 non-abstaining members. The need of reaching the masses who attend no place of worship is deeply felt by the Vicar and his co-workers, and many open-air religious services are held in the poorer districts of the large and scattered parish. Very successful Temperance garden and open-air meetings have also been frequently held.

*Home Words* is localized as the "Leyton Parish Magazine," and has a growing monthly circulation of more than 900 copies.

Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The Rev. Canon Norman D. J. Straton, M.A., Vicar of Wakefield, was born in 1840, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1862. After travelling in the East for a year, Mr. Straton was ordained, in 1865, to the Curacy of Market Drayton. In the following year he was appointed to the Vicarage of Kirkby Wharfe, in succession to the Rev. Richard Wilton. Mr. Straton held this living for nine years, and was then chosen, in 1875, for the important position of Vicar of Wakefield, and Rural Dean.

Here his assiduous labours have been attended with great success. The restoration of the magnificent parish church has been carried to completion. It is a noble sight to see the Sunday evening congregation, which fills a building worthy to be a cathedral. Mr. Straton is equally able as a preacher and a public speaker—clear, convincing, and persuasive in style. He is a firm and uncompromising supporter of Evangelical truth.

The organization of Mr. Straton's parish is excellent, and his large and successful Bible Classes are an important feature of his work. How much his labours in this direction are valued has recently been shown by a handsome testimonial presented to him by the members of those classes.

In 1880 Mr. Straton was elected Proctor in Convocation for the Deanery of Wakefield; and this year the Bishop of Ripon has presented him to an Honorary Canonry in the Cathedral of his Diocese. As a speaker in Convocation in defence of Evangelical principles, Canon Straton justly carries weight and commands attention.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. E. Mayall, London.

The Rev. M. B. Moorhouse, M.A., Vicar of St. Mary Bredin, Canterbury, was born at Holmfirth in 1840. He graduated at Queen's College, Oxford, with honours in 1862 and was ordained to the curacy of Tintwistle near Manchester. In 1868, he was appointed Incumbent of Hepworth, Yorkshire, where he remained until 1872, when he accepted the Vicarage of Bushbury, Wolverhampton. In this large parish he superintended Sunday and week-day services in five outlying districts, as well as in the fine old parish church.

In 1880 he was nominated by Simeon's Trustees to the Vicarage of St. Mary Bredin, Canterbury. Here his labours have been greatly blessed, and the congregation has recently purchased a new vicarage house. *Home Words* is in circulation as the Parish Magazine, and its local pages frequently contain poems from Mr. Moorhouse's pen. One entitled "Royal Honours," received the commendation of the Queen, who ordered copies for distribution; another—"A Little Bit of Blue,"—has been widely circulated in connection with Temperance Missions in Canterbury and the neighbourhood. Mr. Moorhouse is a total abstainer, and took an active part in the great mission recently held in Canterbury. He is Hon. Secretary of the local branch of the C. E. T. S., and also a

Diocesan Secretary for the county of Kent. He has published several sermons: "The Rainbow," "Forward," "Casting the Nets," "Ye shall not surely die," and "Family Religion." We take the following characteristic anecdote from the latter:—

"A Scottish labourer went to work for a wealthy farmer. It was regarded as something of a favour to be employed by him, as he was a prompt and liberal payer, and looked upon by his neighbours as a superior master. The Scotchman remained with him only a few days.

“ ‘Why did you leave Farmer R.?’ asked a neighbour. ‘Was the work too hard for you?’ ”

"'There was nothing to complain of on that score.'

“ ‘What then? Were the wages too low?’

"'No, they were liberal enough.'

" 'Why did you leave?' "

“*There was no roof on the house!*” And he went away leaving his questioner to ponder on the strange answer he had given.

**"The meaning may be found in the saying of an old writer, that a dwelling in which prayer is not offered up daily is like a house without a roof, exposed to all the injuries of weather and to every storm that blows, and where there can be neither comfort, safety, nor peace."**

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. Bateman, Canterbury.

## The Silvery Hosts of the North Sea.\*

"Of all the fish of the sea, Herring is king."

(Continued from Page 178.)



E give two or three further extracts from Mr. Stacy - Watson's most interesting volume. Those who wish to possess a memorial of the International

**Fisheries Exhibition cannot do better than secure a copy.**

### YARMOUTH BOATS.

**The original cost of a first-class drifter of**

the largest size (Yarmouth), hull and spars, ready for sea, ranges from £1,000 to £1,200; to this must be added nets and fishing gear, which increases her total by from £100 to £500 more. These boats average twelve hands—eleven men and one boy—each. During the season of 1882 there fished from Yarmouth some 400 Yarmouth boats from 15 to 40 tons; 200 under 15 tons; 150 boats from Lowestoft; 250 from Scotland, and some 30 from other places—more than 1,000 boats, employing about 11,000 souls, and

\* "The Silvery Hosts of the North Sea: With a sketch of 'Quaint Old Yarmouth.'" By C. Stacy-Watson. (London: Home Words Office, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.) Price, cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.; bronze paper, 1s.

spreading over 2,000 miles of net. Yarmouth boats carry from 100 to 180 nets, which measure 30 yards by 11 yards deep, with 32 meshes to the yard. Thus a single boat, according to her size, spreads from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 miles of net.

#### A SINGLE HAUL.

Sometimes a single haul will give such a large quantity of fish that the boat at once sets sail for her port. In 1882, the *Snaefell*, of Yarmouth, made such a haul, taking  $18\frac{1}{2}$  lasts, or 247,000 herrings. The largest number landed, during the same season, as the fruit of a single voyage, which may include the shooting and hauling of the nets several times, was brought in by the *Corisande*, which landed  $27\frac{1}{2}$  lasts, or 363,000 herrings; but such takes are quite exceptional.

#### HAILING THE NETS.

Having reached the fishing grounds, the choice of a station for the night has to be decided. It is getting dark, but before light has quite left the sky the more prudent have decided upon their course of action, and are preparing to cast their nets. There are not many signs to guide them in their choice, but still an experienced fisherman is pretty sure to have some theories upon the habits of the fish, and the indications of its whereabouts; and, having observed these, he hauls down his sails and gets his nets ready.

These nets generally measure 150 feet by 30 feet, but one net may be joined to another to almost any length; and, of course, the bigger the net, the greater likelihood of a good haul. Along the lower edge of the nets are placed weights, and along the upper edge inflated bladders, which serve the double purpose of keeping the nets in a perpen-

dicular position, and marking their situation. The sail having been lowered, the oars are shipped, and the nets paid out fold by fold, until there is a long line of bobbing bladders in the wake of the boat. This operation performed, there is no more work to be done until the morning. It is only necessary to keep a pretty sharp look-out to prevent the nets fouling those of other fishing boats; and as there is nothing to be done but to wait patiently, the men can sleep, turn and turn about, until their services are required for raising or "hailing" the nets.

This is done in the morning, and is the critical point. Sometimes the nets come up lank and dripping and empty, and the night has been spent in vain; but sometimes, as the nets are "hailed" home, a great quivering silver mass is seen rising through the water: a shoal of herrings has gone headlong at the wall of net, they have thrust their noses through the meshes, and there they hang by their gills like spangled scales to gladden the eyes of their captors.

This is the operation as shown in our illustration. The calm evening has given way to a equally showery morning, and the nets are being "hailed" against a nasty chopping sea in the chilly daybreak. If there are fish in these nets they will be shaken out into the bottom of the boat, the sail will be hoisted, and the men will make the best of their way back to the harbour. So boat after boat comes in, some more lightly laden, some not laden at all. The work of curing and packing goes on without delay. The herrings are gutted, salted, packed in casks, and fastened down as fast as human hands can work, and the silver fish, which the night before were swimming in the sea, are in a fair way to become red herrings.

#### BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

**I**N speaking of a person's faults,  
Pray don't forget your own;  
Remember those with homes of glass  
Should seldom throw a stone:

If we have nothing else to do  
But talk of those who sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home,  
And from that point begin.

NEMO.





*From the Original Painting.*

### HAILING THE NETS.

[See Page 254.]

## The Opened Heart:

### WHAT HAPPENED AT THE RIVER'S SIDE.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN F. SERJEANT, VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, FULHAM.

"Whose heart the Lord opened."—*Acts xvi. 14.*

(Continued from Page 231.)



HE last word only of our short sentence now remains:—"Whose heart the Lord opened."

OPENED. It was the opened heaven whence came down the food which sustained Israel in their course from the land of their sorrow to the land of their hope. It was the opened, the rifted rock, of which they drank when parched with thirst; and when, pressed to the verge of madness, they were ready to defy both God and man. It is the opened soil which first receives into its bosom, and then gives out from its bosom, the corn which strengthens man's fainting heart, and which fits him, day by day, to go forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening. It is from the opened heavens that there descend the gentle rains which tinge the earth's dark furrows with living green, and which cause the hedgerows to blossom into luxuriance and beauty. It is the opened, the crushed olive, whence the oil issues, which makes man of a cheerful countenance, just as bread strengthens his heart, and wine makes that heart glad. It was the opened side of Jesus, His pierced side, from which forthwith came blood and water,—that healing fount in which washing, our hearts become fresh and young in us again, and we are clean. And it is the opened, the broken heart, which, in God's sight, is of great price, from which flow the bitter waters of contrition, and in which are ripened the precious fruits of steadfast faith, and ardent love, and fervent zeal, and all manner of holy obedience for the Master's sake.

And now, if I quote the whole of the

passage from which I have drawn nearly all my information about Lydia, you will see how many excellent consequences flowed from the broken heart. "A certain woman, named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshipped God, heard us, whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended to things which were spoken of Paul. And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there, and she constrained us." Her ears were opened; for "she attended to the things which were spoken of Paul";—her tongue was unloosed; "she besought us";—her house was opened; "Come into my house and abide there."

We may be well assured of this, that if the Lord has opened our hearts to Himself, we shall be ready to open our houses to His people. As the spokes of a carriage wheel draw near to their centre, they draw near also to each other. So, when men are drawn toward Jesus, God's Son, the centre of light, and peace, and hope, they are drawn into nearness with all the saints. The spirit of brotherhood is felt. They realize the fact that they are partners, not only in tribulation, and guilt, and shame, but partners also in privilege and hope, and in their prospect of an everlasting home. Hence there is a union of heart with heart, a yielding up of the worldly man's motto, "Every man for himself, and God for us all," and an adoption of the Christian man's motto, "God for us all, and every one for one another."

WHOSE — HEART — THE LORD — OPENED. Here is the origin of the Church of God at Philippi, a Church whose praises were

sounded far and wide, and from which a light blazed forth in which many walked and were saved. The Apostle led by a heavenly vision, goes to a spot where he finds himself a stranger among strangers. A few women hear a sermon. The word smites, and smiting also heals. One is brought to light and peace, and others are led to cast in their lot with her. Attention is excited, persecution is aroused, but the work goes on, and the fellowship in the Gospel at Philippi becomes a thing of warmth, and strength, and fruitfulness.

And from that day to this the work has been much the same. Small beginnings have had vast issues. Feeble instruments have accomplished mighty deeds. Unpromising fields have yielded crops of fatness and beauty. Hearts have been opened, and churches have sprung up to adorn the wildest moral wastes. God has been glorified, "and, to the powers in heavenly places, has been made known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God."


To be a *partaker* in our own hearts, of that same power which wrought in the heart of Lydia—how blessed! To have an opened heart,—a heart opening itself in grateful love to God, and in glowing love to man,—how sweet a proof is it that

we have been made partakers of a heavenly nature, brought out of the darkness of sin into the light and the liberty of God's children. If we have realized, in any measure, the blessing, let us keep the heart in a broken, loving, humble frame. If it get hard, let us carry it again and again to Christ to soften it. Let us ask Him to mould it wholly to His will, so that it may throb in blessed sympathy with His every purpose, and become entirely meet for the enjoyment of the inheritance on high.

And may there spring from the holy heart the holy life. May we show forth our Father's praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to His service, and by walking before Him in holiness and righteousness all our days. May we be no cumberers of the ground, but trees of righteousness, precious in fragrance and rich in fruit, in which the Lord shall be well pleased, and our own little world around be abundantly comforted and benefited. And thus, from being partakers, we shall be propagators of God's grace,—workers together with Him, in some sense, however humble,—ministers of God, and stewards of the mystery of Christ.

### By-and-By.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER, AUTHOR OF "FABLES FOR YOU." \*

OW dull and dingy you look amongst us!" said a young beech tree, that had just come out in all the glory of its spring foliage, to a sombre-looking yew that stood alone of its kind in a plantation of fresh green saplings. "It's a pity you're not a little further off for your own sake, for nobody will notice you here, unless it is to say how ugly you are; and really, you'll excuse my saying so, but you quite spoil

our plantation with your dusky leaves."

"May be so now, friend," said the yew,—"though there may be two opinions about that—but wait awhile till November comes, and where will your glory be? When your branches are bare, and the ground strewn with your withered leaves, my boughs will be covered with glossy foliage and shining berries, and I wonder which of us will be most admired then. Remember, *my time is coming!*"

\* "Fables for You." Price 2s. 6d. (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.) A capital gift-book for young and old, full of attractive pictures.

## The Home Songster.

### VI. A PINCHBECK RING.



AE, never fear for me, mother,  
 I am na going to dee,  
 For sic a cause I winna let  
 A teardrop dim my e'e.  
 And yet I could hae lo'ed him weel  
 Had he been gude and true;  
 But as he's left me, and forgot,  
 Why, I'll forget him too.  
 I ga'ed him back the ribbon blue;  
 I ga'ed him back the ring;  
 'Twas only pinchbeck after a',  
 The little paltry thing.

And sure his love was just the same,  
 Deceitful and untrue;  
 And so, as he's forgot me now,  
 I'll just forget him too.

Now take my warning, maidens fair,  
 And listen while I sing;  
 All is not gold that glitters bright,  
 Like little Katie's ring;  
 And when your lovers faithless prove,  
 I'll tell you what to do:  
 Be sure they're only pinchbeck ones,  
 And just forget them too.

KENNETT LEA.



BRINGING THE DINNER INTO THE HALL.

## How They Lived in the Olden Times.

BY THE EDITOR.

### VI. THE DINNER TABLE.



IN large houses, and on great occasions, the various meats and dishes were carried from the kitchen to the hall with much ceremony. Other higher attendants received them, and took them to the tables. The roasts appear to have been carried on the spits, and the guests seem to have torn, or cut from the spit what

they wanted. Sometimes, on the occasion of a quarrel, for want of other weapons, the spit would be seized and employed for another purpose. A curious illustration of this is found in a thirteenth century story, in which we are told of a man who had a glutton for his wife. One day he roasted for their dinner a fowl, and when they had sat down at the table, the wife said, "Give me a wing." The husband gave her a wing; and, at her demand all the other members in succession, until she had devoured the whole

fowl herself; at which, no longer able to contain his anger, he said, "Lo, you have eaten the whole fowl yourself, and nothing remains but the spit, which it is but right that you should taste also." And thereupon he took the spit, and beat her severely with it.

Our first cut represents the hall servants, headed by the steward, with his rod of office, bringing the dishes in procession. Trumpets and music usually announced the arrival; but sometimes, as in our third cut, a minstrel preceded the servants. Those who served at table were often esquires, and in the halls of princes and great chiefs even nobles and barons—a sign, we fear, of the gratification of pride rather than a recognition of the dignity of service. In the middle of the table, raised high, were placed a swan, peacocks, or pheasants, dressed up in their feathers, with their beaks and feet gilt. After dessert the guests washed their hands and repaired to another room.

The seats were still merely benches or forms, except the principal seat against the wall or dais, which was often in the form of a settle, with back and elbows. Our cut represents such a seat. A carpet was sometimes laid on the floor; but it was more usually spread with rushes.

The hour of dinner, even in great houses, was ten o'clock in the forenoon. Five o'clock was the hour of the afternoon meal. Before the meal, each guest was served with water to wash. This was the more necessary, since there were no forks, and fingers had to be used instead. The guests sat in couples, and also ate in couples, two being served with the same food and in the same plate. Friendship and honour were often thus indicated, and the phrase "to eat in the same dish" became a proverbial one.

Frequently, instead of plates, thick slices of bread, called trenchers, were employed, on which portions of meat were served, and these slices were afterwards given to the poor.



THE SEAT ON THE DAIS.



SERVING IN THE HALL.



## Thomas Edward : THE SOOTH NATURALIST.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### AUTHORSHIP.



EDWARD, by the introduction of his friend the Rev. Mr. Smith, now became a contributor of several valuable papers to the *Zoologist*. He was full of love for his subject; he was patient and persevering in his observations; and notwithstanding his great disadvantages, his style of writing was vivid and graphic. Natural history is often rendered uninteresting to general readers by technical terms: Edward wrote so that all could understand and appreciate. Take the following narrative of an instance of maternal affection on the part of a wild duck.

While crossing the Clashmauch, on his way to Huntly, in searching about he came upon a wild duck lying within a few feet of the remains of a wreath of snow beside a tuft of rushes. There had been a heavy snow-storm which had forced the plovers and wild ducks to abandon their nests, though then full of eggs, and greatly interrupted the breeding season in the northern counties. Edward proceeds:—

"As I imagined she was skulking with a view to avoid observation, I touched her with my stick, in order that she might rise; but she rose not. I was surprised, and, on a nearer inspection, I found that she was dead. She lay raised a little on one side, her neck stretched out, her mouth open and full of snow, her wings somewhat extended, and with one of her legs appearing a little behind her. Near to it there were two eggs. On my discovering this I lifted up the bird, and underneath her was a nest containing eleven eggs; these, with the other two, made thirteen in all; a few of them were broken. I examined the whole of them, and found them, without exception, to contain young birds. This was an undoubted proof that the poor mother had sat upon them from two to three

weeks. With her dead body in my hand I sat down to investigate the matter, and to ascertain, if I could, the cause of her death. I examined her minutely all over, and could find neither wound nor any mark whatever of violence. She had every appearance of having died of suffocation. Although I had only circumstantial evidence, I had no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that she had come by her death in a desperate but faithful struggle to protect her eggs from the fatal effects of the recent snowstorm.

"I could not help thinking, as I looked at her, how deep and striking an example she afforded of maternal affection. The ruthless blast had swept, with all its fury, along the lonesome and unsheltered hill. The snow had risen higher, and the smothering drift came fiercer, as night drew on; yet still that poor bird, in defiance of the warring elements, continued to protect her home, and the treasure which it contained, until she could do so no longer, and yielded up her life. That life she could easily have saved, had she been willing to abandon the offspring which Nature had taught her so fervently to cherish, and in endeavouring to preserve which she voluntarily remained and died.

"Occupied with such feelings and reflections as these, I know not how long I might have sat, had I not been roused from my reverie by the barking of a shepherd's dog. The sun had already set,—the grey twilight had begun to hide the distant mountains from my sight, and, not caring to be benighted on such a spot, I wrapped a piece of paper, as a winding sheet, round the faithful and devoted bird, and, forming a hole sufficiently large for the purpose, I laid into it the mother and the eggs. I covered them with earth and moss, and, over all, placed a solid piece of turf; and having done so—and being more affected than I should perhaps be willing to acknowledge—I left them to moulder into their original dust, and went on my way."



Another instance of maternal instinct refers to the partridge.

"A very cunning and faithful mother is the female; for when she has eggs, she never leaves her nest without hiding them so carefully that it is almost impossible to detect their whereabouts; and if you take her by surprise, away she hobbles on one leg, and a wing trailing on the ground, as if wounded! . . . Wandering about the Waggle Hill one day with my friend, the Rev. Mr. Smith, I chanced to observe a moorfowl squatted on the ground amongst the heather, close to my feet; in fact, I stood above her before I noticed her. Being summer-time, I at once guessed the nature of the case. On my friend coming up, I drew his attention to the bird over which I stood. 'Oh,' he said, 'she's surely dead, Mr. Edward.' 'Oh, no,' said I; 'there are eggs or young beneath her.' 'Well,' he answered, 'if so, it is certainly a very wonderful circumstance; but we shall see.' Then, stooping down, he touched the bird, but she did not move. 'She must be alive,' he said, 'because she is warm; but she must be wounded, and not able to rise or fly.' 'Oh, no,' I once more said; 'she has something beneath her which she is unwilling to leave.'

"The bird allowed him to stroke her without moving, except turning her head to look at him. On my friend's dog Sancho coming up and putting his nose close to her, she crept away through the bushes for some distance, and then took to flight, leaving a nest and fifteen eggs exposed to our gaze. Before leaving we carefully closed up the heather again, so as to conceal as much as possible the nest and its beauteous treasure; and I need not say that we were both delighted with what we had seen. Mr. Smith was particularly struck with the incident, as he had never seen anything of the kind before; and he remarked, 'I verily believe that I could not have credited the fact if I had not seen it myself,' and he afterwards spoke of it with the greatest admiration."

In 1854 Edward sustained a great loss, in the death of his friend Mr. Smith, who was almost the only man of culture in the neighbourhood. Edward was under the impression that others looked down upon him and

his work because he was a poor shoemaker. But, as Mr. Smiles says, "Mr. Smith, as a true Christian gentleman, treated the poor man as his friend. The shoemaker from Banff was always made welcome at the minister's fireside at Monquhitter."

So soon as Edward's name and address appeared in the *Naturalist* and *Zoologist*, he was assailed by letters from all parts of the country, asking him to exchange birds, moths, butterflies, and eggs of all kinds.

"I have no doubt," says Edward, "that many of my correspondents thought me unceevil, but really it would have taken a fortune in postage-stamps to have answered their letters." He might as well have been an editor.

But Edward had no property to spend on letters or anything else, and his increasing family demanded his attention. Authorship was not remunerative. He never received a farthing for any of his literary contributions. He was willing to be a police officer, a tide-waiter, or anything that would bring in a proper maintenance for his family; but effort after effort failed, and he went on with his old work—Natural History and shoemaking. He must have been greatly pressed, for once more, in 1855, we find his collection of birds advertised for sale.

The proceeds appear to have helped him over his difficulties for a time; and again he set to work forming another splendid collection—probably his best. But in 1858 health failed him. His night explorations brought rheumatism. He was often advised to take whisky with him to refresh and sustain him, but he always refused. He never drank it, either at home or abroad. Total abstainers will appreciate his testimony.

"I believe," he says, "that if I had indulged in drink, or even had I used it at all on these occasions, I could never have stood the cold, the wet, and the other privations to which I was exposed. As for my food, it mainly consisted of good oatmeal cakes. It tasted very sweet, and was washed down with water from the nearest spring. Sometimes when I could afford it, my wife boiled an egg or two, and these were my only luxuries. But, as I have already said, water was my only drink."

-But even water-drinkers must expect such a life of hardship to tell upon the constitution, and a rheumatic fever, with an ulcerated sore throat, brought Edward into sore trouble. He lay ill for a month; debts were necessarily incurred; and again he was obliged to have recourse to his only savings-bank—his collection of birds—to meet the difficulty. Upwards of forty cases of birds went, together with 300 specimens of mosses and marine plants. When these were sold, Edward lost all hopes of ever being able again to replenish his shattered collection.

The pressure of adverse circumstances brought on further illnesses, and gradually he lost the elasticity of manhood. Unable to work at his trade, he tried to earn something by practising galvanism; then he took up photography; but he had little success in either direction. His labours had made him prematurely old. His earnings were now only about eight shillings a week; but happily his children were becoming more and more able to help him.

"He had fought the fight of science," says his biographer, "inch by inch, until he could fight no more"; but he had achieved noble

results. Considering his position in life, and his lack of education, we can only marvel at what he accomplished. Dr. Smiles tells us that in reply to his inquiry as to the manner in which Edward had gained his knowledge, he wrote thus:—

"You seem to wonder," he said in his reply, "why I did not mention *books* in my memoir. You may just as well wonder how I can string a few sentences together, or, indeed, how I can write at all. My books, I can tell you, were about as few as my education was brief and homespun.

"I thought you knew—yes, I am sure you knew—that any one having the mind and the will need not stick fast even in this world. True, he may not shine so greatly as if he were better polished and better educated; but he need not sink in the mire altogether.

"You may very likely wonder at what I have been able to do—being only a poor souter [a shoemaker] with no one to help me, and but few to encourage me in my labours. Many others have wondered like yourself. The only answer I can give to such wonderers is, that I had the WILL to do the little that I have accomplished."

### "A Christmas Surprise: 'Home Words' for Christmas."



We are again obliged to issue our *Christmas Supplemental Number* with the November "*Home Words*" in order to get a sufficient number printed in time.

Last year the circulation was so large that we had to reprint, and this is difficult at Christmas time.

In addition to other Christmas reading, and first-class illustrations, the Number this year contains

"A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE: TOM PENNANT'S STORY;"

By the Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A., known all the world over as the Author of "The Oiled Feather."

The price, with the November Magazine, is *Two-pence*; but further single copies, price *One Penny* each, can be ordered from the Booksellers.

To save disappointment in the supply, the Publisher has arranged to send with the November Magazine a proportionate number both to the Clergy who localize "*Home Words*," and also to the Trade. Copies unsold, if any, will not be charged, but should be returned as early as possible before Christmas Day.

The Number will be a suitable "*Christmas Box*" for the guests at Parish Gatherings, Robin Dinners, etc. In quantities it can be supplied direct for 6s. per 100. Address: The Manager, "*Home Words*" Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

### "THE FIRESIDE NEWS."



THE First Number of "*The Fireside News*" appears on Friday, November 2nd. No less than 200,000 copies are being printed. We have no space to give any idea of the contents; but 1d. will obtain a copy at any Bookseller's; or our readers, who have not already returned the *Order Form* inserted in October "*Home Words*," will, we hope, make use of it and help us all they can in this important effort to supply a marvellously cheap Church of England Home Newspaper.

## The Young Folks' Page.

## XXXIX. "WE BESEECH THEE, HEAR US."



FATHER, from Thy Throne on high,  
Deign to hear Thy children's cry,  
Let them feel that Thou art nigh:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Father, Thou dost love us all,  
And we come at Thy dear call,  
Low before Thy feet to fall:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear;  
Bid Thy little ones draw near;  
Train them to Thy love and fear:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the promise Thou hast made;  
By Thy hands in blessing laid;  
By the words that Thou hast said:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Weak and helpless, Lord, are we,  
Yet Thy love is all our plea;  
Suffer us to come to Thee:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Holy Spirit, Guide Divine,  
Let Thy light for ever shine;  
Leave us not, for we are Thine:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

'Neath Thy wings, O blessed Dove,  
May we feel Thy sheltering love,  
Till we reach our home above:  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Glory to the Father bring;  
Jesus, unto Thee we sing;  
Holy Ghost, Thy praises ring;  
Alleluia!

## XL. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

THERE was an apprentice in London once, who made an appointment with another boy to spend a particular Sunday evening in folly. He was hurrying along to meet his companion, and at the turning of a street he met his master's wife. "William," said she, "where are you going?" William told her. Then the good woman said

to the lad, "That would be a wrong way to spend the Day of Rest. Come to God's House with me."

The lad consented, and went: and that night Jesus, who has the hearts of all men in His keeping, caused the preacher to choose for his text: "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" The text came like a loud knock to the heart of William; and it kept knocking at the door of his heart. The lad heard the voice of his Saviour in the words: and God gave him grace to open his heart and let the Saviour in. He became a Christian, and then a student of the Bible, and in the end the great South Sea missionary and martyr, Williams.

## XLI. THY KING COMETH.

Cometh in lowliness,  
Cometh in righteousness,  
Cometh in mercy all royal and free!  
Cometh with grace and might,  
Cometh with love and light,  
Cometh, beloved, oh, cometh to thee!

F. R. Havergal.

## XLII. THE BEST HELP.

A GREEK general, walking through some of his fields, several persons implored his charity. "If you want *beasts* to plough your land," said he, "I will lend you some; if you want *land*, I will give you some; if you want *seed* to sow your land, I will give you some; but I will encourage none in *idleness*." By this conduct, in a short time, there was not a beggar in his dominions. Except in rare cases, each should say, "To beg I am ashamed."

## XLIII. THE FIRST STEP.

THE longest journey is but one step at a time. If you are in the right way, every step brings you a little nearer to the place you want to reach. But if the first step had been in the wrong road, every step would have been a step farther away. The French proverb says, "It is only the first step that costs." If a lad who has been used to lie late in bed resolves to begin early rising, how terribly hard it is the first morning! The next morning it is not quite so bad; the next it is easier; and after a few weeks he wonders why he did not always rise early.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1 to 6. WHERE do we find predictions of the following particulars relating to the coming of Christ?
- (1). The quarter of the world.
  - (2). The race of men in that quarter.
  - (3). The tribe of that race.
  - (4). The family of that tribe.
  - (5). The place.
  - (6). The time.
7. What army sang of peace?
8. What circumstance beyond control ensured the birth of Jesus at the predicted place?

9. Who did not see death till he had seen Christ?
10. How did Mary's faith reprove the faith of Zacharias?

## ANSWERS (See SEPTEMBER No., p. 215).

I. Gen. xxxvii. 24; Jer. xxxviii. 6. II. 2 Tim. i. 15, 17. III. Jer. ix. 17; Matt. ix. 23. IV. Dan. ix. 26. V. Ps. cx. 4; Heb. vii. 2. VI. Jer. xxx. 9; Ezek. xxxiv. 23, 24; xxxvii. 24, 25; Hos. iii. 5. VII. Ruth i. 20. VIII. Dent. xxi. 8; 1 Sam. ix. 25; 2 Sam. xi. 2; Luke v. 19; xvii. 31; Acts x. 9. IX. Neh. iv. 23. X. 1 Sam. xxxi. 4; xxxi. 5; 2 Sam. xvii. 23; Matt. xxvii. 6.

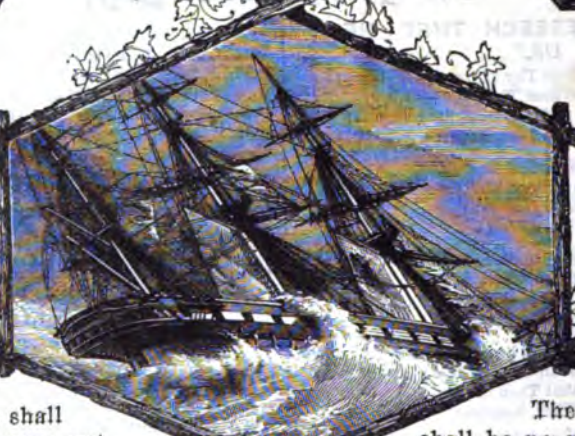
Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but only to local Teachers.

Sun.—1st day.  
Rises 6.55. Sets 4.32.

NOVEMBER.

Moon.—Full, 14th, A. 4.37.  
New, 29th, A. 6.54.

REST BEYOND.



He shall  
go no more out.

Rev. iii. 12.

- |      |  |
|------|--|
| 1 Th | ALL SAINTS. <i>Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.</i>                         |
| 2 F  | <i>That they may rest from their labours. Rev. xiv. 13.</i>                            |
| 3 S  | <i>Arise ye . . . this is not your rest. Mic. ii. 10.</i>                              |
| 4 S  | <i>24th S. aft. Trin. Come with us, and we will do thee good. Num. x. 29. [iv. 3.]</i> |
| 5 M  | <i>We which have believed do enter into rest. Heb.</i>                                 |
| 6 Tu | <i>He shall enter into peace; they shall rest. Isa. lvi. 2.</i>                        |
| 7 W  | <i>The hope of the righteous shall be gladness. Prov. x.</i>                           |

There  
shall be no more death.

Rev. xxi. 4.

- |       |   |
|-------|---|
| 8 Th  | <i>Be patient . . . unto the coming of the Lord. Jas. 5. 7.</i> |
| 9 F   | <i>The husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit.</i>           |
| 10 S  | <i>The trying of your faith worketh patience. Jas. i. 3.</i>    |
| 11 S  | <i>25th S. aft. Trin. If thou call the Sabbath a delight.</i>   |
| 12 M  | <i>Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord. Isa. lviii.</i> |
| 13 Tu | <i>We have sought Him, and He hath given us rest.</i>           |
| 14 W  | <i>Thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.</i>       |
| 15 Th | <i>The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety.</i>           |

IN THY  
PRESENCE IS FULNESS

I will  
give thee  
a Crown of Life.

Rev. ii. 10.

OF JOY.

Ps. xvi. 11.

They  
shall walk  
with Me in white.

Rev. iii. 4.

- |       |  |
|-------|--|
| 16 F  | <i>The city had no need of the sun. Rev. xxi. 23.</i>            |
| 17 S  | <i>The Lamb is the light thereof. Rev. xxi. 23.</i>              |
| 18 S  | <i>26th S. aft. Trin. He looked for a city. Heb. xi. 10.</i>     |
| 19 M  | <i>The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble. Ps. xx. 1.</i>      |
| 20 Tu | <i>Call upon Me in the time of trouble . . . I will deliver.</i> |
| 21 W  | <i>To you who are troubled, rest with us. 2 Thess. i. 7.</i>     |
| 22 Th | <i>I trembled . . . that I might rest in the day of trouble.</i> |
| 23 F  | <i>The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow.</i>            |

- |       |   |
|-------|---|
| 24 S  | <i>Thou hast been a Strength to the needy. Isa. xxv. 4.</i>                                 |
| 25 S  | <i>27th S. after Trinity. Thou art my hiding place. Ps. xxxii. 7. [mors. Rev. vii. 15.]</i> |
| 26 M  | <i>They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any.</i>                                       |
| 27 Tu | <i>The Lord God giveth them light. Rev. xxii. 5.</i>  |
| 28 W  | <i>They shall reign for ever and ever. Rev. xxii. 5. [12.]</i>                              |
| 29 Th | <i>What of the night? . . . the morning cometh. Isa. xxi.</i>                               |
| 30 F  | <i>St. ANDREW. Joy cometh in the morning. Ps. xxi. 5.</i>                                   |

PRECIOUS, precious, to Jehovah  
Is His children's holy sleep;  
He is with them in the passing  
Through the waters cold and deep:

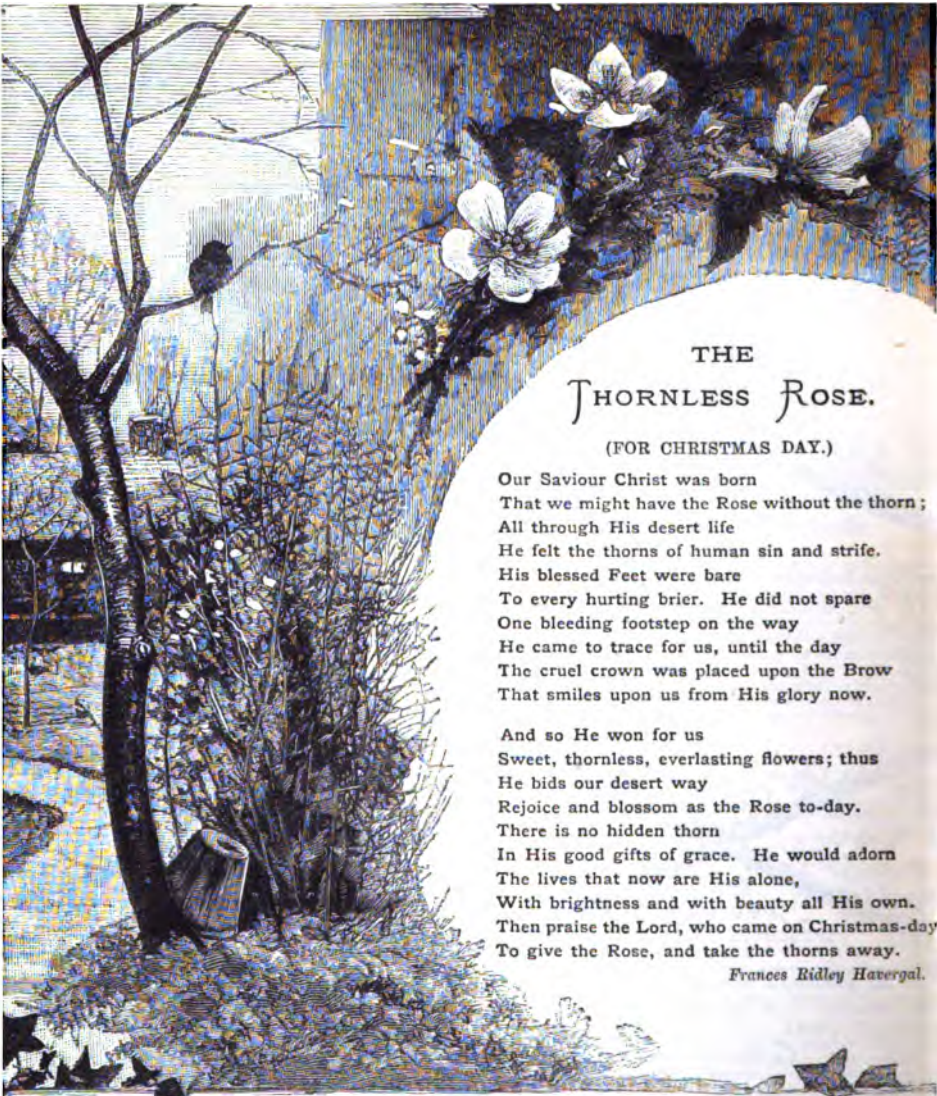
Everlasting love enfolds them  
Softly, sweetly to His breast,  
Everlasting love receives them  
To His glory and His rest.—F. R. Havergal.

True Rest. True Rest is the happy consciousness of acceptance in Christ, and the calm enjoyment of God's assured love.—Anon.

The Day before us. What a day is before us when we shall be able to adore His faithfulness without the tenebrous of it by a crossed will and disappointed prospects. Rely on the God of the pillar cloud; He will bring thee, as He did His Israel, through the flood on foot.—Anon.







## THE THORNLESS ROSE.

(FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.)

Our Saviour Christ was born  
That we might have the Rose without the thorn;  
All through His desert life  
He felt the thorns of human sin and strife.  
His blessed Feet were bare  
To every hurting brier. He did not spare  
One bleeding footstep on the way  
He came to trace for us, until the day  
The cruel crown was placed upon the Brow  
That smiles upon us from His glory now.

And so He won for us  
Sweet, thornless, everlasting flowers; thus  
He bids our desert way  
Rejoice and blossom as the Rose to-day.  
There is no hidden thorn  
In His good gifts of grace. He would adorn  
The lives that now are His alone,  
With brightness and with beauty all His own.  
Then praise the Lord, who came on Christmas-day  
To give the Rose, and take the thorns away.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*







# HOME WORDS

FOR

## Heart and Hearth.

### Wayside Chimes.

#### XI. CHRISTMAS BELLS.



Ring merrily! Ring merrily!  
O happy Christmas bells;  
And let us hear again the tales  
Your music ever tells:—  
How England's sons in other days  
Made feast within their halls,  
Hung mistletoe and holly wreaths  
Around their old oak walls;  
How rich and poor knelt side by side,  
At call of Christmas chimes;  
And how the bonds of Christian love  
Bound up "the good old times."

Ring tenderly! Ring tenderly!  
O holy Christmas bells:  
For ever with your earthly peal  
A heavenly chorus swells;  
The Angels who were first to bring  
The welcome news to men,  
Still join with us to celebrate  
The Saviour's birth again;  
And some, whom we have loved and lost,  
Sing carols with us now,  
With all the old love in their hearts,  
And new light on their brow.

Ring joyously! Ring joyously!  
O blessed Christmas bells;  
And show us of the future good  
Your welcome chime foretells.  
We know 'twill be a mingled lot,  
Of pleasure, pain, and strife;  
That thorns will cluster round the flowers  
Along our path of life;  
But ye shall sing to us of hope,  
Of help, of love untold,  
Reminding us of that bright star  
That tips our clouds with gold!

Ring merrily! Ring merrily!  
O dear old Christmas bells;  
And bring all holy blessings down,  
From where all mercy dwells.  
Ring out your gentle messages  
As ye have done of old,  
To help the weary and the sad,  
The weaklings of the fold;  
And tell again the cheering tale  
Of Him who bore our woe;  
And gave His own heart's life and love,  
For breaking hearts below!

ELIZA MORRIS.

#### The Only Christmas Debt.

"WE no man anything but Love." Let  
Love be our only Christmas debt. We  
shall never pay that debt in this wide,  
wide world, so long as we feel the debt of Christian

love, and duty too, is to "love our neighbour as  
ourselves"—much less shall we ever pay it in the  
*Home*, where affection creates new links and obli-  
gations. But let it be the *only debt*.

THE EDITOR.

## The Wanderer: A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WAREING BARDSLEY, M.A., AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF THE LONDON DIRECTORY."

### CHAPTER I.

#### HOME.



It was a rambling kind of house in the North Country, many-gabled, with round chimneys, and the windows were stone mullioned: one of those irregular buildings of the old-fashioned kind, which had once been a baron's hall, and was now a farmhouse. Here and there above the ground, little mounds, grass-covered, showed where the nobler mansion had stood. There was still, too, the moat to be seen, now but a dry ditch, overgrown with rank grasses: and one ancient, but crumbling tower, stood in the corner of the yard, and cattle sheltered under it.

The farmer was a sturdy yeoman, of sixty years; tall, well-knit, and of great girth. He reminded you of the great elm-tree that grew just outside the orchard. And his wife was a goodly dame, and she had daughters five, all grown up straight as willow saplings, and there were two boys, who had finished their schooling early—for this is a tale of fifty years ago, and boys then were not drilled much in books. These helped upon the farm. And there was a third boy, and he was the eldest of all; but he was not there! He was not dead: he was lost! He had disappeared full two years ago. There had been one dark night; and some little noise had been heard in the yard by a cowman, who slept in the loft. But he had listened on his elbow for one moment, and then had turned him over, and slept again. But in the morning, it was found that the boy had gone! And they scoured the country, and they dragged the pond, and they rode one north, and one south, and one east, and one west. And the mother's face blanched, and she grew strangely still as each horseman came back,—and brought no word!

By-and-by it was whispered he had been seen two days after at the market town, fifty

miles east. And the farmer got out his gig, and his strong cob; and he reached it at nightfall. Yes; he had been seen there; three different men had known him. But none could tell where he was now. And it was six weeks ago. The farmer scarcely dared to return to the lad's mother! And when she met him at the orchard gate, he brushed away the moisture from his eyes, with his great rough hand, and she then knew what he had to tell!

And from that day she went about her work quietly: she never stayed her hand from duty. She was up early, and when churning came, and when butter must be made, she did the work industriously as ever. But she was quiet; and sometimes she would steal away from the busy chattering maids, as they brought the clinking milk-pails in, and go to the little attic where the boy had slept. One or two childish books were there, with staring printed legends in, such as children love. A coat, too, hung on a peg; a top, and ball, and two or three boyish treasures! That was all. And she would kneel there: but what she prayed, I cannot tell. Her lips moved, and her eyes looked upward. But she did not weep. Poor thing! she could not weep. So she went about the house, I say, quietly.

And now the maids were busy decorating the great room for the Christmas jubilee—for this was Christmas Eve—the great room that had once been the banqueting hall of some feudal baron, and whose rafters had once rung with mirth and revelry, and echoed to the laughter of a hundred armed retainers. And the holly, and the red berries, and the clustering evergreens adorned the quaintly-carved cornices, and the dead-gilt frames, from which looked out old faces, with ruffles and laces, of long ago! And the log was laid on the hearth, and the fire dogs were polished, and the tables groaned with the weight of many dishes. And the chairs were set: a chair for each: and having counted them, the maids went to their rooms, to sleep and be

waked by the village choir, with the clerk at their head, who would stand beneath the silver moon, upon the crisp ground, and sing in the frosty air the glad news of a Saviour born into the world,—at the same time both God and Man.

And when the maids had thus gone—she, the mother, came softly in, and counted the chairs, and then she softly went out, and came in again with another chair, and she set it by her own chair. "Twas where *he* used to sit," she murmured. Then she, too, went to bed: but not to sleep. And silence settled upon the old farmhouse.

## CHAPTER II.

### HOMELESS.

"Twas Christmas Eve in a great city—the self-same Christmas Eve—a city with a ceaseless hum of men. Streets met, and locked, and interlaced; familiar only to a few by long use; to a stranger, impenetrable: leading nowhere; leading everywhere! Oh, what endless reaches of paved roads! Oh, what ceaseless traffic by day; so always busy that it was day, night and day.

He stood alone; looking over the parapet of a bridge that spanned with many arches a dark and lurid river. A young man; but his face was creased, and lined, as a leaf withered before its time—a leaf dead in June. His clothes were thin, and thread-bare. He was "out-at-elbow" from head to foot. In his hand he clutched five golden sovereigns. His last resource—his watch, his father's gift, that he had kept through all—this very day he had sold for what it would fetch.

Staring dully at the dark tide below, he said to himself:—"I will drink myself madly drunk with this, and then I will come here, and cast myself into the stream. There is a devil in me that bids me do it. It is Despair. I have a hundred devils in me. They come and go, in new shapes, in old shapes; but ever hold me in iron fetters! I cannot tear me from them. The demon of Restlessness came in, and bade me wander: I wandered. The demon of Disobedience bade me spurn my father's words: I disobeyed. The demon of Indifference bade me disregard my mother's tears: I did not care. And other demons followed them! And since they came, I seem

ever to have had my dwelling amid the tombs—death on every side: the death of Hope, the death of Love, the death of Faith. I can see nought but the epitaphs writ upon a wasted life. I seem to be arm-in-arm with death. And now this new demon of Despair within me bids me to curse God, and die; and be one with death for ever. There is no escape. This latest demon dogs my every step: he lurks in my eye, whispers in my ear; he is with me when I wake; and when I sleep, he sits upon my bed, my guardian—my destroying angel! He says, Destroy thyself! Yes, I will drink, and die!"

A policeman passed by, and eyed him curiously. He laid his hand on his shoulder, and said roughly, but kindly: "*Go home to thy friends.*" The young man started. Friends! Home! What have I to do with these? Where are they? And all the evil spirits in his heart rose up, and chafed with rage, and seemed to rend him; for *Home* is a holy word, and therefore demons fear it.

The great Minster bell slowly and solemnly boomed the midnight hour. And joy bells followed. At least a hundred bells, from half-a-hundred steeples, clashed in a sweet discord of joy. And every silvery chime had but one refrain. 'Twas this: "*Go home to thy friends!*" He listened spell-bound. Yes; quite distinctly, "*Go home to thy friends!*" He could have sworn the bells said that. And all the demons in his heart rose up in horrible wrath: for demons like not the sound of church-going bells.

And now, athwart the dark, flitted many minstrels. They passed him by, and just beyond the great arch they paused at a door, and sang sweetly on the night the song of old:—

"Hark! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King."

And yet the words seemed other than they were, for as the sweet voices were borne upon the air, to him they said: "*Go home to thy friends.*" He listened as one in a dream. The policeman! The bells! The waits! everything whispered, "*Go home to thy friends!*" And still they sang,

"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled."

And, lo, at that same word of "mercy" and "reconciliation," all the demons in his heart, a legion, rose up, and were convulsed hideously with an awful terror, and cried "torment us not." And they writhed in agony, and seemed to rend the young man in pieces. And they came out: and one mingled with the yellow fog; and another floated down the dark river; and another entered a house of evil fame; and another glided into the heart of a rich man, and he became a miser; and another entered a poor labourer's heart, and he became a drunkard. And one went one way, and another went another, and so all went. For they could not bear it, and when the minstrels sang on:—

"Mild, He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die:  
Born to raise the sons of earth;  
Born to give them second birth:"

they fled farther and farther away into the murky gloom. But he—he listened on. A crowd of old and tender memories surged up. He had once sung that song himself in the village choir. He could see again the venerable face of the village parson. He could hear again his mother's voice. It all came back as the glimpse of a lost Heaven. The tears fell one by one down his wasted cheeks. But these were the dawn of a new hope in him. He seemed as one newly clothed; as one who had been mad, and become himself again; as one upon whom breaks the blessed day after troubled dreams.

The policeman again passed him, and again he laid hands on him, and said kindly, "*Go home to thy friends.*" He said, "I will." Twenty hours would bring him home, for a coach started northwards at one o'clock. He rushed along the street, and soon was lost to the policeman's eye in the thickening gloom. Oh if he did but know was his mother yet alive, and his father, and his sisters? Twenty hours! What an eternity of time.

"Just in time, sir," said the ostler, cheerfully: "*Going home to your friends*, I suppose?" He started in quick surprise. How everybody seemed to tell him the same thing! The policeman, the bells, the waits, the ostler, all said: "*Going home to his friends.*" "Just in

time," too. Oh, if that ostler knew all. Just in time; but it had nearly been too late!

### CHAPTER III.

#### HOMEWARDS.

'Twas a pleasant sight to see. *Outside*, the pale moon looked down on a world as fair and pure as herself. For the snow, the great emblem of Christ's purification, lay like a mantle over all. The world's evil past seemed blotted out: the curse removed: a new age of innocence begun! *Within*, the logs crackled on the earth; the sparks shot out upon the stone hearth and up the great old chimney, that roared like any furnace.

The oldest labourer on the farm, a patriarch of ninety years, with stooping back, and wondrous wrinkled face, sat in the inner chimney seat, and spread out his palsied hands to the warm, rich glow. And memory would unlock her hoard to-night, and he was garrulous, and could tell some strange and marvellous relations;—so strange, so marvellous, that human life to-day, and men's experience, seemed all of commonplace beside them. Of *storms*, he told, on such a night, that laid the stoutest oak trees prone upon the earth. Of *snows*, that were so deep, that only the church steeple could emerge to tell men how and where the country lay. And oh, of *frosts*, that started ere the autumn fruits were well nigh stored, and lasted till the spring was over due. Of midnight *robbers*, too, upon the turnpike road, who stopped the coaches, with muskets cocked and sabres drawn. And the little children, with mouth, and ears, and eyes agape, would listen to each weird relation, charmed with the terror of the thing.

And other farm retainers, too, were there, of differing growth; whispering scullery maids, and the loutish lad, and men and women not yet drawn nigh the autumn of their years. And these would tell upon their fingers the annual of the current year: who lay beneath the churchyard sod, that last Christmas night was here, as hearty as themselves: whose stack had been fired: whose babe the parson had baptized at the parish font: and who had joined hands, and sworn to wedded fealty: and all those wondrous great events the world outside looks on with placid, calm indifference.

but which stir up the local pulse to fever heat. And there was a table here for some; and there a table for some; and in the centre was the yeoman's board, with more show of Christmas pride, and flanked with mighty dishes, as was befitting the master's feast. And he at one end sate, and she, his true helpmeet, at the other; the children round, with smiling faces, and eyes that sparkled in the ruddy glow.

But no one spoke about that vacant chair! And as they watched their mistress's quiet face, one faithful servant would put her apron to her eyes in secret; and another's heart would throb with quicker beat.

And so the evening sped: and still the mother's quiet face would sometimes turn upon that empty seat. But nought she said! And the stout yeoman laughed aloud, and was the merriest of them all; but all the elders shook their heads, and knew that it was forced, and that he would glance ever and anon at his wife's face, that ever grew more still. Then would he laugh the louder yet, and again stop, and look upon her face! Then he, too, gave it up, and spake not for a length of time.

Outside a watcher peered through the shutters' chink, and he could see the mother's face, and see a chair beside her, wherein no man sate. And his heart went out to her, and all the snow was melting at his feet with the scalding tears; and he could bear no more, but moved to the old porch.

And he turned the latch, and crept along the passage, and his hand was on the door; when he paused and listened.

And he could hear the wrinkled patriarch get slowly up, and, with a curious thin and wheezy voice, as of a worn-out reedy pipe, do that which he had done, in right of years and service, many a Christmas night. He said:

"Here's a health to our master; and here's a health to our mistress; and here's a health to all the childer—ay, to all, and God bring *one* back to bless his mother's heart!"

But when, the Master having spoken for himself and wife, the eldest boy was about to rise to answer for the children, there was a sudden rustle in the room, and standing by his mother's side, the Wanderer said: "I am come back: the demons have gone out of my heart! And now while she shall live will I stay to bless my mother's heart!"

And the mother rose, and flung herself upon his neck, and sweet refreshing tears fell like to summer dews, and her life came back to her afresh. And she drew him to his chair. And, oh, how long they sat. And, oh, how merry they were! And the patriarch forgot his most startling revelation, which he had kept till last. And no one spoke more of the birth of babes, and the deaths of men: for there had been the travail of a better birth that night, and one that had been dead was alive again!

And I too say, God bring back all poor wanderers this Christmas-tide! And at our Christmas feast, in every home, may every vacant chair be filled: may every mother's heart be restful: may every father's face be glad: may wife and husband again renew the romance of their courting days: may foes be friends, and friends grow friendlier still. For the only object that brought Christ into this world on Christmas Day was to make the world glad with the promise of a world's salvation. "It is a day the Lord hath made, we *will* rejoice, and we *will* be glad in it." But, oh, that every father could add on Christmas Eve, of wandering lads: "'Tis meet we should be merry, for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found!"

### The Welcome Home.

"**T**HIS father saw him"—there were eyes of mercy: he "had compassion"—there was a heart of mercy: he "ran" to meet him—there were feet of mercy: he put his arms round his neck—there were arms of mercy: he

"kissed" him—there were kisses of mercy: he "said" to him—there were words of mercy: "bring forth the best robe"—there were deeds of mercy, wonders of mercy—ALL mercy!

—From "The Way Home."

## A Happy Christmas!



BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME:"  
EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

"THE Birth of Christ," it has been well said, "is an event which never dies." The Saviour born, still lives—lives to bless those for whom He came to die. His Name is EMMANUEL—"GOD WITH US." He is ever passing through the world, seeking a home in the hearts of men; and when the door is opened and room is found for Him to abide, again the angels sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth."

Families gather at Christmas-tide around the home hearth; a genial warmth seems to prevail everywhere, and a thrill of benevolence crosses the rough current of earnest life. May our readers enjoy to the full "A Happy Christmas." Let us think of the Home at Nazareth; let us pray and toil for its purity, its love, and its holiness in our own homes. Christmas

bids us let go the selfishness which "seeks but never finds:" renounce the sin which "most easily besets us:" silence the voice of enmity, and breathe the pure atmosphere of love in the presence, as it were, of Love Incarnate.

Then will dawn in our hearts a Christmas joy which will never dim or fade away; then shall we even anticipate, in a measure at least, in the Home on earth the Heaven above, which also dates its happiness from Christmas.

### "CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THEE, GRAND AND FREE!"

Christmas gifts from the King of Love,  
Brought from His Royal Home above;  
Brought to thee in the far-off land,  
Brought to thee by His own dear Hand.  
Promises held by Christ for thee,  
Peace as a river flowing free,  
Joy that in His own joy must live,  
And Love that Infinite Love can give.  
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts  
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts!"

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

## The Home Songster.

### VII. TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.



DON'T tell me of to-morrow;  
Give me the man who'll say  
That when a good deed's to be  
done,

Let's do the deed to-day!  
We may command the present,  
If we act and never wait;  
But repentance is the phantom  
Of the past, that comes too late!

Don't tell me of to-morrow;  
There's much to do to-day,  
That can never be accomplished  
If we throw the hours away;

Every moment has its duty—  
Who the future can foretell?  
Then why leave for to-morrow  
What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow;  
If we look upon the past,  
How much that we had left to do,  
We could not do at last!  
To-day it is the only time  
For all on this frail earth;  
It takes an age to form a life,  
A moment gives it birth!

ANON.





A KING AT DINNER.

## How They Lived in the Olden Times.

BY THE EDITOR.



### VII.—DINNER SCENES.

THE example we give of a dinner scene is from a manuscript of the fourteenth century. We have the curtain or tapestry hung behind the table.

The man to the left is probably the steward, next to him is the cup-bearer, farther to the right we have the carver cutting the meat, and last of all the cook bringing in another dish. On the table there are no forks, or even spoons, which of course were used for pottage and soups, and had probably been taken off. All the guests, the king included, seem to be ready to use their fingers. Cats and dogs were admitted into the hall, and fragments were often thrown to them; although in the "Boke of Curtasye" it is said to be a mark of bad breeding to

play with the cats and dogs while seated at table.

Some of the directions for behaviour in this "Boke of Curtasye" are very droll. A guest at table is recommended to keep his nails clean, for fear his companion next him should be disgusted.

"Loke thy naylys ben clen in blythe,  
Lest thy felaghe lothe therwyth."

He is cautioned against spitting on the table—

"If thou spit on the  
borde or elles  
opone,  
Thou shalle be  
holden an un-  
cortasye mon."

When he blows his nose with his hand (handkerchiefs were not, it appears, in use), he is told to wipe his hand on his



MINSTRELS.

skirt or on his tippet—

"Yf thy nose thou clense, as may befall,  
Loke thy honde thou clense withalle,

Prively with skyrt do hit away,  
Or ellis thurgh thi tepet that is so gay."

He is not to pick his teeth with his knife, or with a straw or stick, nor to clean them with the table-cloth!

The harper, who repeated stories and poems, accompanying them with his instrument, was the most common musical attendant at dinners. Barons and knights, and even princes and princesses did not disdain to learn the harper's craft. In our next cut the harper is apparently blind, and has been

provisions served at the tables. "There you might see them throw cheeses, and quartern loaves, and great pieces of flesh, and great steel knives."

It must be added that the monasteries of this period were anything but models of simple habits of life. In some of them the luxury even of princes was overpassed. "All recorded facts would lead us to conclude that the ordinary course of living of the monks was much more luxurious than even that of men of rank, who, when dining alone



A ROYAL FEAST.

led into the hall by a dog. The minstrels, or jongleurs and mountebanks, formed a very important class of society in the Middle Ages, and were allowed free access to the hall to amuse the guests.

These exhibitions were often of a very gross character, and the revelry and drinking bouts which followed not unfrequently ended



GLUTTONY.

in sanguinary and fatal brawls. A scene is described by an old writer in which the feudal barons and knights fought with the

or hastily, are described as being satisfied with a very limited variety of food. "Two cuts from manuscripts of the fourteenth



MONASTIC INDULGENCE.

century in the British Museum are evidently popular comments on the habits of the monks.

The class answering to our yoomanry fared plainly. Bread, fried eggs, cheese, or ham, with perhaps cakes or tarts, formed the chief articles of consumption. The labouring class lived, of course, much more meanly than the others, but they are seldom referred to. A French book speaks of the labourers in France as having no other food than bread, garlic, and

salt, with water to drink, and it is probable matters were not much better in England. The progress of civilization and the humanizing influences of Scriptural Christianity, are the only sure pledges of national prosperity and the extension of the comforts, if not the luxuries of life, to the people generally.

## Annie's Christmas Gift: and What it did in the Home.

BY ROSE COOKE.



ANNIE had just come home from school. Her father was a gifted but struggling artist. He knew the value of a good education, and he thought, if he could leave his children nothing else, he would secure this for them. It was no easy task to meet the cost of the school, for he had five other children and a delicate wife; but he hoped that Annie would soon become a teacher herself, and then possibly she would be able to add a little money to the scantily-filled purse, always opening, and often vainly trying to supply the innumerable wants of the family.

But a special trouble had come upon them. Annie had been at the school three years—ever since little Ned was born—and she would have stayed one year longer, but unhappily the two younger children had been seized with fever, and Ben with the measles soon after, and so her mother had been obliged to send for her to come home. Annie had her hands full, of course; for not only were the children fretful and exacting, but they worried all the time lest they should have no Christmas rejoicing.

Poor as they were, Mr. Newton had never let this holy and happy festival pass without providing gifts for every one of his household, and making such efforts as he could that it might be a day of joyful anticipation. And now it tasked Annie almost beyond her strength to make such simple things as she could for the presents, and to help each to plan and prepare their gifts to the others.

She cracked nuts and picked out the kernels, and then tied them in coloured cornucopias, which she made from bright papers, because Ned and Nellie, who had gathered them, were both too ill to do it themselves, and must give something on the day of giving. Ben, too, had to have her help in painting the tops he had manufactured with his knife, and the box he had made for mother; while Jack needed so much advice, and took so little, that he occupied more than his share of the minutes Annie could spare from the bedsides of the sick children; and Rose, just twelve, would have been lost in the new mysteries of cross-stitch and perforated paper boxes, but for Annie's universal knowledge of such things.

Then at night she sat up after the rest were asleep, to hem-stitch a pocket-handkerchief for the mother, make neckties for father and Ben, embroider a bag for Rosy, knit red stockings for Nellie and Ned, and double-ribbed scarlet mittens for Jack.

She wondered sometimes what she should have for a Christmas present herself. Poor girl! Her gifts hitherto had been of small value. Often some necessary garment, which she must have had in any case, was labelled "a Christmas gift," because there was no money to buy even a superfluous mouthful of bread.

As she sat up in her room working at her presents for the rest, she amused herself thinking what she should like to have, if it were possible. How nice it would be if some fairy godmother should send her a soft, warm, cashmere dress, a grey squirrel muff, a broad beaver hat such as Mir-

Allison wore, or a pair of sealskin gloves—her hands were always so cold in winter. Any one of these things would have made Annie happy: but she knew none of them would hang to the latch of her door, and dreaming about them did not add to the value of such reasonable expectations as might have been fulfilled. She must have a new dress, Christmas or not; it would be a cheap alpaca of course: and she thought her mother was knitting her a pair of pale blue mittens, and Rosy was hard at work on a red flannel pincushion, about which much mystery prevailed. This would be all. So Annie sighed and stitched away at her handkerchief.

It was Christmas Eve at last. They all went to church—for there was a short service, and Christmas carols to be sung—except mother and the invalids. The snow was new-fallen, crisp, stainless, and the stars were so bright and clear that they looked as if they might sing together the Christmas chorus of "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Mr. Clifford, the clergyman, in his sermon spoke of the Wondrous One who came down to lie in a manger; the Child of the poor; the Heir of poverty, pain, and humiliation; with no welcome below, though heralded by an angel choir, and no shelter for His head, though he was Lord and King of the universe. "He was the helpless, homeless One, whom none but His mother rejoiced over at His birth; but now He is exalted above all principalities and powers. He has secured eternal redemption for us, and received gifts for men, that the Lord God might dwell among us." Annie was interested deeply in the sermon, for she had never quite thought of Christ in that way before; and her father's attention was fixed from the beginning to the end. It was from the depths of experience he had learned this view of "the Gift of God," and his heart burned within him as he listened.

Annie was very tired that evening. She had worked hard to finish and tie up and label the family presents. To-night Ned and Nellie would need no watching: they could dispense with medicine, though still obliged to stay in their beds. So the elder

sister slept long and heavily, undisturbed by a certain commotion in the house, and she only awoke when the sun was streaming wide into her window. She heard quick steps and a knock at her door.

"Get up, dear," said her father's voice, a little shaken. "Come up to mother's room and get your Christmas present."

She hurried to dress, and stole softly up the short flight of steps that led to her mother's room, lest she should wake the sleeping children. As she opened the door, she saw at a glance a fire burning, a woman she did not know sitting beside it, and her mother in the bed, paler than ever. As Annie moved towards her, Mrs. Newton turned the blanket aside feebly, and whispered:—

"Here is your Christmas gift, Annie."

It was another baby.

Like a flash, a wild train of thought went through Annie's mind. Here was another to feed, to clothe, to watch, to wait on: another hindrance to her school life: more pinching, more care; and she burst into tears. Her father stood behind her, where she had not seen him. He took her arm at once to lead her from the room; not too soon, however, for her to see the disappointed look on her mother's wan face.

"Annie," said Mr. Newton, in a tone of sad and almost stern reproof, "is this the way you welcome your Christmas gift, your little sister?"

Annie choked; she could not answer. She thought her father was unjust to speak so harshly, and the tears she tried to repress fairly blinded her.

Mr. Newton dropped her arm, and turned back with a sigh into the bedroom. It seemed unnatural to him that Annie felt so toward the new-comer. He did not remember how all her young life had been spent in the service of the rest: and he could not know how she had looked forward to teaching as a rest and respite from care, as well as a help to his circumstances, which she longed to give. Her mother understood her tears far better, but she was too weak to comfort her; she looked at the tiny, helpless creature beside her with eyes full of the mother-love that never fails, drew a long breath, and yielded to the dim quiet that seemed to cover and

hush all things—feeling, thought, pain, conscious life. Her eyes closed, a smile of rest curved her pallid lips, her breath grew fainter and shorter; the baby slept at her side, the nurse slept by the fire, the tired husband lay his head back in the rocking-chair beside the bed, and never knew when his wife too slept, and slept for ever. When he awoke, “she was not, for God had taken her.”

It seemed to Annie as if she could not possibly bear this new blow. She had not only lost her dear and devoted mother, but the last look of anxiety and disappointment on that wasted countenance had been caused by her impatience.

But there was little time now to indulge her grief. Here were six children to see to, to comfort if she could; at any rate to feed, to guide, to clothe, and care for. No school-going or school-teaching for her any more; no hope of lifting the burden from her father's shoulders by earning money; she must stay with the children, and be a mother to them as far as she could.

When her father read the chapter in course at family prayers, and came to the verse, “He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee,” she started to find that her quick thought was of the seven children she had to provide for, and rebuked herself for thinking they could be classed as “troubles.”

Yet Annie found them so. When the funeral was over, and the first shock of loss gone by, she began to understand what her mother had done and been for them all.

Three spirited boys, and two rather indolent girls were a handful indeed for an elder sister only just seventeen. They sadly tried her temper and her patience; while her father in his sense of loneliness shut himself away from them as much as he could, and left her to bear the burden as best she might.

But the fair, helpless, tiny baby was her comfort. She was anxious about it, of course, and watched it with a care none of the rest needed or received. A nurse could not be afforded; Annie had to do her best for the motherless little creature: and with good advice from a kindly neighbour, and the old doctor's oversight, the baby did not suffer.

Soon, to her own surprise, she grew to love her charge with almost a real motherly affection. If she awoke in the night and anxious thought for the future began to prey on her mind, she had but to draw the little baby closer to her, and the touch of its velvet hand on hers, the soft head nestled against her arm, the gentle breath, soothed her to quiet sleep with nature's own healing. Its wondering dark eyes soon learned to follow her everywhere; and to her its first baby smile was given, its arms first extended in welcome.

The rest were children, gay, careless, thoughtless; fond of “sister” in their fashion, but sadly regardless of her strength and comfort, as the young so often are of those who do most for them. They had their playmates, their school, their own interests to occupy them; and sometimes it seemed to poor tired Annie as if they did not care for her much more than they cared for the sewing machine that stitched their clothes, or the stove that cooked their food. But the baby always laughed to see her, always had arms to cling about her, and lips to meet hers with a kiss, and every day it grew dearer to Annie's hungry heart. Often as she sat sewing and thinking of her mother, the baby's outcry, its puckered lip and reaching hands would reproach her for her grief, and recall her to real life and real happiness. Whatever the rest might do or not do, however little comfort she and her father were to each other, baby loved her better than all the world beside, and she was absolutely necessary to its life, its comfort, its health.

It is true the child gave her many an anxious hour with its baby ailments, its speechless suffering, its cries that meant pain but could not express its position or cause; but Annie had that thorough mother nature that is as much a gift and separate trait of character as a taste for music, power to create in art, or literary genius; and she loved the child all the more because it called for all her care, her sympathy, and her tenderness in its suffering hours.

When six months had come and gone, little Lily began to be still more lovely; she knew the children and smiled at them, but nobody could coax her from Annie. Her father at last

noticed her more, and tried to win her sweet looks, but she cried for Annie whenever she came near her, and clung to her with an energy that brought light into her eyes and colour into her cheeks.

"My Comfort!" was the name that Annie gave her in her secret heart, a name expressive above all others in after days to both of them.

At last Christmas came again; a sad festival to the household; an anniversary of grief inexpressible to the father.

"I have nothing to give the children this year," he said, looking sorrowfully at Annie.

"Our expenses have been greater than ever; the bills heavier,—bills we never have had to meet before,—and then they all need more. My child, what could I have done without you? And yet I have nothing to give you to-day."

Annie's eyes were overflowing, but her smile made a rainbow of the tears as she held up the cooing, laughing baby before him, gay with her coral ring and blue ribbons, and said:—

"Oh, father! do you think I ever could have, or ever shall have, such a precious Christmas gift as *this*?"

## Thomas Edward:

### THE SCOTCH NATURALIST.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME," ETC.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### THE REWARD OF MERIT.



R. SMILES gives a graphic picture of Edward's circumstances and position as he found him in the month of June, 1875. It is drawn by Edward's own pen, and it will be

seen that he had abandoned photography at this date, and returned to his old trade.

"As a last and only remaining source of income," he writes, "I betook myself to my old and time-honoured friend, a friend of fifty years' standing, who has never yet forsaken me, nor refused help to my body when weary, nor rest to my limbs when tired—my well-worn cobbler's stool. AND HERE I AM STILL on the old boards, doing what little I can, with the aid of my well-worn kit, to maintain myself and my family; with the certainty that instead of my getting the better of the lapstone and leather, they will very soon get the better of me. And although I am now like a beast tethered to his pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties and wonders of Nature, as exhibited in the incomparable works of our adorable Creator."

But the reward of merit was now at hand. Dr. Smiles became instrumentally the means of bringing under Royal and national notice the extraordinary instance of perseverance in the pursuit of science under difficulties furnished by "the Scotch Naturalist," and a fitting recognition of his long-neglected work speedily followed.

Aberdeen itself acted upon the proverb, "Better late than never," and at a public gathering in the "granite city," the Lord Provost presiding, Mr. and Mrs. Edward were presented with a money testimonial amounting to £333, enclosed in a casket of olive wood, "as a proof of the admiration and esteem" of the donors.

The reply of Mr. Edward on this occasion was given in the quaint vernacular. It brimmed over with genuine humour, and was so truly characteristic of the man—no orator, though a devoted student—that we cannot do better than insert it at length.

"Many thanks, ladies and gentlemen, many thanks," he began; "but don't be too much disappointed with what I say. I am not a speaker, and scarcely a reader. But I have a few words here (holding up some MS.), and I will read them as well as I can, but you must gae me some time. I am sure to blunder. Perhaps, Irishman like, I may put the horse before the cart—or rather—beg pardon!—put



the cart before the horse. I don't know how to begin. That reminds me of a friend of mine who went to a social meeting, at which I happened to be the chief topic, and he was speaking about this meeting to another friend, and said, 'Man, I would have liked to have said something about Tam mysel'; I've kent him sae lang, but I didna jist ken what way to begin.' So I am jist like him. This is my first appearance, and I scarcely know where to begin; but I suppose it is with you (turning to the Provost and the Dean) I have to begin. Well, I thank you very kindly on behalf of myself and wife for this well-filled box. We are very thankful for it. My thanks are also due to you for the very flattering manner in which you have alluded to my humble labours, and for the very high honour which you have done my wife—my very faithful helper. Speaking on behalf of my ever kind and helpful family, I would likewise beg to thank those gentlemen whose kindness of heart first proposed the testimonial; and we also beg leave to tender our most cordial thanks to those who have helped to fill this bit boxie, for in doing so they have shown themselves to be our friends and benefactors. Nothing showeth one's friendship better for another than noble actions and honourable deeds. Mere words are nothing but Irish blarney. A freen' in need is a freen' indeed—you have a' heard that. Oor warmest thanks, tee, are due in an especial mainer to the committee, for the admirable way in which they have conducted the work, and especially to my freend the treasurer, for his laborious work—for it has been laborious—and for which I now, in my own name and my wife's name, beg to offer thanks.

"Having now got to the end o' my tether—that is, my thanks—I would now again turn to you, ladies and gentlemen, and thank you for the patience with which you have heard me. It is a very strange fact, but nevertheless a true one, that I have always been considered a rich man, although but a poor cobbler—always thoct to be a rich man, in my own place that is. Well, you may look at my bit coatie here, and at the bit hattie. Its some worn-like, just as I am mysel', and some o' you may think I would be the better o' twa or threo bits o' bawbees to get

my hair cut; it's somewhat lang kin'. Weel, I micht manage to get a better coat and hat, and to get my horns cut tee; but I was never a rich man; but however sich a thing ever got oot I can't tell you. Hooever, I'll try and tell you a short story aboot it. Returning home one Monday morning from an early excursion, I was met by a gentleman in the town who accosted me thus:—'Well, Edward, coming home already? you're always going about with that old gun and boxes of yours.' 'Not quite always,' I said; 'but if I had the means I would.' 'Means, man; you must have means! you must have plenty o' money.' (Think o' a poor shoemaker having plenty o' money!) 'Or,' continued he, 'you could never do as you do. I tell you what it is, Edward, neither you nor any working man could do it unless you had the money.' Now, if there be any working men here, they'll tell you that shoemakers used to be paid very low wages from what they are now. 'Every one here' (that was in the old country from which I came) 'knows that you have it as well as I do.' 'Well, Mr. S——,' I said, 'allow me to tell you that my money would be easy coonted.' 'Don't tell me that, Edward, nor no one in the town; we all know better. You must have a fortune, man.' 'Well,' I again said, after a little reflection, 'this is not the first time you have said that; and as you have pressed me rayther hard noo, and though I have no wish to brag or speak aboot my fortune, allow me to say—I have one.' 'Ha, ha, Edward, I knew that, and I am glad you have confessed the thing;' and then he began to jump like a merry andrew roond aboot. I waited patiently until he had got deen with his palaverin', and I then said to him if he would go home wi' me, I would show him my fortune. What more could I do? 'No, no, man: I take your word for it.' This was all very good; and, 'besides,' said he, 'the banks are not open yet.' 'But I don't keep it in the bank,' I said. 'Not in the bank! Where then?' 'Oh,' said I, 'sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another.'"

At this stage the reporters happened to catch Mr. Edward's eye, and, in tones of astonishment, which caused much laughter, he said to them, "Fat are ye deein', loons?"

Turning to the audience, he continued, "They've teen the start o' me; but if I had seen ye, lads, I widna' hae written this; hooever, I hope you'll mak it all richt."

Addressing the chairman, he said, "Do you allow these fellows in here?" to which the chairman said they did. "But I," continued Mr. Edward, "would have locket them out. Mind this is my first time. Isn't it most terrible, noo?"

Mr. Edward, somewhat recovering his equanimity, proceeded to narrate the end of the story, which he had broken short so abruptly:—

"Well, as I was saying, I told him, 'I kept the fortune sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another; but when I left it this morning, it was in a washing-tub; what think you of that?' 'In what,' asked he. 'In a washing-tub,' said I. 'You see it is my wife's custom to rise every Monday morning, about one o'clock generally, to wash; and I left her at the washing-tub on the morning alluded to.' 'Well, you are a curious fellow,' said he, 'and that is the queerest place I ever heard of for keeping money.' 'Come and see it,' says I; but he said he hadn't time, and I never saw him in my hoose. But, ladies and gentlemen, I've the fortune still. It's a very large nugget. I was once able to carry it, but I am not now; but if you want a sight of it, I will try and get a sight of it for you. It's a big fortune—just say if you want a sight of it.

Well (bringing forward his wife), this is my fortune, now. Now, I have just to thank you again for your kindness and hearty welcome; and I wish you all well."

It is needless to say the rugged, unsophisticated sincerity of the now famous naturalist found a hearty response; whilst all felt that the finest feature of the appearance he made was that, though condemned to the serious peril always incident to speaking about one's self, he was most concerned to claim admiration for his worthy wife, who, in spite of eccentricities on his part that might well have staggered her faith in the sagacity of her spouse, is still in a position to ask him—

"When was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine own?"

In closing our brief record of the career of "a man of heart, of mind, and of a natural force of character that has seldom been equalled," we may fitly term it a wonderful true story of a wonderful true man; a story to bring tears into the eyes, and to fill the heart with sadness and gladness; a story to make those who read it better, humbler, gentler, and, above all, more thankful to the great Father of all, who can so mysteriously teach and guide, strengthen and lead up one of the humblest of His children from early years to advanced life, battling with difficulties and nobly overcoming them.

THE END.

## Christmas Reading.

**A** HAPPY Christmas-tide depends a good deal upon Christmas reading. Our "bill of"—mental—"fare" for Christmas, 1883, will, we hope, prove an attractive one. We think we may safely say no one can eat too much at this table.

1. *The New Annuals. The Fireside*, 7s. 6d. *Hand and Heart*, 2s. *The Day of Days*, 2s. *Home Words*, 2s.
2. "Round the Ingle:" *The Fireside Christmas Number*, 6d.
3. *Christmas Box of Fireside Tales*, 2s. 6d.

4. *Mrs. Haycock's Chronicles*, 2s. 6d.
5. *Dayspring*; or, *William Tyndale*, 5s.
6. *Fables for you. Illustrated*, 2s. 6d.
7. *Home Words Birthday Book*. By F.R.H. 1s.
8. *Our Folks*. By AGNES GIBERNE. 1s. 6d.
9. *Who gave us the Book?* By the ED. HOME Words. 1s.
10. *More than Conquerors*. By F. SHERLOCK. 1s.
11. *The Nameless Shadow*. By A. GIBERNE. 5s.
12. *The Way Home*. By REV. C. BULLOCK, B.D. 6d.
13. *A Christmas Surprise*, 1d.

## OUR "TWIN" MAGAZINES.

*Home Words* and *The Day of Days* are twin magazines, alike in size and price (1d. each). We hope our readers will not separate them in 1883. Sunday should have its own magazine.

LONDON: "HOME WORDS" PUBLISHING OFFICE, 7, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

## Our Common Worship.

BY THE REV. C. WAREING BARDSLEY, M.A., VICAR OF ULVERSTON.

(Continued from Page 212.)



OOK again at the question of *prejudice*.

All ministers of all churches are of like passions with ourselves. They are what the bias of education, of nature, of companionship, shall make them. One is a Whig, one a Tory, one a Radical, one a Conservative. And in the heat of sudden crises of a national character, each has a secret hankering, not merely to air his political views, but to display the colours of his party. In the height of this polemical conflict the Nonconformist minister may be tempted to bring his passion into his prayers. The clergyman cannot. There is no vent for excitement in a written liturgy; no scope for dragging in political feeling under pretext of defending some great principle of God.

No; from this calamitous peril our Liturgy defends us! Parliaments come, and parliaments go: this is Liberal, and that is Conservative. To one or other the pastor may attach himself. It makes no difference. He cannot, if he would, pray, like one minister, that God would sweep the Turks from the face of the earth; he cannot invoke the Almighty, like another minister, to drive that wicked Conservative Government from office, and when it fell, lay the flattering unction to his soul that his prayers did it.

No; lifted out of the arena of wordy strife,

hushed in the still and holy calm of his sanctuary, the minister of the Church of England, come Liberal to office or come Conservative, must pray Sunday after Sunday, "That Thou wouldest be pleased to direct and prosper all their consultations to the advancement of Thy glory, the good of Thy Church, the safety, honour, and welfare of our Sovereign, and her dominions; that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavours, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us for all generations." And is this nothing?

(e) Once more; look at the question of *error*.

There is no teacher that may not drift from his creed. Every age has seen men carried about by every blast of vain doctrine. Neither the Church of England nor the Nonconformist bodies can claim exemption. There is no monopoly of false teachers. But there is one difference in favour of the former. The Nonconformist can inweave his errors into the entire service; the Churchman *only* into his sermon. He can neither go beyond nor fall short of the "form of sound words" given to him in our Liturgy. As an old Church writer says, "You may get chaff from the pulpit, but you have the finest of wheat-flour in the reading-desk." He cannot tamper with our service. There, at least, his people are secured in a right which he dare not challenge. And is that nothing?

## No Room: A Christmas Carol.



COME; O lordly halls, make room, make room."

"I cannot take Thee in; Life is so beautiful, so rich in bloom,

Thou mayst not entrance win. [spare; Love, pomp, ambition, leave no place to Lord, go Thou elsewhere."

"I come; O peasant's hut, make room, make room."

"I cannot take Thee in;

Life is so weariful, so steeped in gloom, Thou mayst not entrance win. [care; In every nook is crouched some squalid Lord, go Thou elsewhere."

"I come; O hall and hut, make room, make room.

I knock, and will come in. [bloom, The lordliest lot shall flush with tenderer The meanest grandeur win:

Here will I make joy pure and sorrow fair, And crown thee elsewhere."—A. B.



"I'M GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS."

AN ARTIST'S "SEASONABLE" STUDY.

"Have we done what children may?" Page 283.

## The Young Folks' Page.

### XLIV. CHRISTMAS CHIMES.



BEAKING on the twilight stillness,  
Listen to the Christmas chimes,  
They have brought the same glad tidings  
More than eighteen hundred times—  
"Peace on earth."

Have we listened to the message,  
Have we done what children may  
To make those around us happy,  
And to bring from day to day  
"Peace on earth"?

If we try to follow humbly  
In the steps our Saviour trod—  
Steps of love and self-denial—  
We shall find at last with God  
"Peace in Heaven."

### XLV. RISE EARLY.

JOHN MITTON writes of himself, that "He was at his studies, in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awoke men to labour or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors till attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught; then with useful and generous labours preserving the body's health and hardiness."

Wesley repeatedly ascribes his own health and prolonged life to the practice of rising at four. When seventy-eight years old he writes: "By the blessing of God, I am just the same as when I ended my twenty-eighth year. This hath God wrought, chiefly by my constant exercise, rising early, and preaching morning and evening."

### XLVI. LUTHER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In an old town of Germany,  
One Christmas long ago,  
A little boy with earnest face,  
Went singing through the snow.

Before the houses he would stop,  
Though dark and cold the night;  
His voice was very sweet and clear:  
He sang with all his might.

"Glory to God on high, on earth  
Be peace, good-will to men!"  
He sang that grand unchanging song,  
As wondrous now as then.

And some there were who, when they heard  
His young and thrilling voice  
Sing those sweet words, were glad at heart:  
They could not but rejoice.

And so they gave him of their food,  
For he was very poor;  
And for this act of kindness done  
Their hearts rejoiced the more.

The little boy, who sang so well  
His Saviour's natal song,  
Grew up to be a holy man,  
Who hated sin and wrong.

He taught us how to worship God  
More truly than before;  
He loved the Bible, and he gave  
The Bible to the poor.

And now where'er on Christmas night  
We read God's Holy Word,  
And feel as if the angel host  
We almost saw and heard,

We sometimes give a little thought  
To Luther in the snow,  
And pray that we may love like him  
The Word he valued so.

### XLVII. FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

A SHEPHERD had driven part of his flock to a neighbouring fair, leaving his dog to watch the remainder during that day and the next night, expecting to re-visit them in the morning. Circumstances prevented his returning home till the morning of the third day. His first inquiry was, whether the dog had been visited. The answer was "No." "Then he must be dead," replied the shepherd, with a tone and gesture of anguish; "for I know he was too faithful to desert his charge." He instantly repaired to the heath. The dog had just sufficient strength remaining to crawl to his master's feet and express his joy at his return, and almost immediately after expired. "Be thou faithful unto death."  
—Rev. ii. 10.

## The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, B.A., VICAR OF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. **W**HERE is life compared to a vapour?
2. And to a dream, or sleep?
3. And to a handbreadth?
4. To the telling of a tale?
5. And to grass, and flowers, and leaves?
6. And to a shadow?
7. Which parable sets forth the uncertainty of life?
8. Who said, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us"?

9. Who called a place, "The Lord will provide"?
10. Who wrote, "My times are in Thy Hand"?

### ANSWERS (See OCTOBER No., p. 239).

- I. 2 Kings ii. 12; xiii. 14. II. Col. iv. 16. III. Gen. xxiv. 63 (margin); Luke vi. 12; Acts xvi. 13; xxi. 5. IV. Acts xviii. 3; Col. iv. 14; Luke v. 27. V. Acts xiii. 51. VI. Compare Mark v. 25 with 42. VII. Mark vi. 13; James v. 14. VIII. 1 Sam. i. 3. IX. James v. 4; Rom. ix. 29 (with Isaiah i. 9). X. 3 John 4.

Answers are not to be sent to the Editor, but only to local Teachers.





SUN.—1st day.  
Rises 7.46. Sets 3.52.

DECEMBER. MOON.—Full, 14th, M. 3.25.  
New, 29th, A. 0.59.



# THE COMING ONE.

We look  
for the Saviour.

Phil. iii. 20.

The  
time is short.

1 Cor. vii. 29.

1 S	Behold He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.
2 S	1st S. in Adv. Who may abide the day of His coming?
3 M	I will abide in Thy tabernacle for ever. Ps. lxi. 4.
4 Tu	Seek ye the Lord, all ye meek of the earth. Zeph. ii. 3.
5 W	Ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger.
6 Th	Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence.
7 F	He shall cover thee with His feathers. Ps. xci. 4.
8 S	I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast.

9 S	2nd S. in Adv. The God of hope fill you with all joy.
10 M	He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. Job.
11 Tu	They shall be mine in that day. Mal. iii. 17. [xix. 23.]
12 W	The Lord my God shall come, and all the saints. Zech.
13 Th	In my flesh shall I see God. Job. xiv. 26. [xiv. 6.]
14 F	Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off.
15 S	The Lord shall be King over all the earth. Zech. xiv. 9.
16 S	3rd S. in Adv. His vest shall be glorious. Is. xi. 10.

## YOUR REDEMPTION DRAWETH

Therefore  
let us watch.

1 Thess. v. 6.

NIGH.

Luke xxi. 23.

Even so,  
come, Lord Jesus.

Rev. xxii. 20.

17 M	The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord.
18 Tu	Thou shalt not know what hour I will come. Rev. iii.
19 W	Be zealous therefore, and repent. Rev. iii. 19. [3.]
20 Th	We rejoice in hope of the glory. Rom. v. 2.
21 F	St. THOMAS. Believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things. John i. 50.
22 S	Ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.
23 S	4th S. in Adv. Take heed to yourselves. Lk. xxi. 34.

24 M	Let us come suddenly He find you sleeping. Mk. xiii.
25 Tu	CHRISTMAS DAY. This day is a day of good tidings.
26 W	St. STEPHEN. Precious . . . is the death of His saints.
27 Th	St. JOHN. Your companion in tribulation. Rev. i. 9.
28 F	INNOCENTS. He shall gather the lambs with His arm.
29 S	If we suffer, we shall also reign. 2 Tim. ii. 12. [Is. xl. 2.]
30 S	S. aft. Christ. Who shall stand when He appeareth?
31 M	Thou shalt stand in thy lot at the end of the days.

"TILL He come." Oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords;  
Let the "little while" between  
In their golden light be seen:  
Let us think how Heaven and Home  
Lie beyond that "Till He come!"

See the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine and eat the bread:  
Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board,  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only "Till He come!"—Rev. E. H. Bickerstaff.

**Time and Money.** No man is a better merchant than he that lays out his time upon God and his money upon the poor.—Bishop Taylor.

**Our Work.** We should do our work as His work, and as those who have but one day, and know they must soon lay by their tools.—Anon.







